

May 1966, 75 cents

THE *Atlantic*

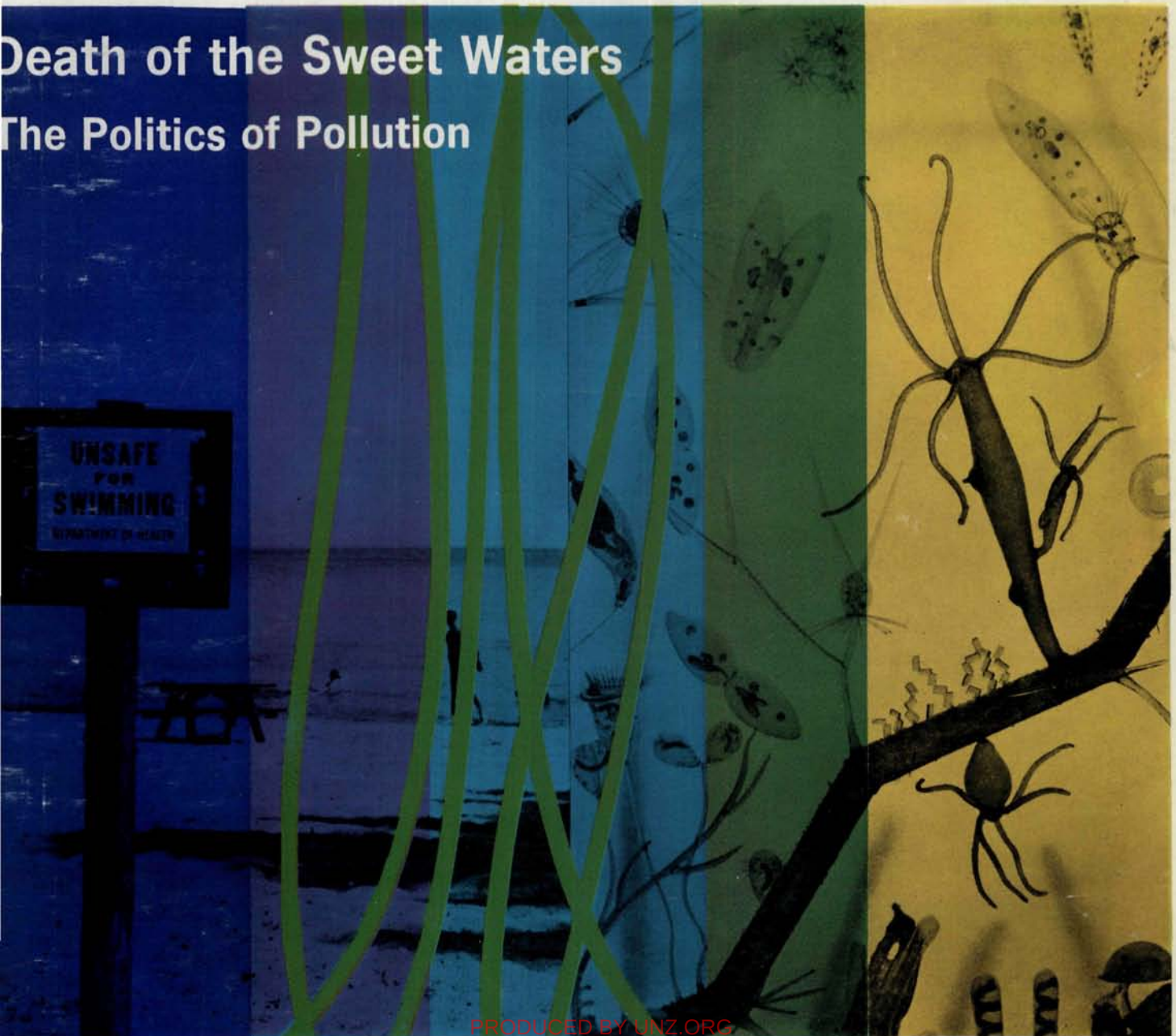
Our Backward Medical Schools

The Way Children Think About Race

The Emergence of Adlai Stevenson

Death of the Sweet Waters

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The advertisement features a large, ornate, gold-colored oval frame on a red background. Inside the frame, a man in a tuxedo and bowler hat is depicted in a dynamic pose, holding a cane and looking towards the viewer. The text "...it's always a pleasure!" is written in a cursive font next to him. Below the frame, the brand name "I.W. HARPER" is prominently displayed in large, bold, gold letters, with "THE GOLD MEDAL KENTUCKY BOURBON" written in smaller letters underneath. To the right of the main frame, a bartender in a white shirt is shown behind a bar, serving drinks. In the foreground, a large bottle of I.W. Harper Gold Medal Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey is visible, with its label clearly showing the brand name and "GOLD MEDAL".

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Why are so many people like you now investing in stocks?

What are their goals?...Should you consider joining them?...The right way to start.

Right now, you may be asking yourself whether you should invest in stocks. Before the year is out, an estimated 1 million people (many in financial positions that may be similar to yours) will take the step, joining the more than 20 million who now invest. Their basic aim will be to make money, but many will have a more specific goal in mind.

Take as an example a man with several very young children. He wants them all to have a college education. As a hedge against possible inflation, he invests some of his money in common stocks now in the hope that his investment will grow in value as the years pass and one day help him pay tuition expenses. Many stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have proved capable of such growth in the past.

Or, imagine a man who wishes to supplement his salary by building a second income. He might turn his attention to stocks that have regularly paid dividends. (Some 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more.)

A middle-aged widow might have a very different investment goal. Let's assume her husband left her a comfortable sum. It has to be her main support for the rest of her life, however. In addition to buying common stocks, she may decide to put some of her funds in high-grade preferred stocks and bonds because they usually offer a good yield with relative safety.

Have you considered a gift of stock for a child?

More and more parents, relatives and family friends use birthdays and graduations as occasions to give stock to youngsters. It's one of the few presents that can actually keep on giving over the years. Look at the advantages it offers:

- * The value of the stock may grow as the child grows.
- * It may provide regular dividend income.
- * It helps teach the child about our free enterprise system and the value of money.
- * There may be certain tax benefits. Consult your tax adviser.

Why not make your next gift a gift of stock? A member firm broker of the Exchange will be glad to show you just how easy it is.

How about you?

Could an investment in stocks provide the money to help you reach a particular goal? It might, and we believe you should consider it—providing you are willing to go about it the right way. We suggest you keep these points firmly in mind:

1. Don't invest money you will need for regular living expenses or in a financial emergency. After all, there is risk in any investment.

2. Choose a specific investment goal, one suited to your needs. Stick to it unless your circumstances change.

3. Be an informed investor. Learn what you can about companies that interest you. Seek facts about their past and present so you can better judge their prospects—and how their stocks may be affected.

4. Use the services of a brokerage firm that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. One of their registered representatives will be glad to help, but don't expect him always to be right. Ask him for facts. Ask for his advice, too. You should know that he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business at the time he was registered, and he has agreed to devote full time to his job. Get to know him soon.

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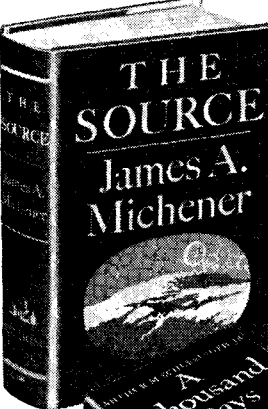
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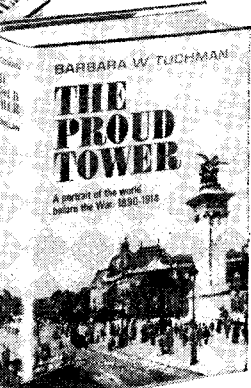
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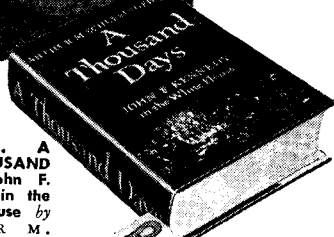
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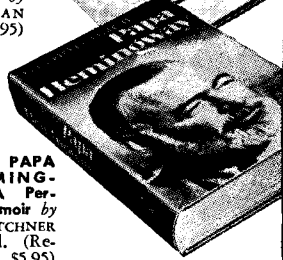
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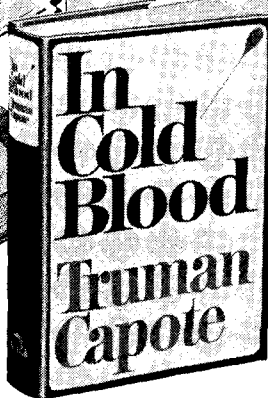
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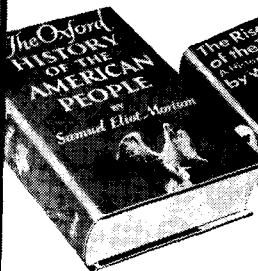
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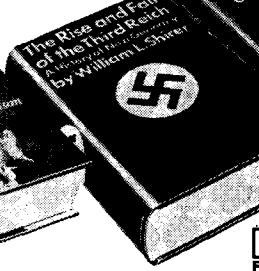
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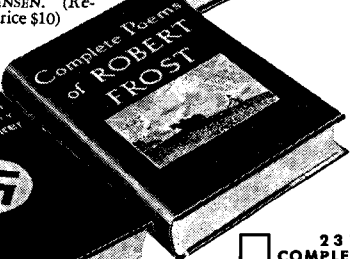
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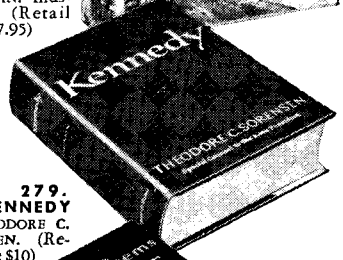
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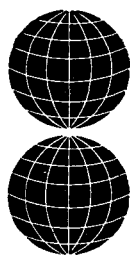
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ALABAMA

WHAT one is currently witnessing in the South, one hundred years after Appomattox, is nothing less, really, than the resolution of the Civil War. The military event took just four years, but only now, a century later, is it becoming a political fact.

During student protest demonstrations in Tuskegee, Alabama, last January after the slaying of a Tuskegee Institute student civil rights leader, city police stopped a column of Negro marchers for an hour one bright brisk morning before finally permitting them to proceed downtown. With two hundred Negroes, both students and townsmen, dammed up in the street by a thin blue line of police officers, there occurred one of the most significant conversations of the Negro revolution.

In the peculiarly amicable spirit of the whole confrontation, a young Negro sidled up to the city's public safety director — a wispy, elderly, and at the moment, rather fidgety little man — and, nudging his elbow, asked in a low, confidential whisper, "Are you nervous, chief? You nervous 'cause you got all of us stopped out here and you don't know what to do with us? Well, you smart to be nervous, chief, 'cause we're holding your job right in the palm of our hand." For the benefit of reporters clustered close by, the chief managed to muster a faint smile.

At that point, another young Negro casually strolled through the police lines up to the chief and loudly announced, "You know you gonna lose your job for this, don't you?" And the first Negro, moved for some reason to come to the chief's defense, replied, "Ah, he ain't gonna lose his job. He's a nice guy, he don't want to hurt nobody. He's my boy — ain't you, chief?"

When that Negro youth referred to Tuskegee's chief law officer as his "boy," three hundred

years of Southern history seemed to be abruptly reversed. What has wrought this revolution and finally effected the political confirmation of the Civil War in the South is Negro enfranchisement.

"The black Irish"

Described by some sardonic old reporters as "the black Irish," this new electorate brings with it one great imponderable: Can it be managed and delivered by such establishment Negro politicians as Orzell Billingsley in Alabama or State Senator Leroy Johnson in Georgia, the "coalition" leaders who believe that the only effective implementation of the Negro's new power is within the established party structures?

The "black Irish" are mostly Negroes whose political instincts differ from those of the old, smaller Negro electorate; generally, they are poorer, more spottily educated, more insular racially, more alienated from white society. And not a few observers think that they will be more susceptible to the radical style of such activists as the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee's Stokely Carmichael, who passionately insists, "The only way the Negro can be effective is to wreak havoc from without. If he tries to work from within, he's going to get cheated. When you're standing out there alone, you can force the people to come to you. They're the ones who have to do the compromising. You hold a superiority over them."

While the new Negro electorate will act more directly on the structure of city and county politics in the South, it will also serve on the state level at the least to neutralize racist campaign rhetoric. Another important effect will be to fracture the Republican Party nationally, as the Democratic Party used to be fractured, between a crustily conservative, tacitly segregationist South-

Catching up with Computers: A report from General Dynamics

Getting the facts faster:

Not long ago, weather satellites were transmitting hundreds of millions of bits of infrared data daily. With high-speed computers—and standard plotting techniques—fully processed data became available six months later.

By then the weather had changed.

A utility company found its customers increasingly annoyed at delays in answers to questions about their accounts. Even with its computer, by the time all records were checked, and an individual explanation written and mailed, sometimes weeks had passed.

Today, the infrared cloud cover information is available in map form within a few hours after the satellite has discharged its information. The utility customer can phone his query, get an explanation within one minute.

What has made this possible are *information-display systems* which translate data directly from computers into readily understandable form.

Shrinking to size:

Computer calculations can be made at speeds measured in billionths of a second. "Answers" can be turned out in millions of computer "words" every hour. But these miles of words must be reduced to manageable size before the "answer" makes any sense.

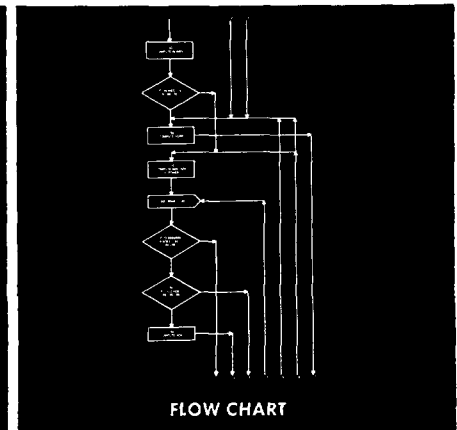
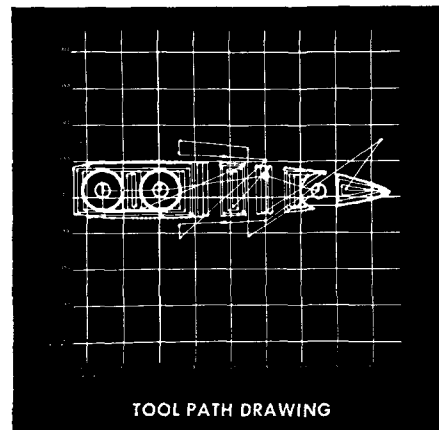
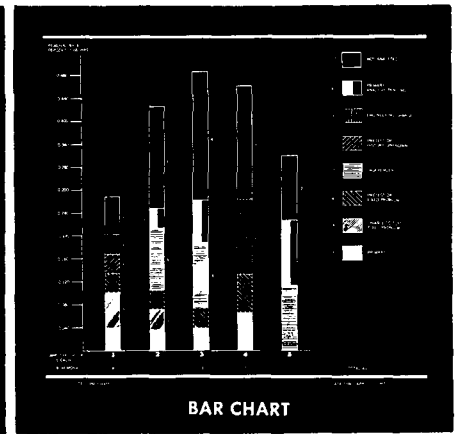
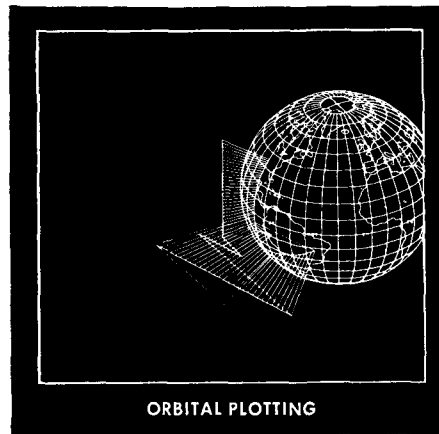
Now at the utility, the operator who receives a query simply punches the customer's account number into a keyboard connected to a central computer. Within one second, the customer's record appears on an information-display screen with a paper copy printed out if desired.

More complex equipment is helping hunt submarines, analyzing the radiation flux in the heart of a nuclear reactor, graphically showing the progress of a Gemini capsule in orbit.

The heart of the display systems produced by General Dynamics, through our Stromberg-Carlson subsidiary, is a specialized cathode ray tube.

Data from a computer are converted to "steer" a stream of electrons through a matrix into which up to 200 different characters have been etched. The beam, focused on one at a time, is shaped as it passes through the matrix. When this shaped beam hits the phosphor-coated face of the tube, the character is reproduced—in some of our displays as fast as 100,000 characters per second.

Equally important is the ability of the system to "draw" on the face of the tube. Each "word" in a computer answer may represent the location of one data point or of a series of points. Short



PICTURES IN A SECOND, DRAWN BY COMPUTER-DISPLAY

straight lines connecting these points may be drawn in any direction at rates averaging over 10,000 points per second, cumulatively building complex diagrams, even circles perfect to the eye. Drawings once laboriously hand-plotted over days or weeks now often can be completed within one second.

Instant pictures:

The resulting words and pictures can be viewed directly, photographed on microfilm or printed out to provide immediate diagrams, tables, maps or charts. In fact, the computer-display systems have been used to make animated movies showing the probable behavior of a satellite in orbit and of shock waves in wind tunnel tests.

With company records in a central computer, the sales manager can get a detailed picture of the sales history of a product in any area, or the president, a financial summary—both in simple graphic form and within seconds after requesting the information.

Probably the most dramatic uses are "on-line, real-time" operations—showing what is actually happening at the moment. Consider one system being tested for local air traffic control.

A central computer receives up-to-

the-second information on a plane's position, its flight plan, the weather and other conditions. Automatic devices in the plane transmit changes in position. Altitude, direction and speed are computed. The symbol representing the plane appears on the display screen. Next to it are letters and numbers indicating its flight number, altitude, speed and heading.

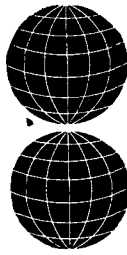
As the plane moves, its symbol moves across the display panel. As its speed and altitude change, so does the accompanying block of data on the screen. The controller can see at a glance exactly what planes are in his vicinity, their relation to each other and to his station. Possible trouble can be eliminated before it can start.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

Report on Alabama



ern faction and a liberal Northern faction. It will also nationalize the Democratic Party.

Southern Democrats, confronted by an increasingly virulent Republican challenge, tempted also by the potential windfall of Negro votes, are likely to surrender their Dixiecrats to the Republicans and make whatever quick adjustments in posture are necessary to accommodate the new constituency. As Alabama Democratic chairman Roy Mahall advised one outraged Dixiecrat just before the party's executive committee scuttled its "White Supremacy" slogan, "Maybe when you go over to the Republicans, you can prevail on them to pick up this slogan. We're dropping it."

The Negro as a citizen

It is ironic that nowhere is the final reconstruction of the South more profound than in George Wallace's Alabama. In more meaningful terms, it consists of the dramatic arrival of the Negro as a citizen. But there is the added irony that Alabama is the Southern state most likely to elect a Republican governor, the first in the South since Reconstruction.

It would be hard to exaggerate the traumatic implications for the average rural white Alabamian of a Negro's running for sheriff of his county. Yet six Negroes are running for the post in the May Democratic primary in Alabama. And there are fifty-four other Negroes running for the state legislature and such grass roots offices as tax assessor and county coroner.

Wallace is the kind of politician who really believes that he is the embodiment of the people's will. Several times during recent months, he has felt the earth tremble under him: last November, his amendment to drop Alabama's one-term limit on the governorship was defeated by the state legislature, and in January his scheme for county Democratic conventions in place of county primaries — a device to avert the impact of the new Negro electorate — was junked by the party's executive committee before he could even propose it. There was also the election of a majority of national party loyalists to the committee at the same session. Now he desperately hungers to be embraced by the people again.

Running his wife in his stead, however, may be a stunt too bizarre even for the people he considers his own — the farmers, the steelworkers, the filling station attendants and mill hands, the people in the chili cafés. He resorted to this awkward recourse because, among other things, he entertained the naïve fear that if he ran for the Senate and were elected, he would not be seated when he arrived in Washington.

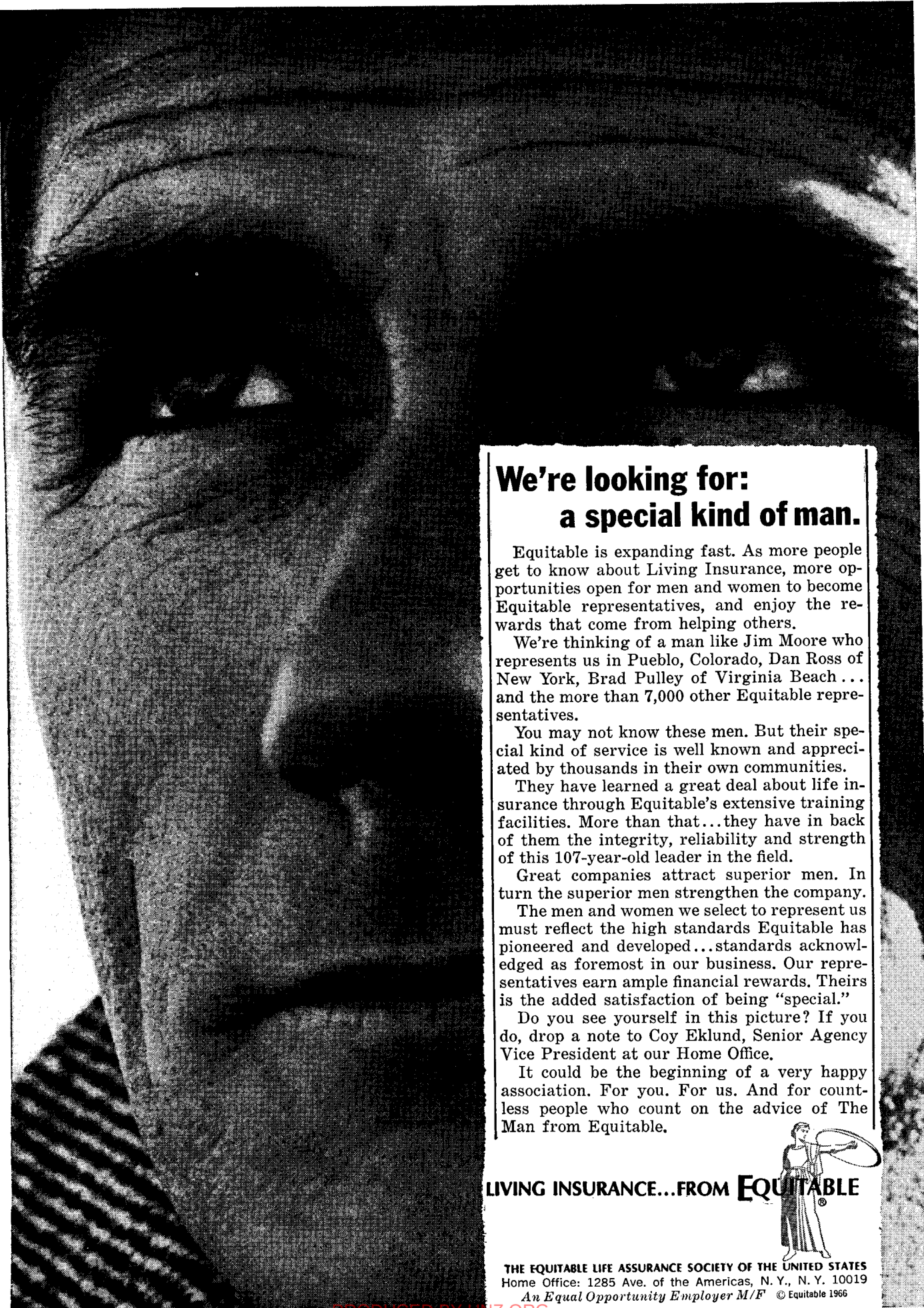
It seems certain that if either Mrs. Wallace or former governor John Patterson, a humorless, baby-faced segregationist who lacks even Wallace's country charm, wins the Democratic primary, most of the 200,000 Negroes who should vote in the general election will boycott the whole affair or back Republican congressman Jim Martin, who is ill-tempered enough toward the federal government to endear him to the neosecessionists but sufficiently abstract a segregationist to permit Negroes to vote for him while retaining their self-respect. This prospect should somewhat restrain the racial dialogue between the Wallaces and Patterson.

In fact, right now Wallace and Patterson are studying and prodding the matter of the new Negro electorate with the meticulous delicacy of a dinner guest tinkering with his fork at a slice of meat just presented him which he suspects is a trifle gamy, but which he knows must sooner or later be tasted. While Wallace insists that "I'm not going to be making any pitch for those votes, the votes of illiterates, because they wouldn't vote for me anyhow," he does add, after a pause, "However, I *am* going to call to their attention all I've done for the Nigra."

Attempt at coalition

Attorney General Richmond Flowers, Sr., who is also running, quixotically, in the Democratic gubernatorial primary, regards Wallace as a momentary perverse phase in the emergence of what he terms an "urban populist conscience." The strategy of Flowers and the predominately Negro Alabama Democratic Conference in demanding that the state Democratic Party strike its "White Supremacy" slogan was to drive the party to suicide (they fully expected their demand to be rejected out of hand), and then to rebuild it in the image of the national party, using as its base a new urban populist coalition between laboring Negroes and the kind of whites who up to now have been counted as Wallace's folk.

They were frustrated, tactically at least, when the executive committee took the realistic action that it did. But strategically, Flowers' whole political future is still pitched on the hope of such a coalition. Even sympathetic observers, however, reluctantly dismiss that hope as being,



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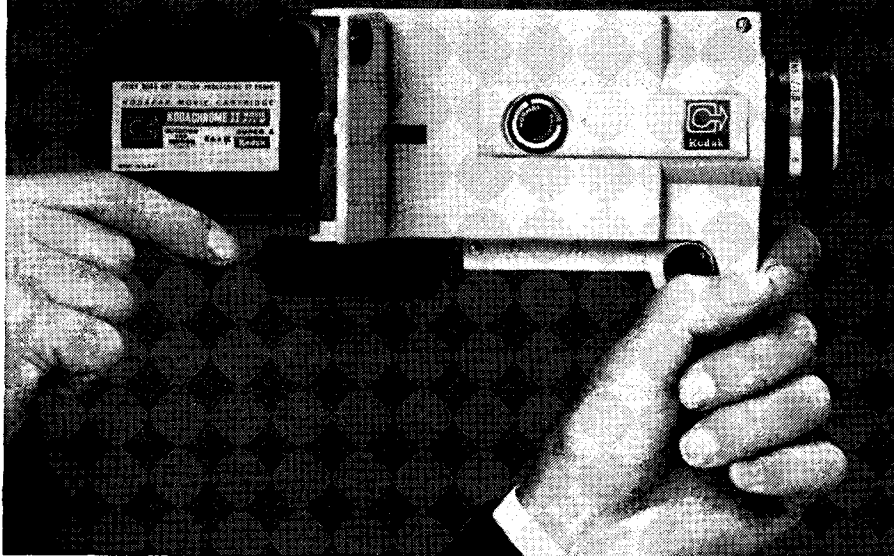
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Report on Alabama

for the moment, rather romantic — it will be some time, a long time, they conclude, before common economic interests can transcend naked racial antipathy.

The front of the bus

The Public Accommodations Act of 1964, while not bringing results as precipitously as has 1965's Voting Rights Act, has still proved to be a vital agent in the new reconstruction of the South. At first, there was a real question whether the mass of Negroes would actually use the rights that had been won in Birmingham and St. Augustine. After the cresting waves of demonstrations, there has seemed to be a backwash, an ebbing of Negroes to the back of the bus again, out of the white restaurants. Little has seemed changed.

Negro attorney C. B. King, who for ten years has been affronting south Georgia juries with his studied condescension — his meticulous pronunciation and ponderous Victorian rhetoric and baroque theatrical gestures — and yet winning cases with surprising consistency, describes the lack of follow-through like this: "Clyde Beatty, you know, used to relate how for years he kept alligators separated from each other with an elaborate system of concrete walls. Then, one day, he completely dismantled these walls and strung up in their place strands of mere tissue paper. But the alligators stayed right where they were."

Slowly, the Public Accommodations Act is beginning to take effect. Frequently now, one sees Negroes seated with little more than a brief glare by the waitress in restaurants all over the South — not only in Atlanta and Charlotte but also in Birmingham and Jackson and even Selma. Gradually, the integration of the South's public facilities and schools is becoming a habit.

Hosea Williams, Martin Luther King's smoldering agate-eyed activist lieutenant, still insists, "If we keep pushing the South now, we can break it down all the way, I think. If we start slowing down now, we'll have the kind of subtle segregation they have up North, and sooner or later we'll have to come back down



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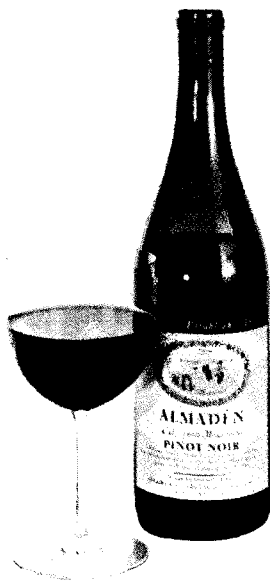
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Report on Alabama

here to get the job finished anyway as we're having to do up North now."

Like Lucas Beauchamp in *Intruder in the Dust*, Negroes in the South are likely to find that freedom and full manhood are colder and lonelier than what they had earlier. And even with full citizenship, Negroes will still be a racial minority—a protected minority, a competitive minority—and as such, like Jews, will presumably always have to endure some hostility.

Discrimination in the South seems likely to evolve into the insidious kind of frustrations that Negroes face in the North. Tokenism, perhaps, will present a more formidable challenge to full Negro citizenship than did segregation. "In the past, the issues were black and white—clean, and I don't mean just racially, but ethically, too," admits one SNCC official. "You knew who the enemy was, because, among other things, he bragged about it. But now, things are getting gray. It's a kind of twilight zone."

A jaded peace

While one is witnessing the reconstruction of the South, one is also witnessing what might be called the great Northernization of the South—a Northernization of its economy, its problems, and its politics. And with industrialization and urbanization, an urbanization made all the more profound by state legislative reapportionment, the South has suffered a loss of innocence, or at least a loss of provincialism. It is even lamented that the age of the great Southern writers is probably over.

All of this is, of course, the political and social climax of the Civil War, but more immediately it is the handiwork of the Birminghams, the St. Augustines, the Selmas. Predictions are now being ventured that the great swashbuckling days of the movement, the revolution's great confrontations, are done with. Since Selma, there have been some sporadic skirmishes—Crawfordville, Georgia; Natchez, Mississippi—but they have had about them the quality of small mopping-up operations, and the movement all over the

South seems to have fallen into a state of distraction.

One liberal white Southerner, after touring much of the South for a government agency, reported, "The vote has ended the say-hey, activist days. The vote has ushered it out of its simple crisis-producing mentality into a quieter political absorption. When you go out into the South these days, it's got that wan, quiescent quality of a deserted battlefield."

The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, the most romantic and existentialist and earthy of all the civil rights fronts, has even betrayed certain bourgeois impulses. Throughout the movement's days of thunder, SNCC was quartered in a dingy, sagging suite of offices, as hot and stale as a fox's den, at the top of a narrow staircase over a barbershop on a side street deep in the Negro section of Atlanta. But last summer, a reporter seeking SNCC workers out found the upper-floor roost deserted, finally discovered that they were installed in spacious new quarters on a street of warehouses not far from the glimmering downtown towers of Atlanta. The place had been an import-export firm, but SNCC was elaborately overhauling it. What had been finished was air-conditioned—militantly air-conditioned—with oak-paneled walls and a white TV.

Not only does a certain kind of peace seem to have settled over the movement, but a certain kind of jaded peace seems to have settled over the segs. When the Georgia General Assembly, taking pains to be as nonprovocative as possible, dislodged Representative Julian Bond of SNCC from its midst, SNCC's executive secretary, James Forman, suddenly materialized out of nowhere like an avenging angel, looking eminently subversive in a denim jacket and drooping, frayed trousers.

But Forman drew very little reaction from the white spectators and legislators milling around him. There were only such whispered comments as "Look at them blue jeans. Don't he know this ain't no place for blue jeans? Looks like he could of at least worn a coat and tie."

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The Atlantic Report GHANA



ON MARCH 6 Kwame Nkrumah — His Messianic Dedication, Osagyefo the President — would have celebrated nine years of independence in Ghana. Following the coup of February 24 which overturned his government, there seemed to be a general feeling of relief in Accra that a nightmare was ended. For a state of only 7.5 million people, Ghana has had far more than its share of publicity.

At independence Nkrumah, in the presence of Richard Nixon, the Duchess of Kent, and a Russian minister, had quoted Burke: "We are on a conspicuous stage and the world marks our demeanour"; very true for this rich showcase and first independent ex-colony in Africa south of the Sahara. Nkrumah considered it a stage from which the liberation of Africa could be launched, a source of power from which he could unite the continent, and where socialism of some form could blossom forth to set an example for Africa, and he was impatient from the beginning with all those standing in his way.

In 1958 the first detention act was passed. By mid-1960 Nkrumah had a network of admirers throughout the continent. Among those who had their first taste of independence in Accra were Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, Malawi's Kamuzu Banda, and a host of other ministers. Chief among Nkrumah's admirers was Patrice Lumumba, who for Nkrumah was the key to the heart of Africa as a potential partner in Nkrumah's "union" with Guinea. Nkrumah made the Dominion of Ghana into a republic, and in a plebescite, where the electors were hardly trusted to vote correctly, he defeated Ghana's first nationalist, Dr. J. B. Danquah, to become, on July 1, 1960, Ghana's first president.

Immediately after the respective republican and independence celebrations in Ghana and Léopoldville, the Congo crisis began, and for the first time, a black African state — Ghana — was playing a critical role in an international crisis. But after two months Nkrumah felt himself betrayed. He had counseled Lumumba to moder-

ation, but Lumumba had acted rashly, was arrested, and the Accra-Léopoldville axis was broken. Secretary of State Christian Herter, in the meantime, had indiscreetly and unwisely accused Nkrumah of playing into Communist hands, an allegation which only deepened his suspicion that the West had set a trap specifically to ensnare him.

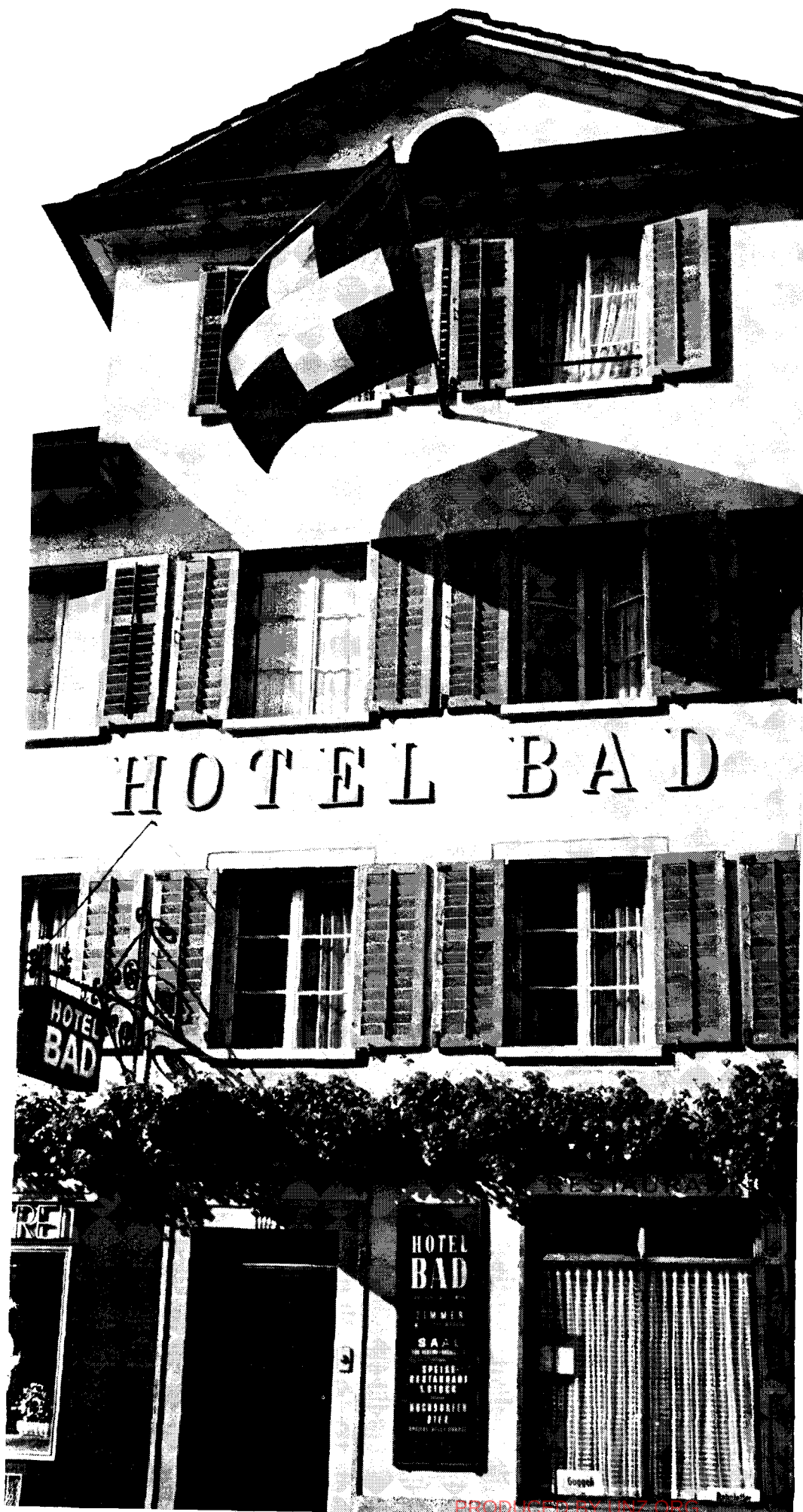
The Volta River Project

There were persisting needs for international caution and some domestic moderation, as Nkrumah required American money to finance his pet scheme, the Volta River Project (VRP), and he needed a visit by the British Queen to consolidate his own authority within Ghana itself. Yet the country's new constitution gave him, as first president, draconian prerogatives that confirmed his power to do as he chose.

In mid-1961 he set out on a two-month trip through Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, and China, which reinforced in him the Marxist convictions that had for so long remained dormant while he had "played cricket" with the "imperialists" to achieve Ghana's independence. He ended his trip at the nonaligned-nation conference in Belgrade with a ringing attack on the West for its position toward the racist regimes in southern Africa, toward Algeria and, more ominously, Berlin.

President Kennedy was forced to reconsider the almost finished negotiations for the half-billion-dollar VRP. But he went ahead, despite the frightening chaos Ghana was passing through at the time, while what was left of the opposition made a last effort to stay Nkrumah's hand, this time at least partly through violence. Shortly after, in November, 1961, the Queen came, and with that there could be no further doubt of Nkrumah's power of survival.

Nkrumah now had his VRP, and the basis for the industrialization of Ghana was laid. From that point he intensified his drive for dominance in Africa, playing little part in the reconciliation



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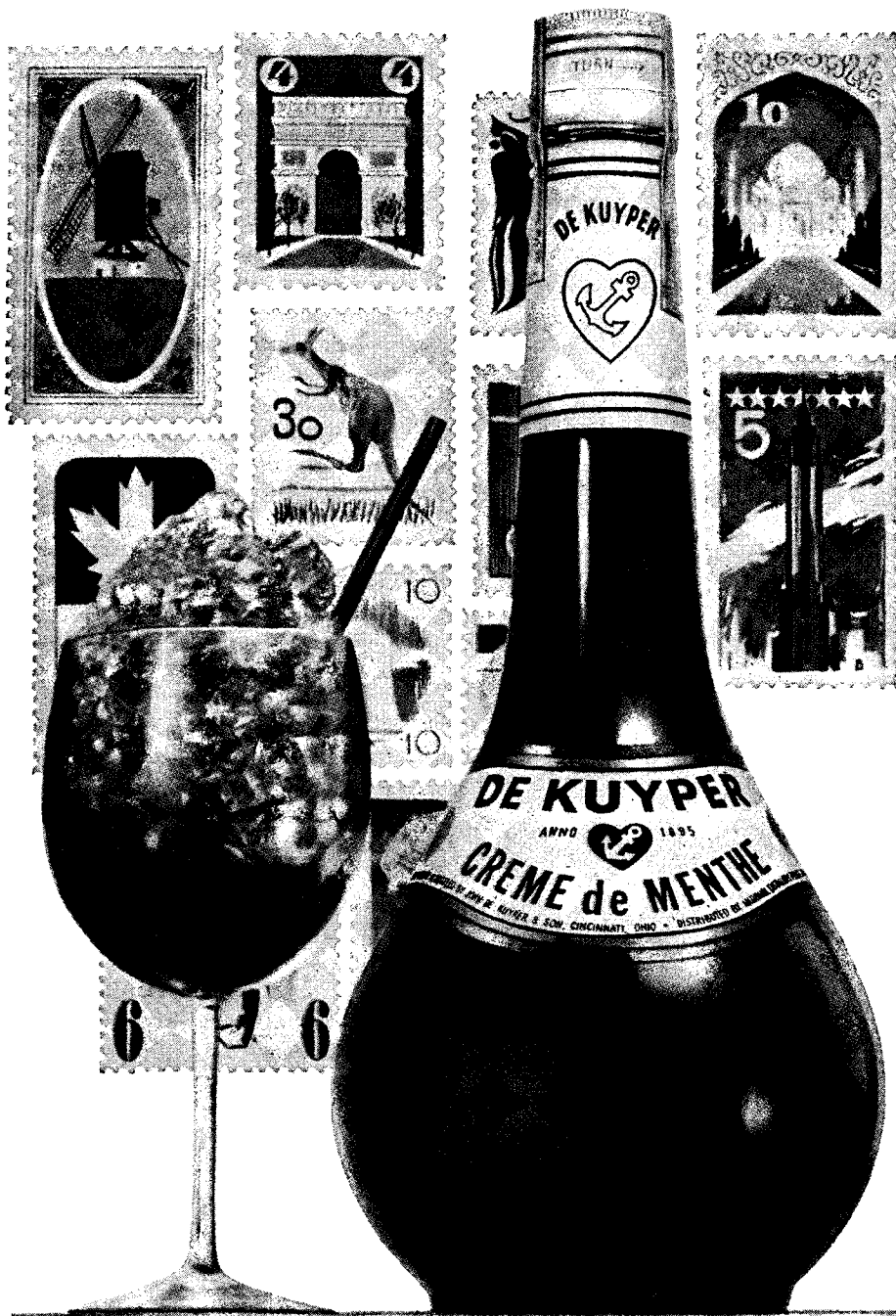
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Report on Ghana

of the radical "Casablanca" and moderate "Monrovia" groups, rather urging the former, of which Ghana was a core member, to a more intransigent stand in the various attempts other radicals were making at reconciliation.

The drive toward unity

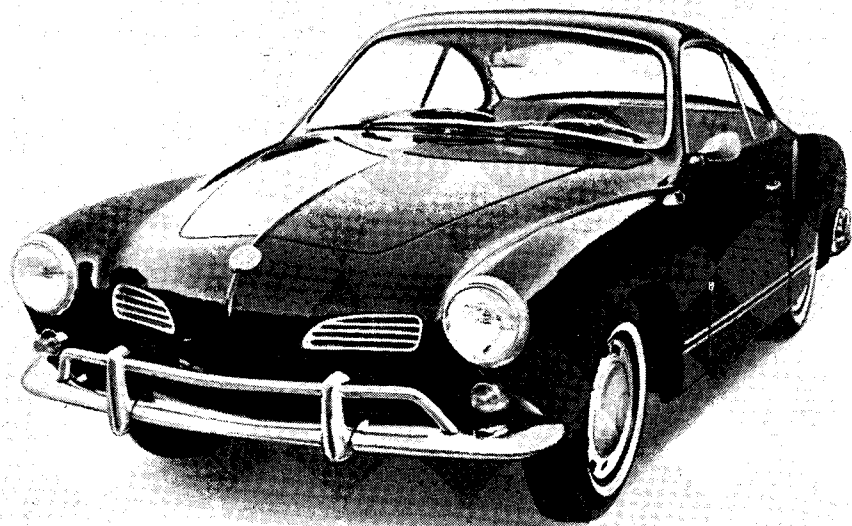
From this time, early 1962, Nkrumah had really only one concern: African unity, or a "continental union government." There was no denying the need of unity, and Nkrumah brilliantly diagnosed the chaos to come if the balkanization left by the colonialists were allowed to stand. Nkrumah might well have been Africa's Bismarck and gained admiration for his dazzling, albeit ruthless, use of power if Ghana had been to Africa what Prussia had been to Germany. But Ghana was too small, and Nigeria could too easily humiliate it in the eyes of their mutual neighbors, such "client" states as Upper Volta, Niger, and Dahomey.

About this time, while he urged the voluntary surrender of sovereignty by all African states to one strong central government (and there was little doubt that he saw himself, the true prophet, ending up as the president), he set forces in motion that resulted in varying attempts at sabotage and even overthrow of the government within neighboring states.

From 1963, as a result, one can interpret movements between African nations largely as attempts to restrain and humiliate Nkrumah; for it cannot be denied that most African heads of state saw Nkrumah as a threat. Nkrumah could pull levers in some countries through the All-African Trade Union Federation, which he controlled; he could aim broadcasts at the students in others, demanding of them genuine radicalism in the name of African unity.

The Organization of African Unity was formed at Addis Ababa in May, 1963, bringing together all independent African states in a moderate organization designed to foster cooperation, not dominance. To give the devil his due, they

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Report on Ghana

might not have done even this but for their need to offer a response to Nkrumah's challenge.

Nkrumah on the defensive

By mid-1964 Nkrumah began to be on the defensive. On the domestic front, his pan-African dreams and his own lack of discipline drove his economy closer and closer to bankruptcy. The half-billion dollars of reserves from Korean War cocoa profits which Ghana had possessed at independence were virtually gone; guidelines of the International Monetary Fund had been discarded long before.

In the attempt to make trade "nonaligned," Nkrumah indiscriminately signed pacts with socialist countries with no thought to their place in the Ghanaian economy. Inferior equipment was brought in, unneeded factories set up, and to use up Eastern credits, for instance, oil had to be shipped from Russia to Ghana to a new refinery designed to be profitable only when handling nearby Nigeria's oil. Indeed, when Russian oil was ordered, it was not realized that the plant had to be restructured at substantial expense in order to handle this different grade of oil. Other African leaders were not unaware of the downward economic spiral within Ghana; but in almost direct relation to the increasing chaos, Marxist slogans were poured out on the radio and in the press.

On the diplomatic front, Nkrumah was humiliated at the second OAU conference, this time in Cairo. President Nyerere made a now famous attack on the Osagyefo (the "Redeemer"), tearing apart his insensitive and unrealistic drive for "African unity," and naming him as pan-Africanism's first enemy because of his very tactics.

Other heads of state, privately, were hardly less cruel. Nkrumah, always inarticulate when without a set speech (a fact which may explain the gaps in logic in so much of his thinking), was the picture of pathos as he tried to get a minimal gesture from his peers toward an eventual political union of Africa. As consolation prize, Accra was

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The White Northerners: Pride and Prejudice

Dr. Robert Coles examines the reflexes and motivations that make for anti-Negro politics in the big cities, and Peggy Lamson portrays in words one of the rising figures in metropolitan racial politics, Mrs. Louise Day Hicks of Boston.

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And among other features:

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Report on Ghana

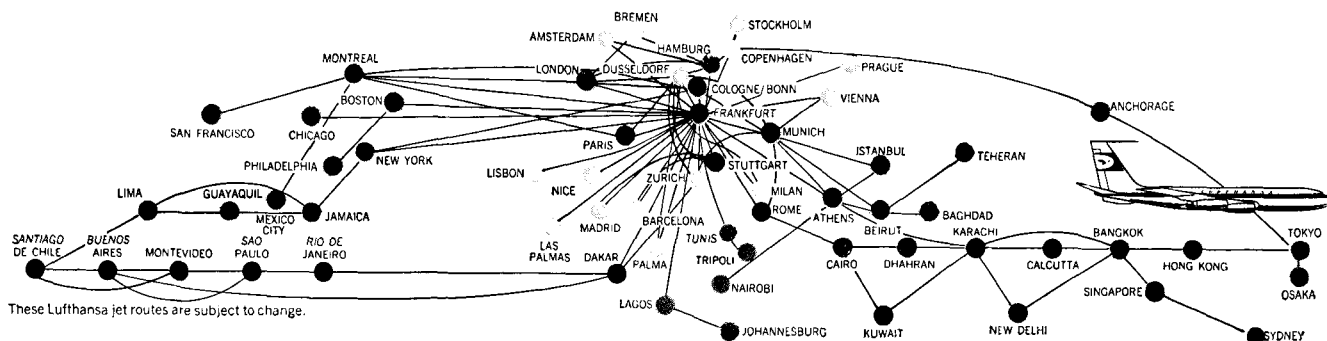
chosen as location for the OAU's third meeting.

Nkrumah ordered a monstrous building to be built, with a suite for each head of state; Accra was refurbished; and all told, perhaps \$30 million of desperately needed cash was spent in a final attempt to convince his peers to give up their sovereignty for his dreams. Such actions drove the country to the final level of insolvency, and no amount of diversionary tactics could hide from the relatively sophisticated Ghanaian that under Nkrumah's brand of socialism and pan-Africanism his own standard of living had rapidly gone downhill.

For five years political scientists had been wondering why a coup did not occur. And as coups occurred in Algeria, Congo, Central African Republic, Upper Volta, and then finally, in Nigeria, Ghana's coup seemed only a matter of time. Indeed, two attempts occurred — one on January 22 of this year, the other on February 2, but Nkrumah and his Russian security advisers outmaneuvered the soldiers.

Those claiming that the coup was an imperialist plot have lowered their credibility everywhere; no bloc technician in Ghana denied the exultation of virtually all Ghanaians at the overthrow of Nkrumah's tyranny. One of his erstwhile advisers has already given details of Nkrumah's \$5 million fortune in Ghanaian properties, and though these have been confiscated, informed sources in Accra estimate that Nkrumah must have at least twice that amount in Swiss bank accounts.

The Ghanaian public has a large appetite for revelations of the mess left in Ghana. What it all adds up to is not pretty. Nkrumah squeezed private Ghanaian businessmen, fearing potential threats to himself, while deriding capitalism and accumulating his cuts and bribes from foreign investors. He built up a private army to be played off against the regular forces — all with Russian assistance (Russian intentions in Ghana were, in fact, the subject of a NATO discussion in Paris last year,



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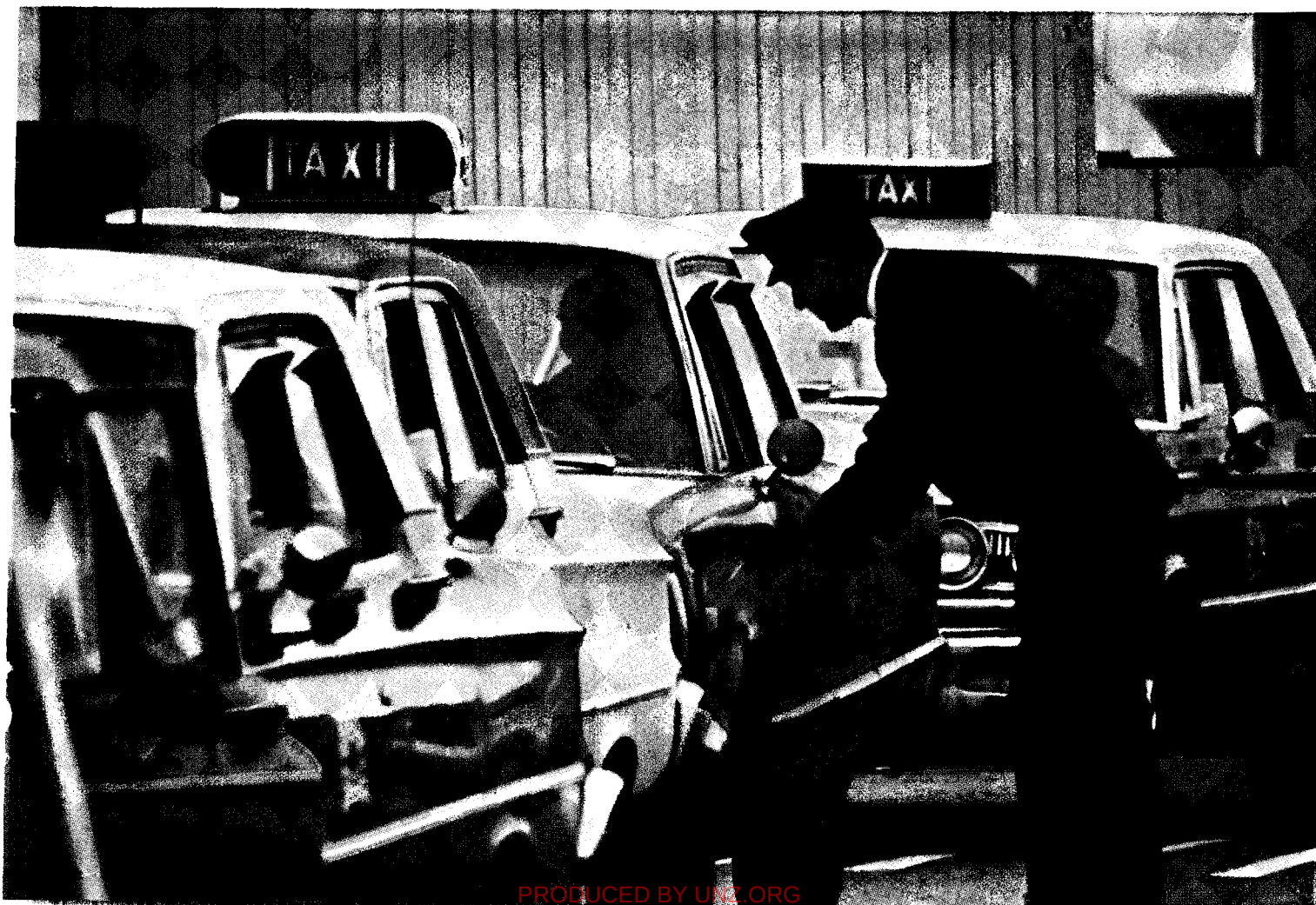
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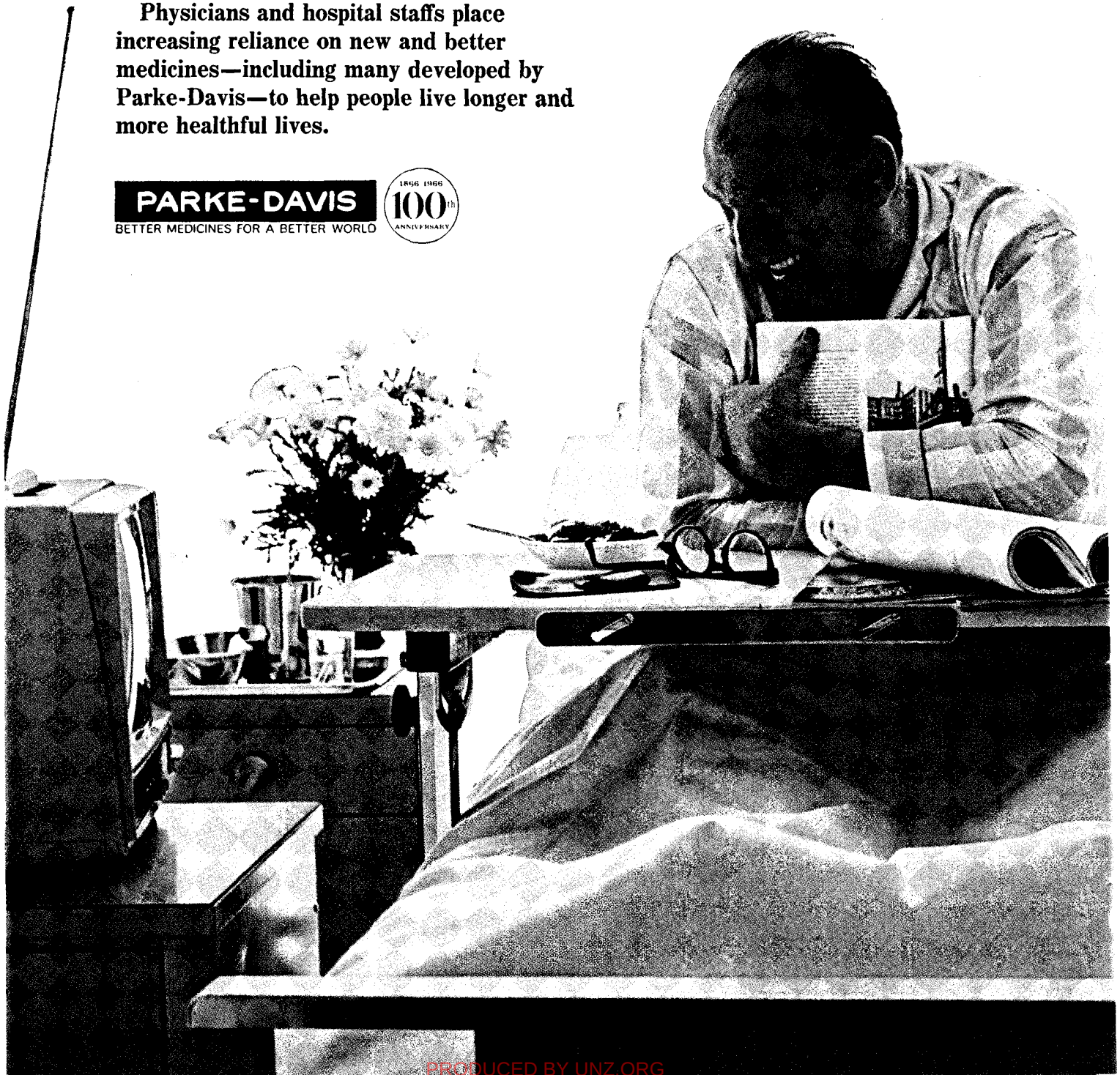
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Report on Ghana

according to one diplomat who should know). And there is incontrovertible evidence that Nkrumah led a truly sordid personal life.

The state keeps running

Meanwhile, the National Liberation Council has done an excellent job of instilling public confidence, and while its members — four soldiers and three policemen — are not experienced in public affairs, they have sought, and taken, advice from the superb British-trained civil service, which throughout the Nkrumah period kept its hands clean, and kept the state running. During the time that America's ambassador, Franklin Williams, was arranging for a \$20 million desperately needed shipment of foodstuffs, under PL 480, the NLC's initial tendency was to rush too fast into the arms of the West. Within two weeks of the coup, however, the foreign ministry's skilled diplomats had successfully cautioned it.

Frederic Arkhurst, Ghana's UN ambassador, and always the most clear-sighted of Ghana's representatives, established coherence in Ghana's foreign policy overnight, preventing overhasty reprisals against Russian and Chinese embassies, yet making it clear that Ghana's non-alignment would no longer be a fiction. Eleven Russians were executed in the heat of the battle (all security men), over a thousand Russian and Chinese technicians were sent out of the country, and the Chinese embassy was restricted to eighteen men; but a stratum of relations will remain.

But there are better things for the West to do than gloat over Moscow and Peking's discomfiture. There are lessons to be drawn all around.

Africa moves to the right

A year ago, some observers thought that as the problems confronting the new African states grew in scope, radicalism might also grow as well, with new populist regimes throwing off the tired groups that had brought in independence. Rather, the opposite has happened: every coup but Nigeria's has ushered in a more conservative regime that has sought, generally,

to increase ties with the former metropole — and it is doubtful that Nigeria's new government will lessen cooperation with the West.

Africa's leaders are finding that they need all their links with the past while they are finding their diverse paths to nationhood. The spontaneous outburst in Accra against the Russians is not just resentment for their part in the resistance to the coup, not just a response to the fact that "they have nothing to teach us — they're as poor as we are." Ghanaians realize that old friendships and customs die hard, that no demagogue can change any country's orientation in a few years unless sufficient roots exist for the new ideology or friendship and unless the new ideology is something more than the manifest nonsense "scientific socialism" was for Ghana.

Western diplomats may be congratulated for having made few of the mistakes America made with Cuba when first provoked. The "soft," "unrealistic" liberals in America argued in 1961 that for America to cancel its aid to the Volta River Project would be foolhardy; American conservatives found it difficult to understand why a leftist dictator should be seen to be rewarded. Yet the link of the two peoples throughout is now clear, and as a result, one can anticipate warm relations between the American government and the National Liberation Council of this still important West African state. The same can be said of the British for their wise forbearance under even greater attack: the praises of the Commonwealth cannot be too highly sung in Accra today. Osagyefo might well have turned into a Castro but for such foresight.

An era has ended in Africa. The loudest of the proclamatory states has new, more cautious leaders; the incentive to carelessness and extravagance in Africa in foreign policy and on the home front will be greatly reduced. Nkrumah, if he had concentrated either on socialism in Ghana or on uniting, say, West Africa, might have become a great statesman. It was in refusing to limit his objectives that he failed. Other Africans are less likely to make this mistake in the future.

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THE significance of debate in a free society has seldom been more dramatically demonstrated than in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's hearings on Communist China. The testimony was enlightening to some of the highest officials in the government, many of whom had begun to believe the clichés and headline stereotypes that have become a part of the official line. As a result of the experts' testimony, for example, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, who sounded somewhat strident on China during his Asian tour in February, was able to speak more realistically about the problem of living with China. There appeared to be a willingness in many places to try to think rationally about this most difficult, complex, and frustrating problem.

National policy toward China is not likely to be substantially altered in the near future. As long as the Vietnam war lasts, the Administration is not likely to recognize Peking or to advocate its admission into the United Nations or to propose a resumption of trade relations. But it is progress to be able to discuss the issues calmly. Negotiations over Vietnam almost certainly must include negotiations with Peking on the wider problems that divide America and China.

To some of our friends abroad, our earlier line of hostility has sounded almost as harsh and unrealistic as the daily diatribes from Peking against us. If it is true, as the Vice President has said, that there is a body of goodwill left among the Chinese for the United States, extravagant and unsophisticated attacks on China from American spokesmen do not help sustain that goodwill. Michael Stewart, the British Foreign Secretary, speaking for a government that supports the United States in Vietnam, equates Washington's desire to contain Chinese Communist power with an unwise impulse to isolate and imprison China. He thinks we should ask whether China's advocacy of violence will lead it to become an aggressively expansionist power. Until China clearly acts that way, he thinks it is a mistake to base Western policy on the assumption that aggression is inevitable.

In addition to giving the Johnson Administration a degree of flexibility, the debate on China should help to remove the more fantastic suspicions which Peking has held regarding American policy. The scholars defined American intentions better than the Johnson Administration has ever done itself when it advocated containment but not isolation. Isolation has in a sense been part of the American objective since the Korean War, but containment much more precisely expresses the intent today.

George Ball's new role

A clearer definition of foreign policy goals in general should emerge now that Undersecretary of State George W. Ball has been put in charge of the newly created Senior Interdepartmental Group. In an attempt to provide better coordination of both policy and action, the President instructed Secretary of State Dean Rusk to assume authority "for the overall direction, coordination, and supervision" of United States activities abroad, except for the military. The State Department is only one of many agencies conducting important foreign business. The Departments of the Treasury, Commerce, Labor, and Agriculture, the Central Intelligence Agency, the United States Information Agency, the Agency for International Development are involved also.

The American ambassador overseas is in charge of his country's team; he is responsible for supervising the activities of all agencies operating in his jurisdiction. Ball will now exercise this kind of authority in Washington.

The President's order represents a move away from the more informal lines of the McGeorge Bundy operation in the White House. Plans for the change were being made even before Bundy left the government earlier this year and are another example of the President's desire to place responsibility in the established departments. Departments represented on Ball's group have the right of appeal to higher authority; some of them, like Agriculture and CIA, have never liked interference from the Department



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Report on Washington

of State. In the first few weeks of the operation, the group functioned well enough, according to those involved. The real test of its effectiveness will come when there are serious inter-agency disagreements. But the arrangement makes a lot of sense in theory.

The choice of Ball to head the group and to carry out the authority vested by the President in the Secretary of State recognizes the contribution made in the last five years by one of the most competent men in the government. And it assures that Ball will postpone plans he had made to resign later in the year. A distinguished lawyer, a lucid and imaginative thinker, Ball has at times incurred the President's displeasure by his frankness and independence. But in the end he has gained greater confidence from the President by his candor. He has both charm and wit, and if anyone can handle the assignment of harnessing the disparate empires in Washington to the President's satisfaction, Ball should be able to do so.

De Gaulle and NATO

Ball has carried the chief burden of the long struggle with President de Gaulle in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Nearly a year ago, De Gaulle told Ball that he would demand withdrawal of American forces from French soil and that the question was not negotiable. So there was no surprise in Washington this year when the French President outlined his demands in a letter to President Johnson.

In the view of many in Washington, it was one more action which the French leader has taken in a series of actions hostile to the West. Some foolishly say that De Gaulle has done us a favor by forcing us to re-examine a system that has prevented Communist aggression in Europe for nearly two decades. But if a defense system like NATO is to be effective in the nuclear age, it must be possible to make rapid decisions, to have a force in being, and to have a command system in operation ready to carry out decisions. It took from 1914 to 1917 to achieve a joint command in World War I, and no one suffered more from this

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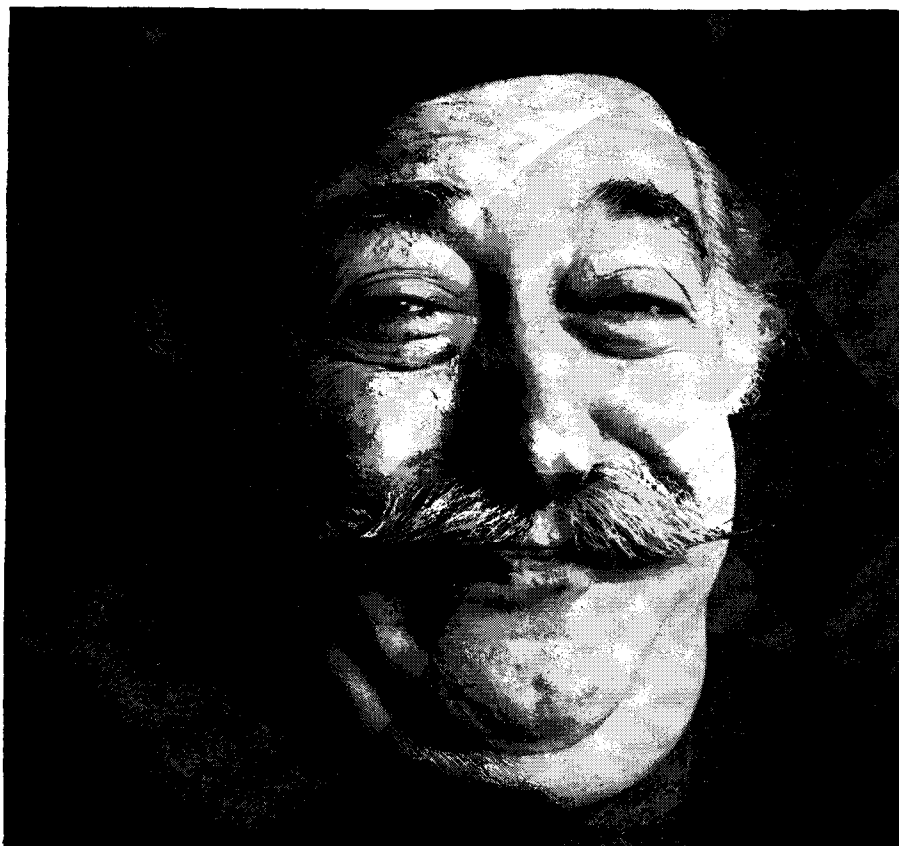
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delay than France. The inadequacy of British-French staff planning in 1939-1940 led to a catastrophe for France. Now De Gaulle wants to destroy an integrated command that has kept the peace for his own country and its allies.

To experts in Washington he appears to be attacking not just an alliance but the very basis of the allied and American security systems in Europe. A debate on what all this means and where the United States and other NATO countries stand is essential, just as it is essential to have an intelligent understanding of issues relating to Communist China. Debate is important for the other NATO countries as well as for France, where parliamentary elections will take place in less than a year. French supporters of NATO and the European idea look longingly to the United States for leadership.

The greatest immediate fears are in Germany. As De Gaulle plans his visit to the Soviet Union, the Germans recall how in his memoirs he described his thoughts as he prepared to visit Moscow in late 1944: "Perhaps it would be possible to renew the old Franco-Russian solidarity which, though repeatedly betrayed and repudiated, remained no less a part of the natural order of things, as much in relation to the German menace as to the endeavors of Anglo-American hegemony . . . the signing of a Franco-Russian treaty could help us to participate at once in the elaboration of the European settlements." A Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, a typically unclear Gaullist phrase, still remains an objective of the man who has never trusted "les Anglo-Saxons."

LBJ and the polls

Recent public opinion polls make it clear that every time President Johnson flexes his muscles in Vietnam he frightens some but heartens many more. He has said that he is under greater pressure from the hawks than from the doves, and the polls bear him out in this. If the war grows bloodier, as it is almost certain to do, there may be increasing demands on the President to take more drastic action to win and get the fighting over with in a hurry.

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Senator Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, put the matter baldly when he said that the war may "assume political proportions" that will force advocacy of a more aggressive policy upon political leaders. "I do not think we can afford to let this war drift on and on as it is now," the senator told the Senate. "Search and destroy tactics may, after ten or twelve years, bring the Vietcong to their knees, but the American people are going to be very unhappy about it, and someone who comes along and says: 'I will go in and clean this thing up in six months' will, I'm afraid, have some advantage over the senators who say 'Let's play this thing along for ten or twelve years as we're doing now.'"

The President's popularity shot up after his decisive responses to the Bay of Tonkin and the Pleiku attacks and after he announced his decision last July to increase substantially the American commitment in Vietnam. His popularity has de-

clined in the periods when there has seemed to be uncertainty about national policy. During the Christmas peace offensive popular support for the way the President was handling the Vietnam war dropped. While peace is desperately wanted, there also appears to be a feeling that we should get on with the job.

About 10 percent of the people tell the pollsters that we should abandon the fight and get out of Vietnam. A clear majority support the President, and a majority of those who support him say that a more aggressive policy is needed. The President, of course, is an experienced politician and poll watcher. If the war were going against the United States, the temptation to do something dramatic would be very great.

By the end of the summer every congressman must face his constituents and answer their questions on Vietnam. He must face those who have suffered losses in Vietnam as well as those who want to pour men into the battle to try to gain a clear and quick victory. Some White House students of the polls

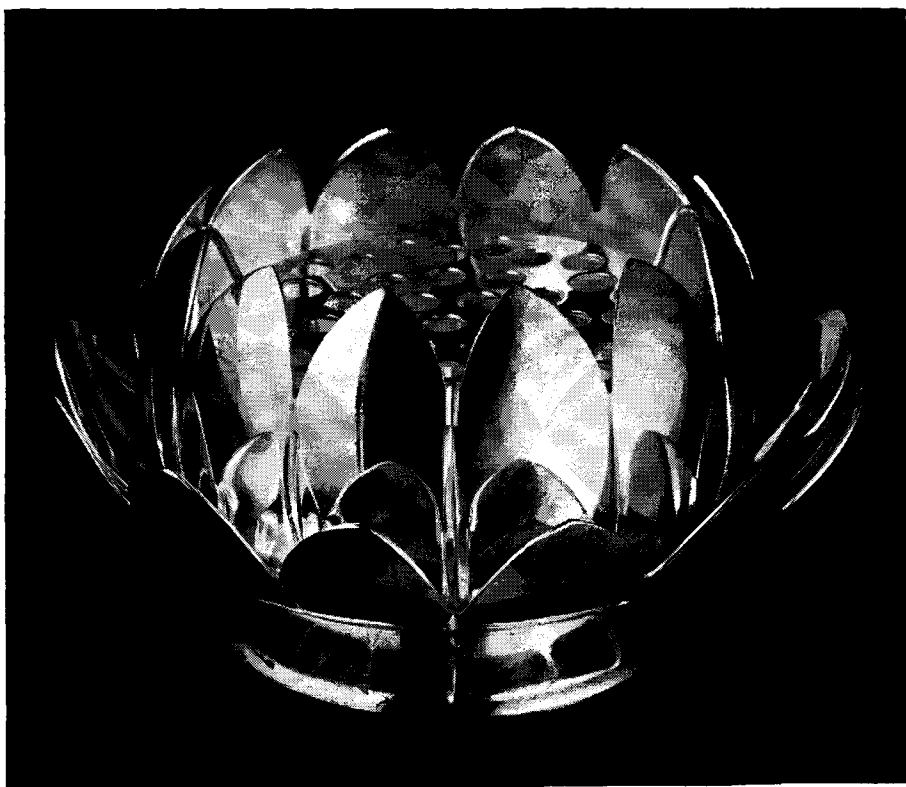
think that unless public opinion changes, many congressmen who now are nearer to the dove than to the hawk position may begin to support a harder line. Congressmen also follow the polls.

When Senator Morse predicts that the Democrats will lose fifty congressional seats because of Vietnam, he is vastly oversimplifying the question. Nearly everyone in Washington expects the Democrats to lose seats in November, some because of Vietnam. But the party in power has lost seats in every midterm election in this century except one. In 1964 the Johnson landslide carried into office many Democrats who had little hope of winning. Some of these Democratic districts will revert to their Republican moorings in November, Vietnam or not.

Mood of the Capital

Lyndon Johnson is the only President in thirty-five years who has not held regular open press conferences at a time fixed in advance. He has held only one news conference in the State Department auditorium used by Kennedy. He has tried holding conferences in the tiny theater in the east wing of the White House; he has held impromptu conferences in his office and barred television cameras. He has held elaborately planned conferences before the cameras in the East Room of the White House, some on an hour's notice. Last year he indicated that he would hold one formal televised meeting with the press a month, but he has not done so. He simply dislikes the institution.

The secrecy surrounding the President's action and thoughts is a stultifying influence not only on public opinion but on the operations of the government. It is literally true that some presidential assistants in the White House know only one facet of policy because the President deliberately keeps them in the dark on other facets. Johnson has always believed that his power is diminished whenever he shows his hand. He is therefore an exceedingly cautious and clandestine planner of every move he intends to make. He does not regard the presidency as a "bully pulpit," and he leaves too often to others the leadership of public opinion. This trait may cost him heavily in the end.



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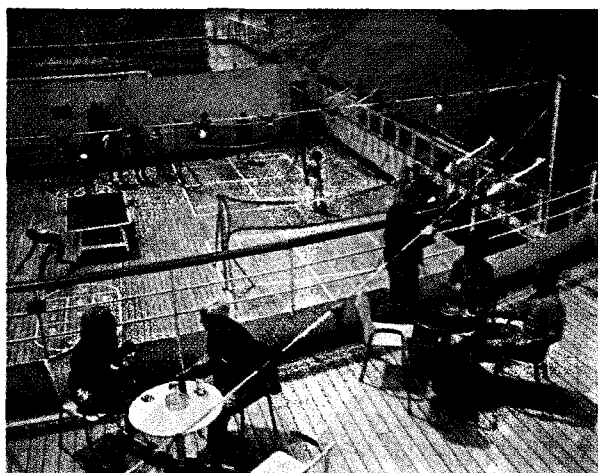
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THE United States went into the disarmament talks at Geneva with a clear-cut plan. In a message sent on January 27 to the eighteen nations involved, President Johnson outlined a seven-point program for arms limitation and disarmament. He called for a nonproliferation treaty, an extension of the limited-test-ban treaty of 1963, to include underground nuclear tests, a freeze on "carriers" of nuclear weapons, the reduction of stockpiles of nuclear weapons, the closer control of nuclear material used for peaceful purposes, an overall diversion of effort from the production of arms to the elimination of hunger and poverty, and the strengthening of the United Nations. The program was far-reaching and imposing, and it put nonproliferation first because there was agreement at least on its priority.

The United States draft treaty had British backing and was broadly acceptable to a majority of the eighteen nations represented at Geneva. It sought to secure nonproliferation of nuclear weapons in two principal ways. Nuclear powers should undertake not to transfer nuclear weapons to any non-nuclear state. Non-nuclear powers should undertake not to manufacture nuclear weapons themselves or accept them from members of the "nuclear club."

The Russians have maintained that the Western powers intended to break both the spirit and future practice of a nonproliferation treaty, probably before it had even been signed, by introducing the principle of nuclear-sharing into NATO. This would give West Germany, in the Soviet Union's opinion, a measure of control over nuclear weapons. It would give the same measure of control to other non-nuclear NATO states, but the Russians did not express any concern about this point. They concentrated their fire on the German Federal Republic.

The Soviet Union has also expressed fear over an American-German military entente, which could unite America's nuclear potential and overall strength with the unique military genius of the nation which marched to the gates of Moscow in

1941. Britain's more reserved attitude toward the Germans has been an advantage at the Geneva conference table. An Anglo-German military entente was neither possible nor a real danger to the Soviet Union.

The British position

In 1964, the British Foreign Secretary in the Conservative government, R. A. Butler, went to Geneva with high hopes and formulated the priorities for the talks which were then taking place. But he quickly became disillusioned. When he went to Moscow in the summer of 1964, he was tired, despondent, and inactive. His talks there were a total failure, and all the steam went out of the British effort to press for disarmament. Even his proposal to set up joint East-West working committees at Geneva lapsed. At the end of 1964, the Conservative government fell.

Roy Jenkins, the new Minister for Home Affairs, stated that the Labor government would accept equality in the nuclear field with other nations of roughly the same power as the United Kingdom. This plainly referred to West Germany as well as France. It implied either that Britain would surrender its own nuclear weapons or that West Germany should be given the same nuclear strength as Britain.

While Jenkins was causing anxiety in Moscow, Prime Minister Harold Wilson appeared to be prepared to discard Britain's nuclear deterrent and scrap the arrangements made by the Macmillan government with the United States. Both he and Jenkins stated that Labor would infuse "new life and urgency" into the Geneva disarmament talks. The Labor government would appoint a minister charged solely with disarmament responsibilities. Lord Chalfont, who was appointed when Wilson formed his Cabinet, acted with integrity and purposefulness, and as a result the United States has continued to place confidence in Britain as co-spokesman for the West at Geneva.

In the American view, the reorganization of NATO had to be pushed ahead, irrespective of

Report on Geneva

whether or not progress over disarmament was achieved in Geneva. The American plan for an MLF — a mixed-manned nuclear sea force of surface vessels — had already been tabled in order to give West Germany a suitable stake in a Western nuclear strike force. The West Germans had specifically asked for this, and it was a major plank in the platform of the ruling Christian Democratic Party in the German Federal elections in the fall of 1965.

Wilson shifts gears

The American-sponsored MLF plan was opposed by the British Labor Party, partly because of pressure from its left-wingers and partly because Wilson wanted to give himself a free hand in the question of nuclear strategy when his party came into power. But after he came to power, Wilson dropped all talk of discarding the British nuclear deterrent and of reducing Britain to nuclear equality with West Germany. His opposition to the MLF plan had been so outspoken that he

could not reverse himself completely, but he proposed an Atlantic Nuclear Force, based on submarines instead of surface vessels.

In Geneva, Chalfont has put the American-British case with unfailing persistence and with much humor and liveliness as well. Time after time in 1965 and in the session at Geneva during the first quarter of 1966, he has trotted out the conventional Western arguments — that West Germany would not become a nuclear power in its own right, that it would be given a finger on the nuclear safety catch and not on the nuclear trigger, that the American draft treaty, therefore, did not leave a loophole for the entry of West Germany into the nuclear club. Time after time Chalfont has urged Tsarapkin to explain why he really thought that West Germany was a “revanchist” and “militaristic” state. The Russian was not interested in arguing the point with him; he knew that the Communist satellite states in Europe agreed with him.

This belief of the Communist satellites has become a factor in

British thinking. In the summer of 1965, the Foreign Secretary, Michael Stewart, paid visits to Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. In all three countries he was impressed by the conviction with which their foreign ministers argued that giving West Germany any kind of “nuclear share” is unnecessary and dangerous.

The Poles once again urged examination of their own plans for a nuclear truce in Central Europe — the Rapacki Plan for a nuclear-free zone which would comprise both German states, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, and the Gomulka Plan for a nuclear “freeze” in the same area, which would mean that existing stocks of nuclear weapons would not be replenished but would be progressively diminished. Stewart could not help being impressed by the Polish arguments.

Long and sober reflection over the obviously interwoven issues of nuclear-sharing in the Western alliance and the negotiation of a nuclear nonproliferation treaty left Chalfont and his government with a number of conclusions.

First, West Germany deserved at least a consultative role on nuclear policies within the Western alliance. This could be granted under the McNamara Plan produced by the U.S. Secretary of Defense for a Western steering committee on nuclear policies.

Second, West Germany admittedly still wanted a share in an integrated Western nuclear force. This was reasserted by West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard on February 24. By then the British government had decided that granting an active share to West Germany in such a force would seriously set back the prospects of nuclear disarmament. It would also be an obstacle to any further efforts to relax political tension in Europe.

The third British conclusion — which had an impact on American thinking, too — was that the Geneva talks would make no progress until there was a clear-cut decision on Western nuclear-sharing. The Russians were certain to drag their feet in Geneva in order to try to ensure that West Germany was given no nuclear role whatever, active or con-



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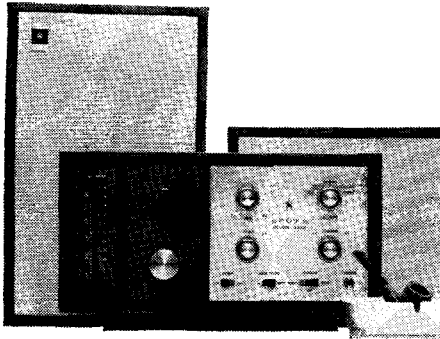
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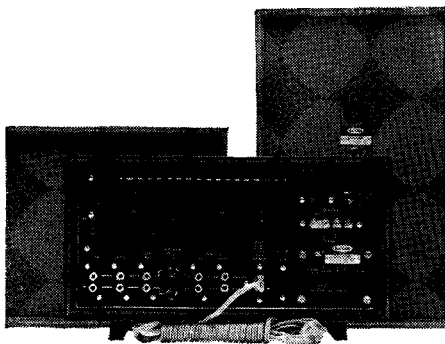
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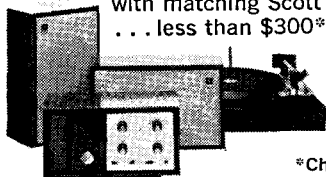


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Report on Geneva

sultative. The British government, therefore, urged an early decision to form something on the lines of the McNamara committee.

Finally, the British came to the conclusion that the West German demand, that parallel progress should be made toward a solution of the "German question" before anything could be agreed on in the field of arms limitation, was untenable. This German theory has had an inhibiting effect on the political as well as the defense planning of the Western alliance. The British were coming to the view that the relaxation of tension in Europe provided the only feasible route, however slow, to a solution of the German question.

West Germany hopes

There are all sorts of reasons why the West Germans are so keen to participate in an integrated Western nuclear force. For West Germany to have greater nominal equality with the United States and Britain in the nuclear arms field would give West Germany added prestige and status. A nuclear role might bind the United States more closely into the network of European defense, and at the same time offset Charles de Gaulle's determination to disparage and dislocate NATO. An integrated Western nuclear force with German participation might even be a contribution to the strength of the Western alliance.

In London the feeling was growing in the early months of this year that West Germany was fortified in what appeared an obstinate and negative viewpoint by the American government. It was significant that the State Department put it on record in February that the McNamara steering committee would not be a substitute for an integrated nuclear force in which West Germany would participate.

This was precisely what the British government had hoped that it could be. But concern over the West German attitude was heightened by the basic German argument that any progress in the field of nuclear disarmament might have an adverse effect on the overall military balance

between East and West. Members of the West German Ministry of Defense argued that the Soviet bloc would always have superiority in conventional armed forces, which should be offset by Western superiority in nuclear weapons. Parallel reductions of Western and Eastern nuclear arms and forces would, according to this theory, be wrong.

While Nero fiddles

Failure to agree on a nonproliferation treaty has meant that other countries could at any time join the nuclear club. India has the potential for making nuclear weapons. So has Israel, with its Dimona reactor. Egypt has only a small nuclear reactor at Inchass, but it is conceivable that it might be supplied with fissile material by India, with whom it has close relations in military matters. If the Great Powers fail to achieve a nonproliferation treaty, the bloc of nonaligned states might feel tempted to make nuclear weapons for their own defense.

The East-West controversy in Geneva has made it clear that no progress could be made quickly toward creating nuclear-free zones elsewhere than in Central Europe. Both the African and South American countries would like to belong to such zones, and the arms race in the Middle East has made a nuclear-free zone eminently desirable.

The East-West controversy, finally, has made it quite impossible for the Great Powers to formulate a common viewpoint toward nuclear developments in France and China. General de Gaulle refused to send a delegation to Geneva and continued to go ahead with plans for his own nuclear *Force de Frappe*. Red China was not invited to Geneva, and its government has been totally enigmatic about its nuclear plans.

After two years of indecision and argument over nuclear-sharing, the non-nuclear countries are becoming increasingly impatient and distrustful of the principal members of the "nuclear club." And France and China are continuing their efforts to build themselves into major nuclear powers in isolation. The threat of nuclear warfare has become hopelessly entangled with political issues, which are keeping East and West as far apart as ever.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Brando as hero

SIR:

In your March issue, you published an article by Pauline Kael entitled "Marlon Brando: An American Hero." Miss Kael's premise, that he has been transformed from a true dramatic actor into a parody of himself, is indisputable; however, her attempt to parallel this with a similar trend on the part of movies in general is erroneous.

Rather than a general downward trend in our movies, there are two separate ones. The first is represented by the major studios, which insist on producing big movies with big stars and big budgets, but unfortunately little talent. The second is represented by those newcomers who regard the cinema as a true art form, and are striving to make the best movies they can.

The trend is up, not down, and Brando's tragic flaw is not that he is following a recent trend, but rather that he has chosen to stand with the studio bosses in their rear-guard action when he should be out with the rebels who are trying to bring something new to Hollywood.

RONALD SCHULTZ
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

Marlon Brando came here one or two winters ago to the Nisqually River to fish with the Nisqually Indians in their "fish-in" protest against unfair treatment by the state of Washington. (The state is pushing them away from their fishing grounds, claiming that they are depleting the salmon runs.) Brando fished with these Indians and never

paid any attention to the newspaper writers who kept saying that "Brando just wants publicity. He doesn't care at all about the Indians."

Marlon Brando needs publicity out here in the boondocks about as much as we Puget Sound people need suntan lotion in the rainy season. Let others say he has no stature, but in my eyes he is a hero.

MRS. BURTON A. LEHMAN
Steilacoom, Wash.

Down with Capote

SIR:

I congratulate the peripatetic Edward Weeks (March *Atlantic*) for having enough sense to tell the truth about Truman Capote's now famous book of infamy, *In Cold Blood*.

As I scanned this mass of minute detail, I found only two good features. One, it was written in a free-flowing style (at least I thought so), and two, the author should make a fortune with it.

Otherwise, as I read I became more and more frustrated. From all the publicity, I already knew who committed the murder, how, and when. In my opinion, the whole book was anticlimax personified.

BENJAMIN J. MONTALBANO
Edwards, Calif.

SIR:

For some time I have been hopefully waiting to see in print an adequate excoriation of Mr. Capote and *In Cold Blood*. May I express my thanks for the satisfaction given me in the March *Atlantic*.

I think there is no excuse, unless that of ignorance and greed, for the claptrap, violence, and deliberate downgrading of the stuff put on the

TV screen, especially at the "children's hours" of say four to six. But Mr. Capote is from a different breed of cat; his attempt to dramatize so low and sordid a crime is hard to find reason for—unless he was literally starving.

WILLIAM P. CHURCH
Kenilworth, Ill.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

All three of your recent articles on the draft problem (February *Atlantic*) seemed to circumvent what should be a major issue: the determination by local draft boards of who can qualify as a "conscientious objector."

The articles did consider the inequity of student deferments, and I agree with them. But why did they fail to consider the gross inequity whereby ministers and divinity students are exempted from military service, and members of pacifist religious sects are deferred, while those whose moral and political objections to war are equally defensible are drafted into military service, the only difference being that the latter group may not believe in a "supreme being"?

PETER A. BENOIT
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

I think Rudolph Wurlitzer's short story is the best piece of fiction I have read this year and, indeed, in a long, long time. It is a remarkable *Atlantic* "First." I'm looking forward to reading more of his work.

REGINALD MAZA
New York City

SIR:

Edward Brooke gives a perceptive analysis of the "startling unevenness in the quality of our national life" ("Where I Stand," March *Atlantic*). We should all share his concern when some American children are born "condemned to almost certain poverty."

However, Brooke fails to identify one of the major causes of the problem. Why should any child be brought into a family where he is unwanted, or into a society that has not prepared a place for him?

We should bring children into this world only if we can give them all the love, attention, and opportunities for fulfillment to which they are entitled. Our excessive capacities for reproduction are a legacy from days of high infant mortality rates, plagues, and short life-spans. What saved our species then can make even Mr. Brooke's proposals inadequate, hardly an improvement upon the "potpourri of anti-poverty programs which were thrown together slapdash" by the Democrats.

WILLIAM A. CALDER, JR.
Durham, N.C.

SIR:

Donald Hall's article, "Writers on the Campus" (March *Atlantic*), illuminates the situation of the writer-teachers who increasingly infiltrate the vicarages of university English departments, and sometimes rotate to the lecture trail.

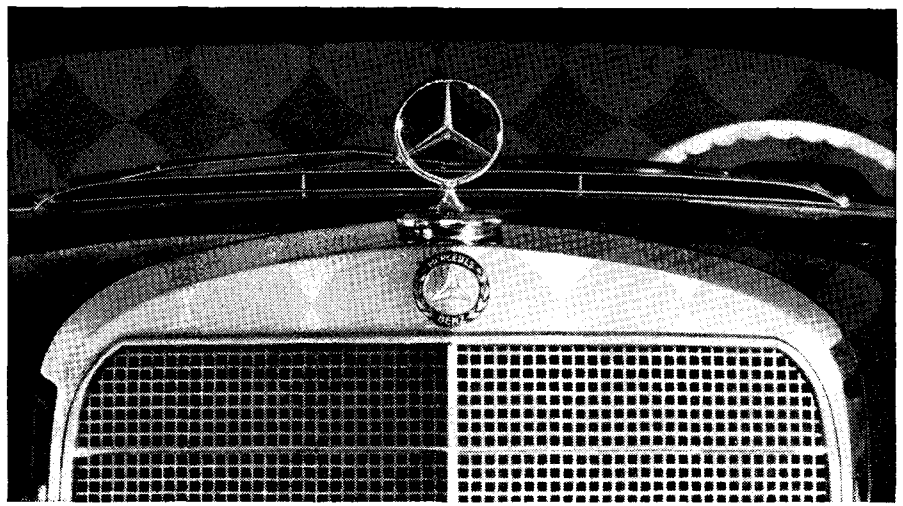
The expanding prep schools may be one more refuge for the fourth-rate writers referred to in Mr. Hall's last paragraph. However, some of the present refugees are excellent teachers, so all is not lost.

MRS. G. T. LITTLE
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

William James, Jr.'s reminiscence about John Sargent ("John Singer Sargent in His Studio," March *Atlantic*) contains so many interesting firsthand observations of this celebrated figure that one wishes for more. Mr. James's explanation of Sargent's studio method is the clearest one I have seen in print anywhere.

However, the illustration that appears in conjunction with this article bears a caption which may mislead your readers. The painting reproduced is by Sargent, but it is



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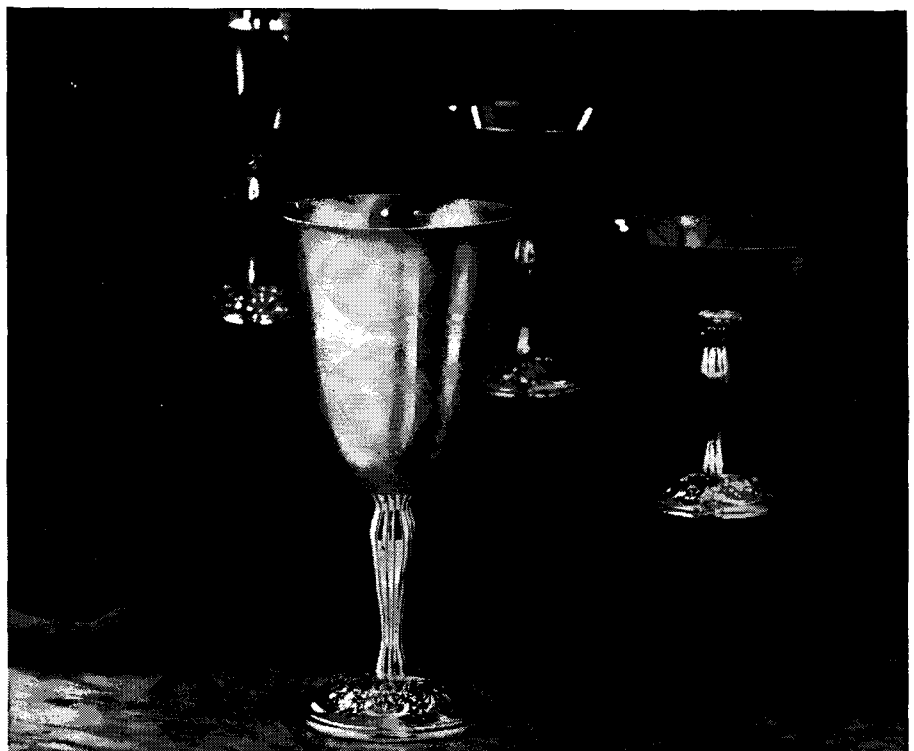
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not a self-portrait. Rather it is an informal portrait of the painter Jean François Raffaelli (1850-1924) done in Switzerland in 1904. Although there is a superficial resemblance, Sargent was not baldpate.

DONELSON F. HOOPES
The Brooklyn Museum
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR:

Julius Duscha exposes an issue to public view in "Bonanza in Colorado" (March *Atlantic*), and he does it well. The position he takes, however, is not entirely convincing. He contends that shale oil land should not be leased now and that a COMSAT, Tennessee Valley Authority, or Atomic Energy Commission agency should be used to develop the shale fields.

There are two questions: whether we want shale oil developed and whether any of the federal land should be leased to companies for development. The first is easily answered Yes. The other should be affirmed with qualifications, but not blocked completely.

To grant a lease that will enable a company to take advantage of its

risks, if successful, is not to give away every American birthright. Many leases have been devised that vary the area and duration to protect against any eventuality. State lands in Texas and in the Canadian Provinces have been leased to permit companies to develop alternate blocks of a checkerboard pattern. Thus the state may gain for nothing information about its mineral reserves that is very costly to the first developer.

Other leases expire if no work is done during a prescribed time. The opponents of shale oil development know this, but the public should ask that sufficient precautions be written into the leases to protect its interests as well as to encourage private companies to develop processes and uses of shale oil that will benefit the community.

The people of Colorado and Wyoming would be interested in the recent experience of Minnesota, where great reserves for taconite mining were discovered. The state does not own the lands, but because it has a history of capricious taxation of iron mining, the private companies were not interested in

making large commitments to Minnesota taconite. Recently, a referendum was held which gave a guarantee that the state would not tax taconite at a higher rate than other comparable industry. A flood of investment running to hundreds of millions of dollars has turned an economically depressed area into something of a boom, which has brought smiles to many faces in Minnesota besides the Vice President's.

PHILIP M. REILLY
W'azata, Minn.

SIR:

Included in your Report on Norway (March *Atlantic*) was the Scandinavian epigram "The Swedes make it, the Finns complain about it, the Norwegians brag about it, and the Danes sell it."

I heard the Canadian version years ago: "The English invent it, the Americans mass-produce it, the Japanese copy it, and the Canadians resent it."

MARILYN WELCH
La Salle, Quebec, Canada

SIR:

The March *Atlantic* Report on Washington suggests that the United States may need to think in terms of new agricultural policies as the world food picture changes. It would be more accurate to say that the government and the Department of Agriculture are already taking a slightly different direction.

Unfortunately the very difficult task we have had the past five years, holding back production so that the surpluses could be reduced, has given the impression that our policies and programs are designed only to *reduce* production.

Actually, within the past few months we have made half a dozen announcements on price supports and greater acreage allotments for barley, wheat, rice, milk, and other commodities, which will encourage farmers to *increase* production.

JOHN A. SCHNITTKER,
Undersecretary, Department of Agriculture
Washington, D.C.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

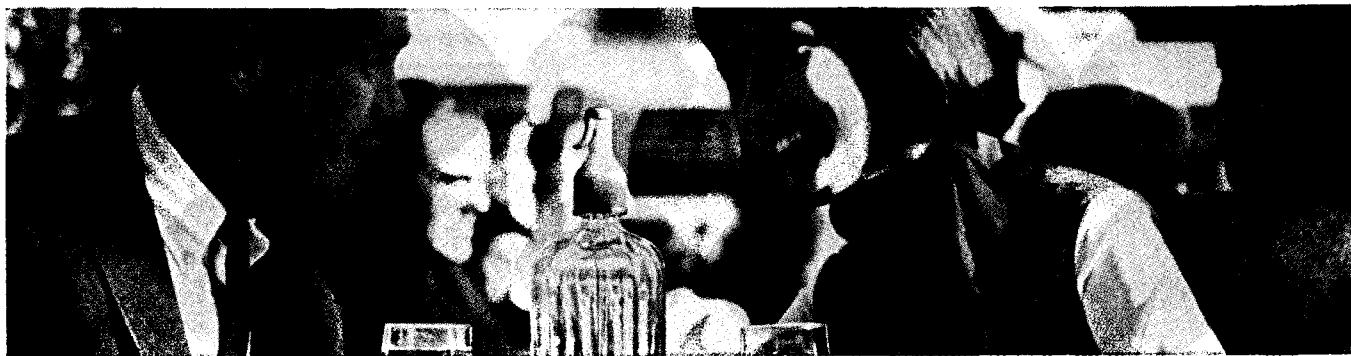
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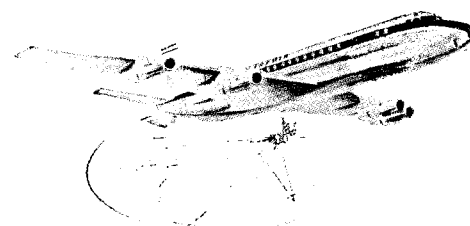
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FLAMING ARROWS TO THE SKY

A Memoir of Adlai Stevenson

BY GEORGE W. BALL

As one of the closest friends and advisers of the late Adlai Stevenson, George Ball was intimately involved in the Illinoian's early New Deal days, in his decision to run for the presidency, in his campaigns of 1952 and 1956, in his reluctant try for the nomination that went to John Kennedy in 1960. In this memoir, one of several in the book AS WE KNEW ADLAI to be published this month by Harper & Row, the Undersecretary of State and recently appointed director of the Administration's new intragovernmental machinery for coordinating foreign affairs tells of the qualities that made Stevenson perhaps the most successful unsuccessful politician in American history.

ADLAI STEVENSON and I both arrived in Washington at the outset of the New Deal, he a refugee from a Chicago law firm, and I fresh out of law school. Roosevelt's inauguration made Washington an irresistible lodestone for young lawyers with a mission.

The air was yeasty and rarefied. It seemed to offer little resistance to forward motion, and we were, all of us — to a greater or less extent — guided by two operational principles. We were convinced that our predecessors had made a mess of it and that nothing done up to that point in history was much good. And we had the satisfying feeling that there was nothing we could not do.

Exposure to New Deal Washington left its mark on both of us, less perhaps on Adlai than on me, since he was ten years older and had more sense. But when we returned to Chicago at the end of two years, we both found the practice of law rather sterile, at least during the initial period of decompression.

For Adlai no activity could be sterile very long, since he had a remarkable sensitivity to the great issues of the time. For the first four years after our Washington interlude, he and I practiced in different Chicago firms. By 1939, when I had become an associate of the firm of which he was a junior part-

ner, he was already deeply engaged in persuading a skeptical Middle West that isolationism was a ridiculous policy for a nation destined to lead the world.

In 1940 Adlai was commanding the barricades for William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. By this time he had established an extraordinary local reputation by the wit and authority with which he presided over the proceedings of the Council on Foreign Relations.

The council was a vital place in Chicago during that period of great national debate. It was an oasis of discontent in a complacent society brainwashed each morning by Colonel McCormick's insistent xenophobia. We watched with growing delight as leading citizens came in droves to overflow luncheons of the council, to expose themselves to views that were not confined to the admonitory passages of Washington's "Farewell Address." The attraction for many — the more cynical of us suspected — was hardly the wisdom of the speakers so much as Adlai's wise and scintillating introductions.

In those days Adlai was well on the way to becoming a respected local institution. Clearly that could be only a transient phase. The isolationist Middle West could not long hold a man who

saw with clarity that the forces of evil were threatening the civilized world, and who believed passionately that America could not sit idly by. In June of 1941 he became assistant to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

From the moment he arrived in the Navy Department, Adlai became a one-man recruiting office for the United States government, exhibiting an unflagging zeal for helping even casual acquaintances find appropriate assignments in the public service. This was not merely an expression of his fondness for people, and it was certainly not the politician's instinct for patronage. It sprang from his deeply held conviction that the government needed and deserved the best talent the nation could produce.

At Adlai's suggestion — but with little need for urging — I followed him to Washington when the United States entered the war, and we worked together during the last months of 1944. For some time thereafter, our paths crossed only infrequently. He was in London for preparatory work on the United Nations; then he returned to Chicago while I remained in Washington. After his election as governor in 1948, we kept in touch but did not meet except for an occasional long evening of communion.

EARLY in January, 1952, our paths again converged. I received a visit in my Washington law office from David Lloyd, who at that time was working in the White House as an assistant to the President's Special Counsel Charles Murphy. Lloyd told me that he and Murphy had talked with President Truman regarding the possible candidacy of Adlai Stevenson for the presidency. The President had not yet decided whether he would run himself. He had not commissioned them to sound out Stevenson but had indicated that he would interpose no objection if they cared to do so on their own initiative.

After several further conversations, Lloyd called to say that he hoped I could arrange for Stevenson to come to Washington for a talk with President Truman. I telephoned Adlai in Springfield but found him totally cold to the idea. Only a short time before, he had announced his candidacy for a second term as governor. Running for President would be, he believed, an act of bad faith. He felt he had much unfinished business that he wished to complete during his next term. Above all he was not going to let down his friends and supporters, many of whom were Republicans. He was not going to behave "like the garden variety of opportunistic pol."

After several telephone calls and considerable persuasion on my part, he did, however, concede that he had official business in Washington that

could provide the occasion for a visit. He wanted to meet with John L. Lewis and with the Secretary of the Interior to support proposed measures for federal inspection of coal mines in light of the recent mine disasters. I talked further with Lloyd, and an appointment was made with the President for Tuesday evening, January 22. It was understood, of course, that the meeting must be kept secret.

Stevenson was late in arriving in Washington from New York, where he had made a speech the night before. He came to my house for dinner and found to his dismay that Carleton Kent of the Chicago *Sun-Times* had been calling and was already aware that something unusual was afoot.

Dinner was hasty, and Adlai was droll but preoccupied. How could he best explain to President Truman that he wished to remain governor of Illinois without seeming ungrateful or disrespectful of the office of the presidency?

I drove Adlai to Blair House, where President Truman was then in residence. I waited while he argued with the guards, who had never heard of him.

Adlai telephoned me the next morning. He had, he said, "made a hash" of his talk with the President, who had not understood his feelings at all, and no doubt thought him a complete idiot. He was satisfied that President Truman had written him off as hopeless and that the incident was closed. It was not an accurate appraisal, for I immediately began receiving calls from newspaper correspondents who had been alerted by the White House that Stevenson had spent the previous evening with the President.

During the weeks that followed I telephoned Springfield every few days, pressing the point that he should stop trying to resist the logic of history that made him the necessary Democratic presidential candidate. Meanwhile, I attempted as best I could to maintain uneasy communications between the White House and the governor. I was not notably successful. Lloyd and Murphy were as convinced as I of Adlai's great qualities, but they knew the outer limits of the President's patience, and Stevenson was not behaving in a manner that made any sense to a seasoned man of politics.

Pursuant to his promise to discuss the subject further — and prompted, I suspect, by my persistent nagging — Adlai came to Washington toward the middle of March to try to explain his position more fully to the White House. Using an assumed name to avoid reporters, he flew in with his son John Fell on their way to Florida. They joined Murphy, another of the President's assistants, James Loeb, and myself for dinner at my house. One of my sons took John Fell to the movies while the rest of us talked late into the evening. The

discussion did not go well. Murphy told me afterward that he was deeply discouraged — reflecting, I assume, President Truman's own view of Stevenson's continued obduracy. Adlai spent the night with us, then took off the next morning. In the plane bound for Florida he wrote my wife a note, reporting wryly that "now we're approaching Jacksonville the miseries are melting away." Nevertheless, "the noose still feels uncomfortably tight about my neck and I wish I could see where the paths of self-interest and family interest converged with paths of duty."

But if the President was growing impatient, the country was becoming rapidly aware that a new political personality was emerging from Illinois. To catalyze the process, I wheedled Stevenson into letting me set up a small center of information in my law office. He reluctantly agreed but only if I made it clear that I was acting purely on my own initiative.

I raised several thousand dollars and hired some people to work up copy about Stevenson which we could begin to feed to the news media. I also sent a man to Springfield to review the governor's papers, talk to his staff, and try to develop some material that would bring out the achievements and dimensions of the man — stories about his family, his work as governor, his principles and philosophy. In all of this, I was greatly aided by friends, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., particularly. On one occasion, I took another old friend, Bernard De Voto, to Springfield, where he stayed with Adlai for several days preparing an article for *Harper's*.

All of this activity began to worry the governor, as "publishing" friends in the East let him know that they were being approached to print articles about him. He sent me several admonitory messages, addressing me teasingly as "The Earl of Warwick."

By that time, of course, a great number of people were starting to play a Warwick role, calling, writing, and telegraphing to urge that he declare for the nomination. My principal anxiety was not that he needed to assert a positive intention, but that he would shut the door so tightly as to make it impossible for us to keep his candidacy alive. Whenever he considered drafting what might be interpreted as an irrevocable statement, I would insist that he hold off until I could talk to him on the spot.

I am not sure how many times during the spring and early summer of 1952 I rushed to Springfield for long and searching talks in the governor's mansion. Those talks ranged widely over the whole problem of his possible candidacy. Occasionally, I could induce him to talk of what he would do "if he should be drafted." More than once he said to me, "If I do have to run, I must run on my own,

with no one telling me what to do or say. I'm going to be myself — and the poor unfortunate electorate will have to take me for what I am, every word I write or speak during the campaign must be mine. It must bear my own *imprimatur*."

He was always prepared to talk about the issues — particularly the great life-and-death issues of foreign policy. But to my knowledge, even after his nomination, he shied away from any talk about how he would organize the government. He recognized quite clearly that one of the most difficult tasks for a President is to find the right people for the right jobs, and he worried about it. But he avoided the discussion of any specific appointments since he feared that any names he mentioned might become public knowledge and lead to the suspicion that he was promising jobs to gain support. I recall only one exception, when, during a conversation with him in Springfield, he told me that he regarded John J. McCloy, a distinguished Republican, as the best man for Secretary of State.

During the months prior to the Republican Convention in July, it became clear that if Taft were to receive the Republican nomination, Stevenson's choice would be made a great deal easier. He could campaign against Taft with the conviction that the issues were sharply defined. Taft meant a turning back toward pre-war isolationism. But General Eisenhower was something else. He was an internationalist, and Stevenson thought he might not make a bad President. Moreover, after twenty years of uninterrupted Democratic power, "one could make a strong case for giving the Republicans a taste of responsibility."

But these doubts did not persist after July. Once the Democratic Party had made its decision Stevenson tackled the job of "educating the country" with zest and energy.

THE 1952 campaign, not only for those who took part in it but for many Americans who played a merely passive role, was, I think, the highest achievement in Adlai Stevenson's career. He sent up flaming arrows to light the sky, lifting political discussion to a level of literacy and eloquence, candor and humor that tapped unsuspected reflexes in the American electorate. Most of us who participated in it had had no experience before in a national political campaign, and we loved every minute of it.

Adlai Stevenson loved it, too. Although he had no taste for the tedium of "political talk," by and large he liked the "pols" that he met in his campaign travels throughout the country. He admired their single-minded devotion to the business of getting votes and was amused by their total

lack of interest in the issues involved. They were technicians plying a trade, displaying a cynical detachment he delighted to observe. He could not stand candidates who pretended a pious concern for the issues that they did not feel.

Once the campaign got under way he gave it his whole heart. The draft at the convention absolved him from any remaining doubts about his obligations to the people of Illinois. The measured respect in which he held his opponents before the campaign was quickly dispelled by the handling of the Nixon fund and the soap-opera character of the Checkers speech. He was shocked and outraged at Eisenhower's refusal to defend General Marshall in the presence of Senator McCarthy, who had vilified the general, Ike's former commanding officer. Adlai was in a fight. He had no doubt about the rightness of the policies he was advocating. He had a deep faith in the good sense of the American people — provided they were told the truth.

It has often been remarked that Franklin Roosevelt could have added a further dimension to his political effectiveness if, great actor that he was, he had had the use not only of radio but of television.

In many ways I think that Adlai Stevenson would have been a more effective politician if he could have fought his two presidential campaigns when only the radio was available. The 1952 campaign was the first in which television played an appreciable role, and for Adlai that was just bad luck. There was a vibrant eloquence in his words and in his oddly cadenced voice, but he obstinately refused to master the skills of the effective television performer. I know this well because I was, for my sins, director of public relations during the 1956 campaign. And while such brilliant virtuosos as Ed Murrow went to great trouble to teach Adlai the tricks of an intimate television style, he resolutely persisted in reading speeches from a manuscript. "If they don't like me as I am, *tant pis!* I won't pretend to be anything else." His only concession to the susceptibilities of the television audience was an occasional nervous grin which, at intervals, he would turn on and off too quickly.

Adlai's insistence upon working on his speeches to the last minute has become part of the legend. We used to tell him that "he would rather write than be President." On more than one occasion he completely missed press coverage by withholding his speeches for further polishing until after it was too late to make the morning newspapers.

And he could never learn to keep his speeches within the Procrustean limit of thirty minutes. For those of us who followed a text of the speech in the studio or at campaign headquarters, the anxiety was always intense that Adlai wouldn't finish on time. The problem arose not only from

the fact that he insisted upon inserting additional words, phrases, whole paragraphs at the last minute, but also from the curious circumstance that he had no established speaking pace. We never knew whether he was going to start slowly, then begin racing at the end of the speech when he discovered he was far behind, or start speaking quickly and then suddenly slow down. The greatest disappointment came on election eve in 1952, when he failed to finish on time and anguished friends frantically arranged to buy five additional minutes later in the evening so that the peroration of his speech would be known to the American people.

A constant quarrel that I had with him was his refusal to give his speeches a clear structure. "You are," I told him on more than one occasion, "a fine poet, but a lousy architect. You say the right things and say them eloquently, but you don't let the structure of your speeches show through. Consequently, your listeners cannot recall what you have said or that you have recommended anything specific."

People, I insisted, think in schematic terms. Eisenhower's speech writers regularly inserted in each speech eight, ten, or twelve points, which the General would solemnly enumerate as the ultimate solution to a particular problem. Adlai would go to the heart of the matter but never tick off his recommendations in systematic form.

This kind of advice always annoyed Stevenson, and certainly he never accepted it. He had contempt for the pretentious pronouncement of obvious points as though "a list were a concept or a litany a program." That was, he felt, a cheap political device, and he would have none of it. Besides, it offended his sensibilities as a writer.

IN SPITE of the problems, the failures, the heartaches, the testimony of the polls, and the logic of circumstances, Adlai never doubted in 1952 that he would win. He believed in the rightness of what he was saying and drew confidence from his ability to "talk sense to the American people." An incident near the end of the campaign illustrates his conviction that victory would be his. Wilson Wyatt, his campaign manager, and I insisted that when on a visit to a certain city, he must pay a call on a powerful leader of a minority group who he thought was a charlatan. He reacted with annoyance and indignation. "Don't you characters believe," he asked, "that we are going to win with such a big vote that that kind of noxious business isn't necessary?"

As the campaign wore on neither Wyatt nor I shared Adlai's faith in the outcome. The polls were too consistently running against us. His opponent

was a great war hero, who had promised, if elected, to go to Korea and put an end to a war of which the American people had become tired. Besides, it was time for a change.

In the afternoon of election day, when the crescendo pace of the campaign had come to a shuddering and unnerving halt, Wilson and I took a long walk along the back streets of Springfield. In the intimacy of the gathering dusk we each confessed to what neither had up to then been willing to admit, that we were not going to win. Wilson was, as usual, clearheaded and honest.

"It hasn't worked. We haven't had time. We haven't been able to turn it around," he said. But we were in accord even at that final hour that Adlai still believed he would win and win roundly.

Yet, though he expected victory, he looked defeat in the eye with a dignity and style few other men could have shown. Adlai in defeat was the gallant champion. His thoughts, as usual, were of others. Those of us who had helped and worked with him were sustained by his grace under that hardest of pressures for a public man. He would have been just as fine in victory.

Late election evening a small group of old friends gathered at the Governor's Mansion. We were, all of us, in a state of shock. Though we had known in our hearts that victory was unlikely, the fact and magnitude of the defeat were bewildering and deeply daunting, especially when we contrasted the magnificent expression of American purpose set forth by our man with what we regarded as the pedestrian and opportunistic performance of his opponent. We were physically and spiritually exhausted, and troubled in our souls about the future of our country.

On that occasion as on others the stiff-upper-lip Stevenson tradition was fully maintained by the Stevenson sons, even by John Fell, who was at that time no more than fifteen. Once only in the evening did he betray his disappointment, wistfully observing to one of the women present that while for himself he didn't much mind his father's defeat, "It would have been nice to have been the President's son just for a little while."

Adlai was remarkably composed and serene, the only blithe member of a doleful group. He had no taste, he said, for political wakes — "especially when I'm the corpse." He consoled us as though we, not he, were the losers, at one point disappearing into the kitchen for a jeroam of victory champagne someone had sent him. Always the Scotchman, he insisted on not wasting it. Always the con-

siderate host, he insisted on pouring it himself.

Finally he announced that since he had lost the election, the least he could do was to make the toast. And so, with Adlai, we all raised our glasses while he offered a tribute to "Wilson Wyatt, the best campaign manager any unsuccessful politician ever had."

He described himself wrongly, of course, as we all knew. He was no "unsuccessful politician" but a brave leader who had given a whole generation of Americans a cause for which many could, for the first time, feel deeply proud — a man of prophetic quality who, in Arthur Schlesinger's phrase, "set the tone for a new era in Democratic politics."

Only one person present that evening would have dared to call Adlai Stevenson "unsuccessful" — and we loved him for it. For we had each of us, at different times and in different ways, discovered that sense of decency and proportion, humility and infallible good manners which led him so often to understatement, particularly when he spoke of himself. And we would not have had him otherwise.

THE DESTROYER

BY PETER DAVISON

Self-destruction works from the inside out.
We hear it scratching gently in the night
Like a mouse when the bedroom is too dark to see.
Somewhere we hear the crick of tooth on wood
And lie awake, imagining it inside
The book on the bedside table or behind
The lamp or peering from a drawer or shelf.
Turn light on it, it will disappear.
Lie in the dark, and it will scatter sleep.
Wait for the dawn: light shows there's nothing there
To finger or to tangle in a trap.
It comes and goes behind the walls we've built
As though we'd built the walls for nothing else
Except to hold, like Jericho, until
The trial. Then, with clang of ritual music,
The walls of self bow down their severed heads.

Our Backward Medical Schools

by Stephen M. Creel, M.D.

"Our doctor shortage has developed out of an obsolete system of medical education" that tyrannizes those who submit to it and discourages many others from trying. Here is one doctor's view of the problem. The author, a twenty-seven-year-old graduate of a large medical school in the Western United States, is now serving as surgeon in an infantry unit in Europe.

Mrs. Charlotte A. Williams, a seventy-two-year-old widow, was admitted to a large medical center in the Western United States after eight months of "weakness, pallor, and weight loss." Her case history reports that Mrs. Williams, who lived alone in a small mountain town, apparently did not consult a doctor because none was available in her community. Dr. Lawrence M. Cole, her family physician for thirty years, had died four years before, and no one had come to replace him. Finally, after Mrs. Williams had lost thirty pounds, her daughter became concerned and drove her ninety miles to a large urban center, the location of the nearest general hospital. The medical staff at the diagnostic clinic spoke quietly of "prolonged therapy" and an "uncertain course." A few months later, she died.

Mrs. Williams could be alive today had she received early treatment. Like thousands of others each year, she was a victim of the doctor shortage. In a society that spent one billion dollars on medical research last year, there are fewer doctors per 100,000 population today than at the turn of the

century. In 1900, approximately 150 practicing doctors outside the federal government cared for each 100,000 civilian population. Then, as a consequence of the Flexner report on medical education in 1910, many inadequate medical schools, the so-called "diploma mills," were closed. By 1931, there were only 118.3 doctors per 100,000 civilians, and in 1959 only 117.7. In 1964, this ratio was still approximately 117, the downward trend having been halted by a more stable population growth, as well as by the yearly licensing of more than 1000 foreign physicians as a stopgap measure to meet current needs. In 1964, only about 80 percent of the 278,000 physicians in the United States were working full time with civilian patients. Most of the rest were in government jobs such as the Armed Forces and the Public Health Service, or in nonfederal teaching and research positions.

While family doctors are in short supply, especially in rural areas, the need for doctors is even greater in hospitals. Eighteen percent of internships and 13 percent of residencies remained unfilled in 1960, even after nearly 10,000 foreign-trained medical graduates were hired to help fill these positions temporarily. Moreover, the 51,800 positions available in hospitals in 1965 represented an increase of 1400 over the previous year.

Our doctor shortage has developed out of an obsolete system of medical education that has not kept pace with population growth or with educational advances in other fields. Medical schools have not expanded sufficiently to meet the increase in demand, and according to the Association of American Medical Colleges, the supply of medical

graduates has fallen behind since 1955 despite a 2.7 percent increase in their number.

Moreover, many medical educators are reluctant to overhaul and modernize their training programs. As a consequence, many of the most qualified college graduates are passing up medicine in favor of other, more attractive scientific fields. In 1962, the Association of American Medical Colleges noted that 28 percent of all college graduates entered medicine during the period 1861 to 1880, but only 2 percent did so in 1951-1955. Though the number of college graduates has been increasing, proportionately fewer go into medicine.

A recent upsurge in the popularity of physics, chemistry, and mathematics has grown out of the space-age incentives given these fields by government and industry. Educators have shortened and accelerated their programs, providing more stimulating material and up-to-date teaching methods. As a result, these nonmedical sciences are now attracting the best college science graduates. Capable students can win Ph.D. degrees while still in their mid-twenties, and are well paid in the process.

In contrast, medicine has not progressed since the reform years following the Flexner report when programs were lengthened and made more arduous. Today, medical graduates are thirty-two to thirty-four years old by the time they have fulfilled training and military requirements. They earn only subsistence pay at the hospitals where they train, unless they are in the Armed Services. By graduation day, 60 percent of medical students are married, and many have several children. These families must live frugally, often under a heavy burden of debt. Grants and loans generally offset only about 20 percent of the total expenses of \$10,000 to \$20,000 incurred by each medical student. Debt continues to grow during the hospital training required after medical school, with interns earning an average of only \$3000 per year, and residents averaging \$4000 per year.

Because of the high cost, poor families often cannot afford to send their sons through medical training. As a result, a majority of medical students come from homes with yearly incomes of at least \$10,000 and usually much higher.

A very small minority of medical educators have attempted to streamline training in order to attract better recruits. They have introduced accelerated pilot programs at such medical schools as Northwestern, Johns Hopkins, and NYU, where students may earn an M.D. degree in about six years instead of the usual eight. Most medical educators resist change. They claim that the accelerated programs produce "inferior doctors," and steal time from professorial research. The medical faculty pursues research determinedly, often at the expense of teaching.

Professors cancel conferences and ward rounds without notice; students are kept waiting in outpatient clinics for long periods of time while tardy staff members drift in from offices and laboratories. Students listen to what is often pedantic teaching, usually a loose repertory of facts ranging from drug dosages to morbidity statistics or enzyme research figures, without being stimulated sufficiently to remember such information. They are rarely asked, "What would you do in this case?", and more rarely still do they have any immediate opportunity to put the information into practice.

ASIDE from the disappointing quality of teaching, the traditional system of medical education as it exists today is so obsolete and doctrinaire that it disheartens many trainees. Beginning in college, a young premedical student must labor for four years through a program of difficult "required" science courses, many of which do not interest him and are unnecessary to his medical education. How vital, for example, are invertebrate zoology, comparative anatomy, or general embryology, or even advanced nonmedical chemistry and mathematics? The student's immediate goal in college is to prove only that he is acceptable for training in a medical school. Many premedical students would prefer to major in the liberal arts, but few do so for fear of jeopardizing their medical school acceptance. Most play it safe by overspecializing in science, hoping thereby to impress medical school admission committees.

If a premedical student gets into one of the eighty-seven medical schools in the United States, he will study subjects more pertinent to his calling, including human anatomy and physiology, medical biochemistry, pharmacology, medical microbiology, biophysics, and pathology. These, known as the "basic sciences," lay the foundation for further study in medicine. The freshman and sophomore students in medical schools must compete in the same undergraduate atmosphere as in the premedical years.

Although medical students are thus motivated strongly by competition, as well as by their vision of tending and comforting the sick, many medical schools fail to capitalize on such motivation and omit nearly all clinical material from the first two years of training. The students generally have only one semester of physical diagnosis, where they learn to use a stethoscope and look at throats. They spend the rest of their time in the lecture hall and laboratory, where they memorize facts for which they have no immediate use. The absence of a clinical context makes this material less meaningful, and it is, therefore, often poorly retained.

The students' ambition to be "real doctors" — that is, to work exclusively with patients — comes closest to realization in the junior and senior years of medical school in the form of "clinical clerkships." At this time they leave formal classroom training and go on hospital wards to serve what some educators have despairingly called an "apprenticeship." Unlike any other group of graduate students, these junior and senior "apprentices" are no longer judged objectively on mastery of subject matter and examination scores, as in college or the first two years of medical school. Grading now takes on political and subjective overtones. Students must be good-natured, obliging, and gregarious if they wish to excel. Above all, whether they like it or not, they must learn to do exactly what they are told, when they are told to do it. They must follow unerringly the orders of superiors, many of them young men only two to four years further ahead in training. They must learn to live with "scut work," an endless array of unstimulating hospital chores, including routine laboratory tests, drawing blood, starting intravenous injections, and changing dressings.

Juniors and seniors spend so much of their time as laboratory technicians and orderlies that they frequently lose confidence in themselves as potential creators and innovators. Responsibility and independent thinking are luxuries they can rarely afford. They attend endless conferences, listen to other people talk ("teach"), watch other people do things, and in the end are bored. In their passivity, they are bullied in the operating room and ignored on rounds. Their opinion is seldom sought. Ideally, they become retiring, docile, and obedient.

Medical students must scrupulously avoid personality conflicts with superiors and must refrain from blatant criticism of their training program. Disciplinary action may come in the form of low grades, threats of expulsion, or delay of graduation. Occasionally, a tentative diagnosis of "psychiatric disease" is slapped on a vociferous student, and he is requested to seek "therapy." Under the scrutiny of a faculty psychiatrist, such an offender is not likely to make further trouble if he wishes to graduate on schedule. I have known students who jest that proof of a perfect record in medical school is when at graduation the dean, on handing a student his degree and announcing the name, wonders, "Who is he?"

Enforced conformity continues into the internship, the first year of postgraduate training. Interns are the hardest-working (usually a 100-hour week) and poorest-paid (\$3000 to \$4000 per year) drudges in the medical profession. They often find themselves filling jobs as second-class technicians or orderlies. Though they possess M.D. degrees,

they are defined by the AMA only as "full-time students." Yet they have far less freedom than students. They are expected to work obediently around the clock, usually every other night at the hospital. Agitation for more reasonable hours, or even for better pay, is generally discouraged by hospital administrators and medical staff. The average intern has no real job security or collective-bargaining power. He can be hired and fired or denied certification almost at the whim of hospital administrators and attending staff. Personality conflicts with superiors can be disastrous.

The residency, which follows the internship, is the highest stage of medical education. Since residents have much more authority and responsibility than do other trainees, but little more experience, considerable conflict develops when students, interns, and residents are working together. The resident talks; the others listen. Nonetheless, the resident himself is still a "pair of hands" in the serfdom of the medical profession, and many residents say that their programs are too lengthy, that they could learn the same material in half the time.

PUBLIC dissatisfaction with the present system of medical care was one of the reasons for the passage of Medicare. The federal government, with the great momentum gathered in the drive for this legislation, has begun to extend its activities into medical education. In December of 1964, the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke, composed mostly of eminent physicians, published a report stating broad proposals for improving and expanding medical care for the average citizen. The commission took a critical look at the doctor shortage and recommended that \$40 million be spent over a five-year period to provide 5000 additional spaces in medical schools. The commission also recognized that while the number of college graduates has been increasing, proportionately fewer are applying for medical school, a consequence of the high cost of medical education, competition from stimulating careers in the other sciences, and the small number of scholarships and grants now available to medical students. The commission asked that \$6 million be spent to advertise medicine as a career in high schools and colleges, and that the Health Professions Educational Assistance Act be amended in order to provide more scholarships. Appropriate bills for all recommended funds were passed by the 89th Congress and signed by President Johnson in October, 1965.

Such measures represent important advances, but they do not change the traditional system of medical education, which has remained unaltered after

nearly two generations. Progressive medical educators cannot rest until the system is changed. A revolutionary movement is already taking form in the Association of American Medical Colleges, an organization of medical school deans who seek a more powerful and radical voice in medical education in order to challenge the currently supreme American Medical Association.

Complete reform of the system, however, is improbable in the foreseeable future. Gradual changes would hopefully embody four basic modifications: (1) the high school curriculum could be accelerated and shortened by one year; (2) the traditional four years of college and four years of medical school could be fused into a six-year program that would entail the deletion of many premedical science courses as well as a substantial beefing up of clinical curricula; (3) the internship could be abolished, medical graduates beginning postgraduate training immediately on the resident level, and unnecessarily long residencies could be shortened; (4) continuing education programs for practicing physicians could be made more extensive.

These revisions would serve primarily to reduce the time required for training. The academic pace would be stepped up, resulting in an accelerated program similar to those of the other sciences. More outstanding students could be expected to show an interest in medicine. New medical schools should then begin to offset the doctor shortage.

Ending the monopoly on a student's time which science studies now hold would make it possible to infuse more liberal arts into an accelerated curriculum. This is lacking at present, except for a uniform language requirement which is generally thought by medical educators to be of particular advantage in developing self-discipline and thoroughness of study habits (medical students typically acquire a reading knowledge of German). In recent years, medical schools have shown more interest in applicants with liberal arts credits, and some schools now list humanities among their scholastic requirements. The University of Colorado, for example, has an English literature premedical requirement, and Stanford has interspersed humanities within its five-year medical school program. Undoubtedly more could be done on a national basis, perhaps through the Association of American Medical Colleges, to require of prospective doctors some knowledge of the humanities. As a beginning, campus premedical advisers (usually faculty members in science departments) could be asked to emphasize the fact that medicine is becoming more tolerant of the liberal arts.

A final expedient in reforming medical education would be to tighten up the postgraduate program, the internship and residency. The internship today is the remnant of a hard-line medical

A PRESCRIPTION

The rise of professionalism in American medicine has given us great refinements in and has improved the quality of medical care. At the same time it has created a far more rigid system of medicine, dominated in part by the medical schools and in part by professional societies. The dilemma is obvious. We have a system which at best is capable of providing care of the highest quality for certain individuals. Professionalism and scientific advance have contributed this to our society. But little has been done to provide a rational distribution of health services. Professionalism has not only contributed little to the solution of this problem, it has resisted change. . . .

There are certain principles which must guide the planning of the education of doctors.

1. There must be a recognition of individual aptitude and individual differences. Quite different kinds of people can contribute to medicine, and it is reasonable to assume that they will learn different things at different rates. The rigid lockstep system of American medical education must be broken if individual aptitudes are to be fostered.

2. There must be time in the medical curriculum to pursue knowledge in some area of particular interest, for this is how the student will learn in the future. If he is so heavily burdened with required courses during his educational experience that there is no time for independent study, his continuing education will be in jeopardy. Experience in a research laboratory may or may not fulfill this need. If his work in the laboratory is essentially that of a technician, it will not.

3. Responsibility must be given the student initially for a significant part of his own education and ultimately for the care of the patient, but the latter responsibility must be graded according to the student's ability to assume it.

4. Rather than one curriculum there should be several responsive to the different interests and backgrounds of students. We are educating men and women for a variety of careers, and our educational process must recognize this fact while concurrently protecting against the creation of trade schools turning out specialist technicians.

Medical education is a total process. The artificial division between medical school and internship and residency makes little sense. There must be the opportunity to plan in a rational way the total education of the physician.

ROBERT H. EBERT, M.D.

Dean of the Harvard Medical School

From his Lowell Institute lecture, March 2, 1966

tradition prevalent up to a decade ago which approved of late marriage and prolonged serflike dedication to the profession, with the financial reward postponed until middle age. The coming of Medicare makes such a philosophy harder to defend. The internship, plus what it stands for, is a deterrent to prospective recruits, and the same can be said for residencies that are too long. The six-year surgery program is a notable example because only the final two years provide sufficient opportunity for a young surgeon to practice his technical skills. An intern could spend his year much more profitably as a first-year resident. He would enjoy greater responsibility, status, income, and stimulation; and with appropriate clinical training in medical school, he should be equal to the task.

Admittedly, there is more to learn in medicine today than there was ten years or even one year ago. A vast improvement in the efficiency of medical teaching is vital to any accelerated program. New knowledge must replace obsolete material; the entire medical curriculum should be kept

in a state of constant revision. Clinical studies could be introduced earlier in the program, and basic science courses could be more clinically oriented than they are now. Medical schools should be encouraged to function as teaching institutions, not as research centers. Professors should expect as much advancement from teaching as from research, and teachers should be hired primarily to teach. Students should enjoy greater status, and should expect to have a greater hand in patient care instead of lingering for years on the sidelines. Interns and residents should be granted equal consideration by a hospital's attending staff. The principal beneficiary of all this effort, of course, is supposed to be the patient, though all participants would share the benefits of an improved medical discipline.

If society is to ease the doctor shortage and at the same time continue to enjoy medical care of high quality, it must look closely at the entire system of medical education. As Hippocrates said, "To heal even an eye, one must heal the head, and indeed, the whole body."

THE FINDING OF REASONS

BY W. S. MERWIN

Every memory is abandoned
As waves leave their shapes
The houses stand in tears as the sun rises

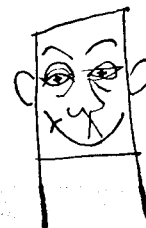
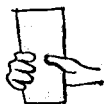
Even Pain
That is a god to the senses
Can be forgotten
Until he returns in the flashing garments
And the senses themselves
Are to be taken away like clothing
After a sickness

Proud of their secrets as the dead
Our uses forsake us
That have been betrayed
They follow tracks that lead before and after
And over water
The prints cross us
When they have gone we find reasons

As though to relinquish a journey
Were to arrive
As though we had not been made
Of distances that will not again be ours
As though our feet would come to us once more
Of themselves freely
To us
Their forgotten masters

To listen to the announcements you would think
The triumph
Were ours
As the wind rises
And the string of the great kite Sapiens
Cuts our palms
Along predestined places
Leaving us
Leaving
While we find reasons

THE BEST MAN



A Story by Ralph Maloney

A diligent accumulation of saloon know-how nourishes Mr. Maloney's writings about booze and bars and the characters who frequent same. The author attended Harvard, served in the Merchant Marine, in the Army, and on Madison Avenue before turning to writing. The Atlantic Monthly Press will soon publish his light novel about the great days of bootlegging.

Two records, "A Cottage For Sale" and "None but the Lonely Heart," had to be removed from the jukebox at Gogarty's because Soldier Gruen cried so hard conducting them. Soldier was easily moved to tears when his head was wet, which, so far as I knew him, was always. One afternoon, when I was off in the corner of the bedroom of a hotel suite, out of the gaggle and smoke of the party in the sitting room, Soldier descended on me and an impossibly engaging man named Peter Calnan. He shook my hand, then shook Peter's and hugged Peter to him. Peter suffered awhile with a vague, pasted-on smile, then by way of getting free, said, "Good to see you, Soldier. Been a long time." Soldier's eyes welled with tears. He grimaced violently in a heroic effort to master himself, so great was his emotion or so wet his head. At length, he released Peter and stood back. "How is she?" he cried. Peter smiled pleasantly, without comprehension. "How is she?" Soldier cried again, voice skittering up. "That great, loyal, lovable, sweet girl, so good to you and so crazy about you?" Tears were nearing the collar of Soldier's custom-made shirt.

"Who?" Peter said, genuinely interested. "Who?" "Your wife!" Soldier fairly shrieked. "Judy! How is she?"

"Oh, Joan," Peter said, let down terribly. "She's in Rome, straightening out the Pope."

"We're going to call her," Soldier announced firmly. He set himself into several kinds of motion — walking to the telephone between the twin beds, pulling out a handkerchief and mopping his tears, taking a telephone credit card from his wallet. He sat on a bed, lifted the phone, and said briskly to Peter, "The Excelsior?" Peter nodded.

"For a moment there, just a moment, mind you, he looked like a Man Who Gets Things Done," I said to Peter while Soldier shouted orders at the operator.

"Oh, he is," Peter said, looking at Soldier and back to me, "— or sometimes he is. Thirty years ago he came here from the Coast with nothing left but his thirst. He put himself on the wagon, went out to Jersey, and built that company from scratch."

"It's hard to believe, tell you the truth," I said. "I only see him when he's like this."

"Probably just as well. He's a pretty hard guy when he's dried out. All business. Slow to hire, quick to fire. That kind of thing."

"He spends money like he found it in the street."

"Not when he's on the wagon." Peter looked at me with his head abruptly cocked in surprise. "You know, kid, if you're going to keep on emptying all those bottles, you oughta find out what's in them. See Soldier when he's off sauce six months, then you'll learn what this whiskey stuff is all about —"

Peter stopped, interrupted by a wet, guttering sob, rather like an elephant emptying a bathtub at one draft. We both turned to watch Soldier, whose face was again contorted in an effort at mastery. "Oh, you dear, sweet, darling girl!" Soldier cried at the phone. "If only we had met thirty years ago! If only there were girls like you around today . . ." He could say no more, and lowered the phone to his lap, frankly weeping.

Peter handed me his drink, a soda with lemon twist. "Hold this for me a minute, will you? I want to rescue my wife." I took his glass and went to the window to give the appearance, at least, of minding my own business. Soldier was back on the phone sobbing endearments as Peter asked repeatedly to speak to his wife. When an altogether uncharacteristic edge of impatience entered Peter's voice, I turned to look.

"Oh, you darling, sweet, lovable girl! You're so *good* to me!" Soldier cried.

"Now come on, Soldier, dammit. Let me talk to my wife."

Soldier lifted a face of purest anguish. He bit his lip nearly through for control. "It's not your wife," he sobbed, tears coursing. "It's the overseas operator."

I turned again, fast, to study the window. Peter said, "Oh, for Chrissakes," and arrived at my side instantly, taking his soda from my hand. He held the drink to his lips, then rejected it. "Let's go put something in this glass. He's going to be all night." We walked together to the sitting room and the party. I was not laughing, a tribute to my manners and personal discipline, but my mouth was desperately screwed up, as though filled with raw lime. To my knowledge, Peter didn't look at my face; he simply sensed the state I was in. "Ah, I guess so," he said, "I guess so," and he laughed mildly, acquiescing to something, and led me by the shoulder to the bar.

With big glasses dark with Scotch in our hands, we toasted briefly. "To your darling, sweet, lovable, overseas operator Judy," I said.

Peter held his glass up in a spare, steady hand. "Oh, hell. Soldier's a good man. But sooner or later, one way or another, booze can get anybody. Even the best. Booze wins. Don't kid yourself." He touched the glass fondly to his cheek, winked at me, and took a deep drink.

THE party in the hotel suite was one of several given by and for a young saloon couple prior to their marriage and in lieu of the customary reception to follow. They decided to have many small receptions, get married, and go away somewhere for a few days. It was, almost by definition,

not the first marriage for either of them. The arrangement seemed so splendidly reasonable to Peter Calnan that when the couple, now Dan and Lydia Stark, asked him to be best man, Peter could only hedge. Sick as he was of ceremony, a member-of-the-wedding perhaps fifty times, he could only evade. "At my age I'd look better giving the bride away," he said. But the Starks were totally solemn, and Peter quickly agreed to be best man, before the solemnity turned to hurt.

"We would have asked you weeks ago but we couldn't find you," Dan said. He looked to Lydia for confirmation, and she nodded earnestly at Peter. She talks very little, which must be a great boon around the house.

"I was in the hospital for ten days," Peter said, and was immediately taken by a most unusual embarrassment. He looked brightly at me as though he had just asked a most interesting question, nicely phrased.

"What was wrong?" Dan Stark asked, eager to share the pain. Lydia's eyes implored Peter to complain.

"Peter slipped a disk," I said, because Peter was waiting for me to say something. "His disks are wafer-thin." I had had very little sleep for some days.

Dan and Lydia Stark looked at me and back at Peter precisely in unison and with identical degrees of annoyance. I suspected then that they would be married a long time. But with whatever loss of esteem, I had given Peter an out.

"I had only just delivered my wife to Alitalia, when I decided ginger ale would no longer do it," Peter began, sloshing his lemon and soda. "In the course of a long visit to the Brass Rail Bar at Kennedy Airport, I fell in with a group of Irish football players. I bought them a round of drinks because I had on my hip three hundred and some dollars, the difference between first-class round trip to Rome and tourist-class round trip to Rome. My wife wanted to travel with her friends, and all of her friends, in their thrift, had decided that a pilgrimage made first-class would do their souls no good —"

Peter paused to collect some laughter, which was his due, and my wonder, which was also due him. I knew, because we discussed such things often and freely, that Peter had spent the ten days in a vitamin-B ward, drying out. It was his way of taking a vacation. Among people more his age he made no secret of it; indeed, he was proud of this device and respected for it. But the Starks were young and would certainly misunderstand. Hence Peter's sudden embarrassment and hence the story, which was about to run off with him in the telling.

"At any rate, with all that extra money in my pocket, I thought it might be nice to buy those big

Irish football chaps a drink, since they had obviously dissipated their savings having their front teeth removed, in whole or in part . . .

"They were nice boys, and grateful, but the conversation took an unfortunate turn when one of them, much the largest, queried me on the enormous amounts of equipment and tape American football players require before they will run into an opponent. I, of course, explained that contact in American football was far more savage than in its ancestor games, and injuries tended to be much more crippling. In evidence, I cited my left leg, virtually removed at the knee in the fall of '32 by a cross-body block. To a man, they found it intolerably amusing that a man as slight as myself should ever have played football. I sulked, having no more violent alternative, until they offered to buy me a drink, which cheered me so that I invited them all outside to see the devastating cross-body block at firsthand." Peter moved a saltcellar behind his glass, and pointing at the glass, said, "I chose as my object a litter basket on the curb, little knowing there was a hydrant behind it. At the urging of that crew of gap-toothed hooligans, I hurled myself at the litter basket, taking it completely out of the play, and impaled myself on the hydrant. While I was sitting on the curb, trying to breathe or at the very least to move a leg again, one of the football players said, 'Oh, bejays now, that *is* a tough game!'"

Peter simply ran down and stopped. The Starks laughed delightedly. I clapped, as is more appropriate to a tour de force.

Peter Calnan was a salesman, which, we all know, made him a tragedy of American business life. He didn't give anybody the law, he didn't put a nut to a bolt. He was just out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine, banking forty, fifty grand a year. Like Willie Loman, it was not enough for Peter to be liked: he had to be well-liked; otherwise he would have to give up the place in Westchester or the place in Lauderdale, or at least stop commuting between the two at whim. Peter sold paper. Paper is a basic industry, like steel, where price and quality are pretty much uniform and competitive bidding largely a formality. Often the order goes to the salesman the purchasing agent likes best. Peter did very well.

In a sense, Peter was in the entertainment business, with the paper industry somewhere in the background, which means he drank a lot. He weighed perhaps a hundred and thirty-seven pounds with a guest on the scale, and had a low tolerance for alcohol. Not that he got drunk — Peter was always the man who drove everybody home — but after several days or a week of entertaining, booze did to him what it does to everybody, sooner or later. He tired easily and became emotionated

over senseless things, and his nerves got so he would have been irascible had he not been blessed with a splendid nature. When that time came, Peter exercised control. He put himself on lemon and soda and three huge meals a day if business were pressing; if things were slow, he enrolled in a ten-day B-12 and protein course at Lenox Hill Hospital.

I liked Peter for his control, much as I like rich people for their money. With little or no external authority directing him and despite the quantities of liquor he was frequently compelled to carry around, he maintained himself with dignity, remained responsible, behaved as a man rightly should. His control pervaded his life. He was, for example, an excellent golfer, and he played billiards brilliantly, both games in which you don't really need an opponent, since you conquer or lose to yourself. In thirty-five years of driving, he had not had an accident, or even a moving violation.

For contrast, there was Soldier Gruen. He was as slender as Peter, although much taller, and was equally vulnerable to alcohol. Yet in the absence of external authority, Soldier had no personal discipline to fall back on, which just possibly might explain his curious nickname. He dried out when a judge made him dry out or when his wife had him committed, never on his own. He stayed on the wagon for months and years at a time, but that is continence, the melancholy perversion, and not control. He had the gift of personal aggression, so he played blackjack and shot craps at immense profit. His license to drive restricted him to abandoned airstrips in Nevada.

THE last of the many small receptions for Dan and Lydia Stark's wedding took place on a Sunday afternoon in the back room of Gogarty's. It was a curious gathering, with the Starks' saloon friends conspicuous by their age among the smart-young-marrieds who were the Starks' contemporaries. The atmosphere was that of a pediatrics clinic where someone had slipped gin in the water cooler. The girls who were not pregnant looked wan and recently delivered. Older heads mingled with the young people like executives at an office party. It was a charming gathering with a gay, illicit air. (This was the first "second marriage" of their set.) I enjoyed myself thoroughly, for all that one of the young men kept addressing me as "Sir," and I don't know how long Peter Calnan was out of the room before I noticed his absence. I excused myself and went out to the front bar to look for him. Peter, black in the face, banged into me at the swinging doors. I caught and held him with one arm. No wonder those Irish brutes laughed when he said he had played football.

"You don't want to go in there like that, Peter," I said.

He was in such a rage that it took him a few seconds to recognize me and a few more seconds to understand what I had said. Then his face altered strangely, rather like Mr. Hyde's as the drug wears off. It took him forever to smile, but when he did smile, it was thin and apologetic and intolerably engaging. Style, like noise or pain, cannot be described in its own terms, but if my wife ever ran off with Peter Calnan, I would understand.

"They don't have any place to get married," Peter said. "They don't have a priest or a judge or a certified public accountant, for Chrissakes."

"Did you try The Little Church Around the Corner?"

"I go to the movies, too. I called them first. They're booked till Christmas." Peter took a ballpoint pen from an inside pocket and chewed on the button, fighting tobacco. He wore a crisply pressed dark-blue suit and a silvery striped tie. A carnation was attached to his lapel so that no one would ever see the pin. He was, and dangerously for him, the only person who took the proceedings seriously.

"You called around, of course," I said.

"Every vestry of every sect."

"Did you try the Yellow Pages?"

Peter took the pen from his mouth and stowed it in his pocket. "What can we lose?" he said, already walking toward the directories. "We'll look under Rent-A-Priest."

We looked under "Justices of the Peace." There were four, all in Yonkers, the southernmost intrusion of Westchester County into New York County, where there are no justices of the peace. They were all about forty minutes' drive from Gogarty's. Peter got on the phone at once and made arrangements. He came out of the phone booth restored — poised, organized, elated, and back in control.

Peter took my arm up high and pressed me through the doors into the back room. "I think I shall award myself a jar of nut-brown Scotch," he said. "That kind of thing bothers me more than it should." We pushed our way toward the Starks' table, Peter gabbing at me. He was relieved now, if not relaxed, and prepared to have a fine time, with at least the rudiments of a marriage ceremony settled. I hoped then for the Starks' sake that they sincerely wanted to get married, because like it or not, they were going to be married that afternoon.

Peter had made an appointment with the JP for six o'clock. At five exactly, he clinked a fork against his glass until he had the attention of the room, and announced that the wedding party had to leave at once. He invited those who did not have a long drive before them to come to Yonkers for the ceremony, issuing the invitation in such a

pleasantly negative way that only a few estrogen victims decided to come along. "If you're all set, Dan and Lydia," he concluded, "I think we ought to get going." He walked across the room without haste and stood at the door smiling and at ease. Lydia, however, decided to make a tour of the room to say good-bye to all her friends. Dan followed her, shaking hands and sipping drinks, not docilely, for he is not that way at all, but unhurriedly, because he was off to get married again, and who hurries that?

The tour of the room had taken ten minutes and was scarcely begun when I decided to get a bottle from the bar in the event we took a wrong turning. Peter and Soldier Gruen stood together at the left of the door, Soldier staring darkly at the room in a haughty carriage he had decided to adopt, Peter at ease and smiling. Only when I stood next to him did I see that the expanding band of his wristwatch was pulled down over his hand and the watch in his fist, quite wet. "Do you know which one of these children is the matron of honor?" he asked.

"All social drinkers look alike to me."

"Why don't *you* get into my car. That'll be one out of the way," Peter said, still smiling.

"I was on my way to get a bottle at the bar —" I began, when Soldier blew the room apart. "Dan! Lydia! Let's go! Into Pete's car! Right now! Rest of you get in the limousine behind it. Come on. Now!"

They jumped. Soldier was every inch the *ober-leutnant*. It was impossible not to obey the rasping commands; it was impossible not to be just a little frightened of the gaunt, resolute, hollowed-out face; it was impossible to believe Soldier Gruen wept copiously conducting phonograph records.

We drove up Madison Avenue to the bridge and north on the expressway, a caravan of four cars: Peter's Volvo, Soldier's rented limousine, and two cars jammed with people who wanted to see a wedding. The Yankees were out of town, and when we passed the stadium in the dusk with the light bulbs saying "5:48," it seemed to me that getting married in the late afternoon was a terrible idea. I was in the front seat of Peter's car with Peter driving and Dan and Lydia in the back, staring out of opposite windows like strangers sharing a cab. I opened and passed the bottle of Scotch to stave off the depression that was about to smother me, and Peter sang in a sad afternoon voice an exceedingly ribald ballad that went, in part,

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-seventh time.
Brother Ralph has been deported
For a strange, sadistic crime.

The song and the Scotch buoyed me through the wedding, which, in fact, was a lot of fun. Soldier

announced on the sidewalk that the whole thing was a tragic mismatch and refused to have anything to do with the ceremony. He sulked in his car with the chauffeur. The JP noted the shape we were all in and made a speech on the solemnity of the occasion in a Jesus Saves baritone. I accompanied him, whistling "Sister Sue has been aborted . . ." through my teeth, and Peter, of all people, broke up. Two of the young men lost interest and strayed out to a kind of sun porch to watch TV with the justice's children.

But later, driving downtown, we passed empty Yankee Stadium again, and the depression got so bad I had trouble breathing. Everybody was so bloody jolly, honking horns and singing, that good cheer fitted over my head and shoulders like a plastic bag. At the Starks' hotel, when I said I was going to get on a train and go home, there were only polite protests. It was a wedding party, after all, and who needed that long face around?

I CAME back to town early Tuesday and went directly to Gogarty's to do the books and the stealing. Jimmy Gibbs, the head porter, told me that the phone had been ringing since five in the morning, and that I was to call Dan Stark at his hotel. I said I would when I had time and thanked Jimmy, and we both went to work. Less than an hour later, Jimmy came back to the bar and helped himself to a drink. We run a tight ship. He sipped it with his toothpick still in the corner of his mouth and said, "Y'know R'aff, if I was you, I'd call that friend. He sound like he needed you."

"I don't know if I should call him, Jimmy. He just got married the other day."

"Well, maybe he needs some help."

We both laughed, and I took a dime from the register and called Dan's hotel. The operator rang his room ten, twelve times, and when Dan's voice, drugged with sleep, answered, I was thoroughly embarrassed. "Dan? This is Ralph. Look, I'm sorry to wake you, but there were messages here —"

"'Kay," he said, a guarantee he was drunk. "Lissen. Come on over here, canya? I mean canya?"

"Well, gee, Dan, no. I mean I've got —"

"Peter's here. Been here straight through. We got great news. Come on over, canya?"

His voice had an unbecoming adolescent whine to it, and I was about to beg off when I saw Soldier Gruen at the front window, smiling a fawning, obscene smile designed to get him in before opening time. "I'll be there in half an hour or so. Warm up the ice."

"'Kay. Terrific," Dan said.

I hung up and went to the door, where with

great secret delight I told Soldier he would have to come back when the bartenders had arrived. He wove off down the street scattering pedestrians, but he was wearing a three-hundred-dollar suit, and would have no trouble with the police.

When Lloyd, the early bartender, came in, I put on my coat and left, saying I'd be back in an hour. I walked to the hotel by way of a favorite block of mine. It's a play street, closed to traffic at both ends, that serves as playground for an expensive elementary boys' school. Recess was in full, screaming swing when I got to the middle of the block. Nuns howled for order and were splendidly ignored. I stopped to watch the kids play — actually, I wanted to pick one of them up and smell him, but I knew where that would get me — until one of the nuns started eyeing me, hard. She had spotted me for some kind of screwball, and since she was quite right at the time, I walked on down the block and around the corner to Dan's hotel.

The Starks lived in a good, second-level residence hotel on Park Avenue, where transients were scarce and all the help knew all the guests. When I asked for Dan's room number, the desk clerk gave it to me with a look meant to make me feel like suet. I could feel the eyes of the idle bellhops on my back. The elevator woman got to her feet reluctantly and sauntered before me into the car. When we got to Dan's floor, she said "Sixteen" exactly as a niece of mine says "Serves you right." With all that for preface, contemplating the various outrages I might now confront, I started trembling as I walked down the corridor. Nothing we are taught to do anywhere prepares us for this kind of thing, I thought. Whoever is in charge of training, there is a hell of a gap in the curriculum.

Dan's door was ajar, so I rapped on it and pushed it open in one gesture. The room was about what I had expected — thick with smoke and heavy with booze. A serving table on wheels was covered with steak remnants and ground-out cigarettes and empty ice buckets. There was a forest of empty Scotch bottles and dirty glasses in a corner. Exactly in the center of the room, however, was a tray with a sparkling clean napkin on it, holding a full ice bucket, several clean glasses, and a brand-new bottle of Dewar's. The room was no longer sordid.

Seated in facing armchairs, surrounding the tray and looking up at me, were two of the best-groomed men I've ever seen. Both had just shaved and carefully combed their hair; both had put on clean shirts and shined their shoes. I felt positively slovenly in their company. They got to their feet as I came in, unsteadily to be sure, and taking their cues from one another, made my greeting lavish and courtly. "Let me get you a chair," Dan said. "Oh, let me get you a *chair!*" He hurled himself at

the straight chair before the desk. "Won't do. Not good enough," Peter said, dusting his armchair with a foulard ornament from his breast pocket. "Sit here," he offered with a wave. I went to help Dan with the straight chair before he hurt himself, but he would have none of my help. He placed the chair equidistant with the armchairs from the Scotch tray, turned it around, and straddled it. "Sit in my chair!" Dan begged. "Please, *please* sit in my chair!" I sat and Peter sat, adjusting the handkerchief in his breast pocket. There was a silence as we all three stared at the bottle and the glasses and the ice. "Forgive, oh, *forgive*, the appearance of the room," Dan cried. "The maid is afraid to come in." At the same time, Peter inquired politely, "Have you had breakfast?" I said I took only coffee, and I had had that on the train. "Splendid!" Peter said, and he knelt quickly, alertly, before the tray. He plunked ice into glasses. "Not too early for you, is it, Dan?"

"A pale one, perhaps."

Peter made murderous drinks for the three of us and handed them around. I took a deep drink. "Where's Lydia?"

"She's sleeping," Dan said, pointing toward the bedroom.

"Poor thing's exhausted," Peter added.

"Of course she's exhausted. She's been crying nonstop for twenty-four hours."

"I can't say I blame her for crying," I said. "This can't be her idea of a honeymoon."

Dan raised his voice to be heard in the bedroom. "No. She's crying 'cause she *can't come with us*." From the far room was an answering cry of pain.

I looked to Peter for some inkling. He shook his head. "She'd be in a different ward, anyway," he said, as though that explained everything.

"What ward?"

"Peter and I are going to the hospital to dry out as soon as this bottle is empty," Dan said. "Lydia wants to come, but she *can't*." Another wail from the far room.

"She'd be in a different ward, anyway."

"It's Peter's last trip. So I'm going in with him. Isn't it, Peter?"

Peter knelt and fixed three drinks in fresh glasses. "Booze wins," he said, pouring three monumental Scotches. He took one glass for himself, stood, rocked, and plunked back into his chair. "It was a grand party, and now it is over, that's all. I'm already homesick for bars. I miss my friends now." He was moved, but contained himself. Dan's freshly barbered cheeks were awash with tears.

The bedroom door banged back, and Lydia stood on the threshold, her fists clenched at her sides. She looked horrid. Booze is tougher on women than on men, and she had been crying for

twenty-four hours. "It's not fair!" she shrieked. "It's just not fair!"

"You can't come to our ward, you can't come to our ward," Dan chanted until Lydia stormed back into the bedroom, slamming the door.

When the bottle was empty, I escorted the two men to the hospital and enrolled them. An attendant brought three manila envelopes for our valuables. When I said I wasn't joining my friends, he shrugged as if to say, "I don't know why not." Wise guy. I left my charges, reeling and immaculate, at the door of an elevator big as a cattle car. They were in marvelous spirits, Dan because he was off on a new adventure and Peter because this time he had company.

I see Dan Stark regularly. We've become quite close, in fact. He is still married to Lydia, which means he most probably always will be. He didn't enjoy his hospital cure because of the needles, which he abhorred, and the fourth day, when withdrawal is severe enough to make one hallucinate. He will never go back.

Peter will never go back, either. I ran into him as he was coming out of a cleaner's shop on East Forty-fourth Street and took him around the corner to Costello's. We sat in a booth, not at the bar, so Peter could order coffee. He asked after the people and places he had known, and I told him. He was like a boy on a troopship who has found somebody from home. The proprietor of the cleaning shop around the corner was in the Murray Hill chapter of AA. Peter stopped in every day to drink tea and talk, he was that lonely.

"Will we be seeing you uptown again, do you think?" I asked. My speech was slurred, although I had had only a couple of drinks. Peter's utter, alien sobriety made me self-conscious, and I had trouble with my tongue.

"No," he said.

"Booze wins?"

"Sooner or later, one way or another, it can ruin the best," Peter said. He slid out of the booth and stood. "I've got to get along now. The thirst is on me, and I've got to get out of here."

We shook hands and made vague promises to get together somehow, and Peter turned to go. His raincoat was draped over his right arm exactly as a raincoat should be draped; his left hand was in his trouser pocket, the flare of the caught-up jacket precisely correct. An immensely stylish man with casual grace to his step and all the warmth and wit in the world in his face. A marvelous-looking man. As sometimes happens when a strange and beautiful woman passes, I was hooked by a sudden and irrational sadness. He was a complete stranger, and I would never know him.



THE GREAT COMET OF 1965

OF ALL the memorable comets that have excited astronomers and stirred men's imaginations, not one had more impact on our concepts of the universe than the Great Comet of 1577. Discovered in November of that year, the comet stood like a bent red flame in the western sky just after sunset. The celebrated Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe was among the early observers: he caught sight of the brilliant nucleus while he was fishing, even before the sun had set. As darkness fell, a splendid twenty-two-degree tail revealed itself. Tycho's precise observations over the ten-week span before the comet faded away were to deal the deathblow to ancient cosmogonies and pave the way for modern astronomy.

In the sixteenth century nearly everyone accepted Aristotle's idea that comets were meteorological phenomena, fiery condensations in the upper atmosphere. Or, if not that, they were burning impurities on the lower fringe of the celestial ether, far below the orbit of the moon. In 1577 most astronomers still subscribed to the ancient belief that the moon and planets were carried around the earth on concentric shells of purest ether. Tycho, by comparing his careful measurements of the comet's position with data from distant observers, proved that it sped through space far beyond the moon. The Comet of 1577 completely shattered the immutable crystalline spheres, thereby contributing to the breakdown of Aristotelian physics and the acceptance of the Copernican system.

But the most renowned and most thoroughly studied of all comets is the one associated with Edmund Halley. It was the first to have a periodic orbit assigned, thus securing for comets their place as members of the solar system. Halley had matched the Comet of 1682, which he had observed, with those of 1531 and 1607. Assuming these to be different appearances of the same celestial object, he predicted another return in 1758. Although he

by Owen Gingerich

Dr. Gingerich is an astrophysicist and historian of astronomy at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Among his responsibilities is the task of directing the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams, the world clearinghouse for comets, sponsored by the International Astronomical Union. From this vantage point he kept a day-to-day watch on the progress of the Great Comet of 1965.

was ridiculed for setting the date beyond his expected lifetime, the comet indeed returned, and Halley's name has been linked with it ever since.

On its latest return, in 1910, Halley's comet put on a magnificent display, reaching its climax several weeks after perihelion passage in mid-April. During the early part of May it increased until the brilliance of its head equaled the brightest stars and its tail extended sixty degrees across the sky. Later in May, the earth grazed the edge of the tail. The thin vacuous tail caused no observable effect on earth, except for such human aberrations as the spirited sale of asbestos suits. That no terrestrial consequences were detected is not surprising when we learn that 2000 cubic miles of the tail contained less material than a single cubic inch of ordinary air.

IF PRIZES were offered for cometary distinctions, then last year's Comet Ikeya-Seki would win a medal as the most photographed of all time, and it might win again for the range of astrophysical observations carried out. As it swung around the sun, its brilliancy outshone that of the full moon, and within ten days its tail extended almost as far as the distance from the earth to the sun. The behavior of the comet was neatly explained by the "dirty snowball" theory. According to this widely accepted picture, a comet's nucleus is a huge block of frozen gases generously sprinkled with dark earthy materials. Occasionally the gravitational attraction of nearby passing stars can perturb a comet from its cosmic deep freeze in the distant fringes of the planetary system beyond Neptune; the comet then can penetrate the inner circles of the solar system, where it develops a shining gaseous shroud as its surface vaporizes under the sun's warming rays. Hence, the closer a comet approaches the sun, the more it vaporizes and the larger and brighter it becomes. Comet Ikeya-Seki passed unusually close to the sun, becoming possibly the brightest comet of the century; the resulting tail was the fourth longest ever recorded.

Today I look back with a wry smile to the Sunday morning last September when I decoded the telegram bringing the first word of the new comet. Early that morning in Benten Jima, Japan, a youthful comet hunter, Kaoru Ikeya, had discovered a fuzzy glow not charted on his sky maps. At the same time, another young amateur 250 miles away, Tsutomu Seki, had independently detected the new celestial visitor. Both men had used simple, homemade telescopes for their discovery, and both had sent urgent messages of their find to the Tokyo Astronomical Observatory.

News of the comet's appearance was quickly

relayed from Tokyo to my office at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. Here the name "Comet Ikeya-Seki" was officially assigned, as well as the astronomical designation 1965 f. Throughout that day, September 19, the communications center at Smithsonian alerted observatories and astronomical groups all over the world — Flagstaff, Rio de Janeiro, Johannesburg, Prague, Peking, Canberra — in all, more than 120. Included were the twelve astrophysical observing stations of the Smithsonian Observatory, whose specially designed satellite-tracking cameras are ideal for comet photography. Within hours a confirmation of Ikeya-Seki arrived from the Woomera, Australia, station.

By Tuesday afternoon, half a dozen approximate positions were in hand, more than enough for us to try for a crude preliminary solution of the comet's orbit. Unfortunately, the positions from the observing stations were only approximate "eyeball" measurements obtained by laying the film onto a standard star chart with marked coordinates. Furthermore, the observatory's computer program had not been fully checked out. When the rough observations were used in different combinations, the computer produced two orbits in wild disagreement. Nevertheless, Professor Fred L. Whipple, director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory and author of the "dirty snowball" comet theory, noted that the second of the preliminary orbits closely resembled the path of a famous family of sun-grazing comets. The agreement was too close to be coincidence, he reasoned, and therefore the second solution must be correct.

Professor Whipple's astute suggestion provided the first hint of the excitement that was to come. Several of the previous sun-grazers had been spectacular objects. Notable among them was the Great Comet of 1843, whose seventy-degree tail stretched 200 million miles into space, setting an all-time record, and whose brilliance induced the citizenry of Cambridge to build a fifteen-inch telescope for Harvard equal to the largest in the world. And the second comet of 1882 achieved such brilliancy as it rounded the sun that it could be seen in broad daylight with the naked eye.

In the few days following the first computer solutions three "precise" positions were reported to the Central Telegram Bureau, one from Steward Observatory in Tucson, Arizona, and two from the Skalnaté Pleso Observatory in Czechoslovakia. When these new positions were fed by themselves into the computer, the result indicated an ordinary comet, and not a sun-grazer at all. But our programmers noticed that something was seriously wrong. When positions from the satellite-tracking cameras were included in the calculations, the computer gave different answers. Among them was the interesting possibility that Comet Ikeya-

Seki might die by fire, plunging directly into the sun.

Then, suddenly, the mystery vanished. Six accurate positions from veteran comet observer Elizabeth Roemer at the Flagstaff, Arizona, station of the U.S. Naval Observatory established the path with great precision. One of the earlier "precise" observations had been faulty, and with its elimination, the others fell into place. Comet Ikeya-Seki was accelerating along a course that would carry it within a solar radius of the sun's surface. And since a comet's brightness depends on its closeness to the sun, there was every indication that Comet Ikeya-Seki would become a brilliant object.

Armed with predictions of Comet Ikeya-Seki's sun-grazing path, the Smithsonian staff set out to forewarn space scientists and radio astronomers whose attention does not normally encompass comets. We called a press conference to describe the magnificent view hoped for as the comet swung around perihelion, its nearest approach to the sun. First discovered in the morning sky, the comet would cross into the evening sky for only a few hours on October 21. If a tail of this comet were to appear in the evening, it would sweep across the western sky after sunset on that evening. Afterward it would reappear in the morning twilight. Such a prediction was hazardous, because although the comet's trajectory was well established, its brightness and tail length resisted astronomical forecasting since no one knew just how much material would be activated as it sped past the sun.

Had we examined more carefully the historical records of Comet 1882 II, we might have been more cautious in telling the public to look for the tail of Comet Ikeya-Seki sweeping across the western sky after sunset on October 21. Each new observation of the 1965 comet confirmed that it was a virtual twin of the Great Comet of 1882; thus, by looking at the observations from the last century, we should have guessed that the comet's enormous velocity as it rounded the sun — one million miles per hour — would dissipate the tail so widely that it could not be seen in the dark sky. On the other hand, we hardly dared publicize what the computer's brightness predictions showed: that Comet Ikeya-Seki would be visible in full daylight within a few degrees of the sun!

AND thus it happened that thousands of would-be observers in the eastern United States maintained a cold and fruitless search in the early morning hours of October 21. Thousands of others, especially in the American Southwest, had the view of a lifetime — a bright comet with its short silvery tail visible next to the sun in broad daylight. Simply by

holding up their hands to block out the sunlight, they could glimpse the comet shining with the brilliance of the full moon. Hazy, milky skies blocked the naked-eye view for observers in the eastern United States and much of the rest of the world; even in New England, however, telescopes revealed the comet with a sharp edge facing the sun and the beginnings of a fuzzy tail on the other side. Professional astronomers were excited by the opportunity to photograph the object at high noon. For the first time, the daylight brilliance of a comet permitted analysis from solar coronagraphs. Airborne and rocket-borne ultraviolet detectors examined features never before studied in comets.

The spectrum observations ended eight decades of controversy. In most comets, the reflected spectrum of sunlight is seen, combined with the more interesting bright molecular spectrum from carbon and carbon compounds. The molecules are excited by the ultraviolet light from the sun, and glow in much the same way that certain minerals fluoresce under an ultraviolet lamp. But back in 1882, when spectroscopy was in its infancy, the great sun-grazing comet yielded an entirely different spectrum. Scientists at the Dun Echt Observatory in Scotland thought they saw emission lines from metal atoms such as iron, titanium, or calcium, but a similar spectrum was never found in subsequent comets. Some observers expressed their disbelief in this unique record.

Astronomers did not get another chance to examine a comet so close to the sun until October 20, 1965. On that morning at the Radcliffe Observatory in South Africa, Dr. A. D. Thackeray obtained spectrograms of the nucleus of Comet Ikeya-Seki, then only 8 million miles from the sun. These showed bright lines of both iron and calcium. The telegraphic announcement, again relayed by the Central Bureau, set other spectroscopists into action. Within days, there were reports of nickel, chromium, sodium, and copper.

Though fully expected from a theoretical point of view, these observations confirmed that the impurities in comets had a chemical composition similar to that of meteors. The connection is not fortuitous; for many years astronomers recognized that those ephemeral streaks of light in the night sky, the meteors, were fragile cometary debris plunging through the earth's atmosphere. As the gases boil out of a cometary nucleus, myriads of dirty, dusty fragments are lost in space. In time, they can be distributed throughout a comet's entire orbit, and if that path comes close to the earth's own trajectory, a meteor shower results.

The Leonid meteors are a splendid example of "falling stars" closely related to a comet. A meteor swarm follows close to Comet Tempel-Tuttle. Every thirty-three years, as the comet

nears the earth's orbit, a particularly good display of Leonids appears around November 16. The recovery of this same comet in 1965 was followed by a November shower in which hundreds of brilliant meteors flashed through the sky within a period of a few hours. Nonetheless, the 1965 Leonids provided a sparse show compared with the hundreds of thousands seen in 1833 and 1866. In 1899, astronomers predicted yet another fireworks spectacular. The prognostication proved to be a great fiasco, for gravitational attraction from the planet Jupiter had slightly shifted the orbit of the comet and its associated meteor swarm. Ever since, astronomers have been wary of alerting the public to meteors or comets. Our enthusiasm in predicting the greatness of Comet Ikeya-Seki on October 21 was indeed risky.

Nevertheless, the daylight apparition of Comet Ikeya-Seki was but a prelude to a more spectacular show. Its surface thoroughly heated by its passage through the solar corona, the comet developed a surrounding coma of gas and dust some thousands of miles in diameter as it left the sun. As it slowed its course and receded from the hearth of our planetary system, the solar wind drove particles from that coma into a long stream preceding the comet.

As soon as Comet Ikeya-Seki could once again be seen in the early morning sky, its long twisted tail caused a sensation. Standing like a wispy searchlight beam above the eastern horizon, the tail could be traced for at least twenty-five degrees. Its maximum length corresponded to 70 million miles, ranking it as the fourth longest ever recorded. Only the great comets of 1843, 1680, and 1811 had tails stretching farther through space. (Quite a few comets have spanned greater arcs of the sky because they were much closer to the earth. Their actual lengths in space could not compare with that of the Great Comet of 1965.) At its peak brightness, Comet Ikeya-Seki was about equal to the sun-grazers of 1843 and 1882. Even after it receded from the sun, its nucleus shone brilliantly through the morning twilight. By all accounts, Comet Ikeya-Seki compared favorably with the great comets of the past. Those portentous sights, compared to giant swords by many a bygone observer, had little competition from city lights, smog, and horizon-blocking apartment buildings.

Comet Ikeya-Seki surprised most astronomers by developing a strikingly brilliant tail on its outward path from the sun, especially when compared with the poor show on its incoming trajectory. Had they looked in Book III of Newton's *Principia*, however, they would have seen another sun-grazing comet neatly diagrammed with a short, stubby tail before perihelion passage and the great flowing streamlike tail afterward. Newton spent

many pages describing that Great Comet of 1680. Especially interesting to American readers is the generous sprinkling of observations reported from New England and "at the river Patuxent, near Hunting Creek, in Maryland, in the confines of Virginia."

In the new world not only astronomers were interested in the comet. From the Massachusetts pulpit of Increase Mather came the warning,

As for the SIGN in Heaven now appearing, what Calamities may be portended thereby? . . . As *Vespasian* the Emperour, when There was a long *hairy Comet* seen, he did but deride at it, and make a Joke of it, saying, That it concerned the Parthians that wore long hair, and not him, who was bald: but within a Year, *Vespasian* himself (and not the Parthian) dyed. There is no doubt to be made of it, but that God by this *Blazing-star* is speaking to other Places, and not to *New England* onely. And it may be, He is declaring to the generation of hairy Scalps, who go on still in their Trespasses, that the day of Calamity is at hand.

Superstitions concerning comets reached their highest development and received their sharpest attacks at this time. For centuries comets had been considered fearsome omens of bloody catastrophe, and Increase Mather must have been among the great majority who considered the Comet of 1680 as a symbol fraught with dark meanings. The terrors of the superstitious were compounded when a report came that a hen had laid an egg marked with a comet. Pamphlets were circulated in France and Germany with wood blocks of the comet, the hen, and the egg. Even the French Academy of Sciences felt obliged to comment:

Last Monday night, about eight o'clock, a hen which had never before laid an egg, after having cackled in an extraordinarily loud manner, laid an egg of an uncommon size. It was not marked with a comet as many have believed, but with several stars as our engraving indicates.

In a further analysis of this comet, Newton's *Principia* reported that a remarkable comet had appeared four times at equal intervals of 575 years beginning with the month of September in the year Julius Caesar was killed. Newton and his colleague Halley believed that the Great Comet of 1680 had been the same one as seen in 1106, 531, and in 44 B.C. This conclusion was in fact false, and the Great Comet of 1680 had a much longer period. Within a few years, however, Halley correctly analyzed the periodicity of the famous comet that now bears his name.

Is Comet Ikeya-Seki periodic like Halley's? If so, can it be identified with any of the previous sun-grazers? The resemblance of Comet Ikeya-Seki to Comet 1882 II has led many people to suppose that these objects were identical. The orbits

of both of these comets take the form of greatly elongated ellipses, extending away from the sun in virtually identical directions. Nevertheless, even the earliest orbit calculations scuttled the possibility that the comets were one and the same, since at least several hundred years must have passed since Comet Ikeya-Seki made a previous appearance in the inner realms of the solar system. On the other hand, it is unlikely that Comet Ikeya-Seki, Comet 1882 II, and a half dozen others would share the same celestial traffic pattern and remain unrelated. The only reasonable explanation is to suppose that some single giant comet must have fissioned into many parts hundreds of years ago.

Indeed, the Great Comet of 1882 did just that. Before perihelion passage, it showed a single nucleus; a few weeks afterward, astronomers detected four parts, which gradually separated along the line of the orbit. The periods for the individual pieces are calculated as 671, 772, 875, and 955 years. Consequently, this comet will return as *four* great comets, about a century apart.

It was, therefore, not at all unexpected when the Central Bureau was able to relay the message on November 5 that Comet Ikeya-Seki had likewise broken into pieces. The first report suggested the possibility of three fragments, but later observers were able to pinpoint only two. One of these was almost starlike, the other fuzzy and diffuse. Though first observed two weeks after perihelion passage, the breakup was probably caused by unequal heating of the icy comet as it neared the sun.

If the Great Comet of 1965 was itself merely a fragment, what a superb sight the original sun-grazer must have been. Appearances of comets with known orbits total 870, beginning with Halley's in 240 B.C., but the earliest known sun-grazer of this family is the Comet of 1668. In medieval chronicles and Chinese annals, and on cuneiform tablets, hundreds of other comets have been recorded, but the observations are inadequate for orbit determinations. Undoubtedly, that original superspectacular sun-grazer was observed, but whether it was recorded and whether such records can be found and interpreted are at present unanswerable questions.

A similar search of historical records, which holds more promise of success, is now under way at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. The comet with the shortest known period, Encke, cycles around the sun every three and a third years. Inexorably, each close approach to the sun further erodes Comet Encke. The size of its snowball has never been directly observed, but a shrewd guess based on the known excrescence of gaseous material places it in the order of a few miles. By calculating ahead, Professor Whipple

has predicted the final demise of Comet Encke in the last decade of this century. By calculating backward in time, he has concluded that it might once have been a brilliant object. Its three-and-a-third-year period would bring a close approach to the earth every third revolution, so that a spectacular comet might appear in the records at ten-year intervals. In the centuries before Christ, the Chinese and Babylonian records show remarkable agreement, but the register is too sketchy, and so far, Comet Encke's appearances in antiquity have not been identified.

In addition to Encke there are nearly 100 comets whose periods are less than 200 years. Like Comet Encke, they face a slow death, giving up more of their substance on each perihelion passage. On an astronomical time scale, the solar system's corps of short-period comets would be rapidly depleted if a fresh supply were unavailable. On the other hand, there is apparently an unlimited abundance of long-period comets that spend most of their lifetime far beyond the planetary system. Astronomers now envision an extensive cloud of hundreds of thousands of comets encircling the sun at distances well beyond Pluto. Originally there may only have been a ring of cometary material lying in the same plane as the earth's orbit — the leftover flotsam from the solar system's primordial times. Perhaps the density of material was insufficient to coalesce into planetary objects, or perhaps at those great distances from the sun the snowballs were too cold to stick together easily.

Gravitational attractions from passing stars presumably threw many of the comets out of their original orbits into the present cometary cloud. These gravitational perturbations still continue, and a few comets from the cloud reach the earth's orbit every year. Their appearances are entirely unexpected, and their discoveries are fair game for professional and amateur alike. But since most professional astronomers are busily engaged in more reliable pursuits, persistent amateurs manage to catch the majority of bright long-period comets. Devotees such as Ikeya and Seki have spent literally hundreds of hours sweeping the sky with their telescopes in the hope of catching a small nebulous wisp that might be a new comet. The great sun-grazer was the third cometary find for each man. Within a week of its discovery, a British schoolteacher, G. E. D. Alcock, also found a new comet — his fourth. Alcock started his comet-finding career in 1959 by uncovering *two* new comets within a few days.

How does an amateur, or a professional, recognize a new comet when he finds one? Most new-found comets are as diffuse and formless as a squashed star, completely devoid of any tail. In this respect they resemble hundreds of faint nebulae

that speckle the sky, with this difference: nebulae are fixed, but a comet will inevitably move. Consequently, a second observation made a few hours later will generally reveal a motion if the nebulous wisp is indeed a comet. However, most comet hunters compare the position of their suspected comet with a sky map that charts faint nebulae and clusters. Then the discovery is quickly reported to a nearby observatory or directly to the Central Bureau.

Today the chief reward for a comet find lies in the tradition of attaching the discoverer's name to the object, but in times past there have been other compensations. Jean Louis Pons, who discovered thirty-seven comets during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, rose from observatory doorkeeper to observatory director largely as a result of his international reputation for comet finding. And the Tennessee astronomer E. E. Barnard paid for his Nashville house with cash awards offered by a wealthy patron of astronomy for comet discoveries in the 1880s. Barnard has recorded a remarkable incident relating to the great sun-grazing comet of 1882:

My thoughts must have run strongly on comets during that time, for one night when thoroughly worn out I set my alarm clock and lay down for a short sleep. Possibly it was the noise of the clock that set my wits to work, or perhaps it was the presence of that wonderful comet which was then gracing the morning skies, or perhaps, it was the worry over the mortgage in the hopes of finding another comet or two to wipe it out. Whatever the cause, I had a most wonderful dream. I thought I was looking at the sky which was filled with comets, long-tailed and short-tailed and with no tails at all. It was a marvelous sight, and I had just begun to gather in the crop when the alarm clock went off and the blessed vision of comets vanished. I took my telescope out in the yard and began sweeping the heavens to the southwest of the Great Comet in the search for comets. Presently I ran upon a very cometary-looking object where there was no known nebula. Looking more carefully I saw several others in the field of view. Moving the telescope about I found that there must have been ten or fifteen comets at this point within the space of a few degrees. Before dawn killed them out I located six or eight of them.

Undoubtedly Barnard's observations referred to ephemeral fragments disrupted from the Comet 1882 II then in view.

A great majority of the comets reaching the earth's orbit go back to the vast comet cloud, never to be identified again. Occasionally, however, a comet swings so close to the great planet Jupiter that its orbit is bent, and it is "captured" into a much shorter period. A "Jupiter capture" has never been directly observed, because most comets are still too faint when they reach Jupiter's orbit.

Nevertheless, about a year ago, astronomers came almost as close as they ever will to witnessing the aftermath of this remarkable phenomenon.

In January, 1965, the press reported the discovery of two new comets by the Chinese, a rather unexpected claim inasmuch as it has been centuries since the Chinese discovered even one comet, not to mention two. To everyone's astonishment a pair of telegrams eventually reached our Central Bureau via England, confirming the existence of the objects. At the same time, the Chinese managed to flout the centuries-old tradition of naming comets after their discoverer. In the absence of the discoverer's name, our bureau assigned to both comets the label Tsuchinshan, which translated means "Purple Mountain Observatory."

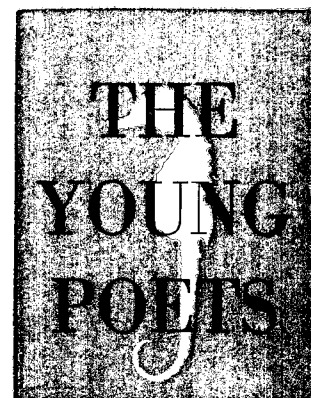
Tsuchinshan 1 and Tsuchinshan 2 have remarkably similar orbits, whose greatest distances from the sun fall near the orbit of Jupiter. As these faint comets swung around that distant point in 1961, Jupiter was passing in close proximity. Quite possibly the gravitational attraction from Jupiter secured the capture of a long-period comet in that year, simultaneously disrupting it into the two Tsuchinshan fragments. However, it is more likely that the capture occurred at a somewhat earlier pass, a point that will eventually be established by a computer investigation. In any event, the observation of a comet pair with such a close approach to Jupiter is without precedence in the annals of comet history.

The complete roster of comets for 1965 included not only the Tsuchinshan pair, Comet Alcock, and the once-in-thirty-three-years visit of Tempel-Tuttle, but the recoveries of four other faint periodic comets and another new one, Comet Klemola, which was accidentally picked up during a search for faint satellites of Saturn. Of this rich harvest, Comet Ikeya-Seki received more attention than all the others combined. Day after day, the Smithsonian observing stations around the world kept a continual photographic watch as the long twisted tail developed and faded. These thousands of frames — an all-time pictorial record — may eventually be combined in a film to illustrate in motion the details of cometary tail formation.

By now the Great Comet of 1965 has faded beyond the range of either Ikeya's or Seki's small telescope, and has apparently vanished from the larger instruments of professional astronomers as well. Perhaps in a millennium hence an unsuspecting amateur, never imagining that he has caught a sun-grazer, will find it on its next return.

"When discovered, the comet was only a white spot in the moonlit sky," Seki recently wrote to us. "I did not even dream that it would later come so close to the sun and become so famous."

The ATLANTIC's door is always open to promising new writers, and twice a year pages are set aside for poets who have come to deserve a hearing. This spring's Young Poets section introduces five fresh talents to ATLANTIC readers.



A WEAVER OF CARPETS

BY SAM TOPEROFF

The		so."
eternal	tapestries were much in de-	And now
truth of my father's	mand throughout the	when I, the Mas-
words I have come to know:	kingdom. Un-	ter, drop a border stitch
"The Piety of Imperfection is the	like the	or two, they chide, "No longer
greatest burden of all."	dolts	certain, eh Mahmoud?
I, Mahmoud, have	who hid The	No arrogance
found it	Sacred Error in	to show us
so.	the border or in the	any-
When	Arabesque (brave souls!), I	more?"
I was a young	left ragged the very	They think
man at my craft, Im-	cheetah's claw	I've fallen into
perfection was the seed	that should	line and left my Pride in
of all my art. Allah alone could	have	a corner place. They do not know
form a perfect thing, so,	curled	Mahmoud. Each evening
as all must do, in my	around the	I weave a flower pat-
carpets	Caliph's daughter.	tern, a Holy
I	In limitation I found	Car-
wove	the source of strength . . . and a	pet, which
The Sacred Error	liberal fee as well,	I shall leave to
which more than satisfied	while my rep-	the Mosque at Ardebil.
the letter of His Holy Law, but	utation	It shall be flawless! Quite
with experience I wove a central flaw	grew.	perfect! My father's words are
which, somehow, all but pleased	But the	hidden in the cartouche,
those very holy eyes	critics couldn't	for I am, first,
it set about to	be pleased. At first	a weaver
tease.	they cried, "How brazen is	of car-
My	this Mahmoud to flaunt his Frailty	pets.

ALL-NIGHT DINER

BY JACK FLAVIN

THE SANATORIUM, LE GRAU-DU-ROI

BY DAVID CHESHIRE

The white beds placed out, neatly, in the sun;
the delicate, antiseptic scrape of the surf
over the beach, the taut shell. I had come
(not as a patient, I thought) with enough
health to see me through. But watching,
each day, the dazzling, washed figures
round a bed like gardeners plotting
some vegetable cure for their sick as
I walked, not spotlessly, over their sand,
I saw why they came here, a place
unplagued by uncertainties. This land,
held for the sea to be by, and to face
the sun, has nowhere else to go,
no hill to clamber and squint from and
no inland jagged motions but one slow
coil of waves in clocks of sand.

Less decorously, nearby, some trippers laze,
unhealing, miserable, secure,
and oil a leathery arm or two, or gaze
blankly at that scintillating shore.
None stroll this far. My traveling eye, though, sees
that those trust the white amplitude of years
to swell recovery into a cure, while these
bodies on vacation roll each half hour, stare
and squirm to ease their burning thighs,
yet coax no bright events out of the sea,
ignoring the sick men with sun-filled eyes
who quietly, grain by grain, build ecstasy,
and in me too, stale pools of sickness, sipped
and diagnosed at last, come clean, break free —
I stand and watch my quick, dead footprints sift,
unhurried as an hourglass, to the sea.

I'm going to teach my owl to sing in Presbyterian.
I think it's fine — it's perfectly all right
the way he hoos the country kids to sleep.
What really bothers me is how he spends his nights.
Am I to go on harboring
a criminal, a dunce, a common thief?
No, no! I'm not a keeper of assassins.
I'll simply teach the bird to sing.
The lessons must begin at once.

THE STATUE OF EVE

BY MICHAEL WOLFE

Slim as a rib, out of the public grass,
In this dying October garden
Where both I and my brother pass,
She begs our pardon

Fearing what parents fear when children meet,
The Elderly Guilty who sense
That disapproval of defeat
And of self-defense

Which is the sole response a child may give
To his inheritance,
The world his parents make and give,
Small recompense

Indeed, for that forbidden Spring-time garden
Each child is cheated of;
An outstretched arm, she begs our pardon
We who now move

In private pattern through her timeless chapel
And mark our time, until
We pluck the dappled death-worn apple
That eats the will.

IN THE SEA

BY HELEN S. CHASIN

*A beautiful woman who is pleasing to men is good only
for frightening fish when she falls into the water.*
— Zen proverb

Silver, glittery as scales, the sea shatters
and scratches; plummeting through my reflection
I scatter fish from the surface.
Down here their continual mouthing
measures my descent like a pulse.
The gills scull and feather; the cellulose eyes
are stupid and dull as death.
Breath gone viscid
I am out of my element: greenish queen
of the sea, in ferny crown and watercress garment,
I turn, turn in the weeds, in the deep
spasm of tides, under the dark weight
where dumb, sightless, transparent forms
mumble and push, unamazed.

IN THE STREAM

BY HELEN S. CHASIN

*Two monks, a Hindu and a Zen, came to a stream. The
Hindu started to walk on the water. The Zen cried out:
Come back! Come back! That is not the way to cross a stream.*
— Zen story

Saffron-wrapped, swathed in white gauze, we two
pursue the pine-needle path of no path. We are here.
We may never arrive. Perhaps we have passed.
The stream glitters like amber, like jade,
like pieces of water. Persimmon fish
tremble and rush, nervous and easy as God.
Friend, it can be done: advancing on crystals
lo! we are over — our robes spectacular,
dry as jewels.
But knowing water, choose the liquid way.
Seeking God, wade into the water:
our skirts bell out, go heavy and coarse
as rice, the cold brushes our skin
with characters; wet, literal — we are crossing.

The Perfect University

by Morris Bishop

"Since the presence of young women on the campus is upsetting to young men, the perfect university will admit men only." This and other puckish deliberations on the state of university education are offered by one of America's most venerable humorists, now emeritus Kappa Alpha Professor of Romance Languages at Cornell.



You ask, my young friend, what the perfect university would be like. If I had a few hundred million for good works, you say, what sort of university would I found?

We must first establish a few principles.

The perfect university will provide a pleasant life for its faculty.

It will provide a pleasant life, though not quite so pleasant, for its students.

It will provide pleasant diversions, in the way of full-dress academic parades, athletic spectacles, drama, and amusing lectures, for the general public.

It will possess beautiful buildings and grounds, in an agreeable setting. It will afford more than ample parking space.

It will build character in its students. Since character is built by the surmounting of difficulties, it will provide difficulties for the students to surmount.

Since the presence of young women on the campus is upsetting to young men, the perfect university will admit men only.

Since the presence of older women is upsetting to older men, the faculty will be celibate, and women, even of canonical age, will be barred from the campus.

Since unfettered research is rapidly making the world uninhabitable, the perfect university will not go out of its way to encourage research. It will

"A Varsity Trick — Smuggling In" by Thomas Rowlandson.

not make research and publication a requirement for faculty promotion. It will not seek or accept government grants, from suspicion of government's aims. It will not, however, forbid research, which is an agreeable diversion for the faculty. The administration will regard its researchers with amused, affectionate mistrust.

Since the public is always clamoring that a university must be useful, the perfect university will guarantee that its graduates possess the essential social skills (golf, the dance, chorus singing, a sense of comedy). It will cultivate in its students the qualities essential to directors of large enterprises. It will devote itself particularly to the training of young men for vice presidencies in family firms.

If, in scholarly fashion, we seek guarantees for the present in the past, we may find something approaching the perfect university in eighteenth-century Oxford and Cambridge.

It is our custom to speak much ill of the eighteenth-century universities. We berate them for their sloth, self-satisfaction, withdrawal from the active world, and determined progress backward. But are these manifestations sins? May they not rather be regarded as virtues in excess?

The university professors, as distinguished from the college fellows, or dons, took their duties lightly. Less than half of the professors gave any courses at all. Dr. Newcome, the first Lady Margaret Pro-

fessor of Divinity at Cambridge, spoke his inaugural address and uttered no further words in public for forty years. The defense of the silent professors was that if they should offer a course of lectures, no one would attend anyway. Indeed there was not, and is not, any requirement of attendance at lectures by Oxford and Cambridge men. Nor will there be any such petty compulsion in the perfect university. The calling of the roll is an insult to the students. It is also an insult to the professor.

Had the eighteenth-century professors been forced to public exhibitions, many of them would have found themselves in a pretty pass. Mr. Richard Watson was appointed to the professorship of chemistry at Cambridge in 1764. He admitted that he knew nothing at all of the subject, that he had never seen an experiment performed. Nevertheless, he set to the study of elementary chemistry with a will, and became so competent a chemist that he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity and Bishop of Llandaff.

The instruction of the young was mostly in the hands of the fellows, or dons, in the colleges, as distinguished from the universities. They are now the tutors. Almost the only obligation on the dons was that of celibacy. Their pay was small, but they dined very cheaply and well in the college hall, fattening on the fines for student misbehavior. Thus they turned naturally, and with every encouragement, to the monkish vice of gluttony. At Christ Church, Oxford, they dined at three, and sat regularly till chapel at nine. Said an observer of Oxford in 1726: "When any person is chosen Fellow of a College, he immediately becomes a freeholder, and is settled for life in ease and plenty. . . . He wastes the rest of his days in luxury and idleness; he enjoys himself, and is dead to the world; for a Senior Fellow of a College lives and molders away in a supine and regular course of eating, drinking, sleeping, and cheating the juniors." The constant practice of epicurism led to even more horrid excesses. Mr. Ferdinand Smythies, a Fellow of Queens', Cambridge, espied "a woman with her child in her arms, a fine boy, fresh and white-haired. . . . He could not help crying out to his companion in the hearing of the mother: 'Good God, how nicely that boy would eat, boiled with collyflowers!'"

Heavy drinking among the scholars was rather smiled than frowned upon. Gentlemen sat long over their potations. Dr. Johnson himself, visiting University College, Oxford, drank three bottles of port and was none the worse for them. About 1770 the Master of Oriel, Oxford, "was continually obliged to be assisted to bed by his butler." Lord Byron remembered the famous classical scholar Richard Porson at Cambridge: "I can never recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and

generally both." Others report that Porson frequently settled philological arguments by threatening to split his opponents' heads with a poker.

Encouraged by such examples, the well-to-do students devoted themselves to elegant dissipation. An Oxford "college-smart" was described in 1718 as "a Character which few perhaps are acquainted with; he is one that spends his Time in a constant circle of Engagements and Assignations; he rises at Ten, tattles over his Tea-Table till Twelve, Dines, Dresses, waits upon his Mistress, drinks Tea again, flutters about in Publick till it is dark, then to the Tavern, knocks into College at Two in the morning, sleeps till Ten again."

The studies of these foplings were prescribed. Those who pursued law, medicine, divinity had their own courses. For the great majority, who aspired to the baccalaureate of arts, the requirement was Latin, Greek, mathematics, and logic.

And what, you will say, was the outcome of this dreamland education, wherein light-minded students pursued unpractical studies under the glazed eye of obese, besotted, incompetent teachers? What happened to the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in afterlife?

I will tell you. They made the British Empire.

Long years after, under the pressures of grubby modernity, Oxford resolved to be practical, to fit itself to the modern world. In 1920 Oxford abolished compulsory Greek. And look what happened to the British Empire.

THE precedent of the eighteenth-century English university may somewhat serve in the planning of the perfect university. Oxford and Cambridge each dwelt in a beautiful home which impressed itself insensibly on the students. Our university will likewise be beautiful and comfortable. Its architecture will suggest ease, spaciousness, permanence. It will not try to outdo its rivals in modernity. It will avoid the use of steel, concrete, glass, and other cruel, cutting, abrasive materials. Its chapel will not be contrived of old automobile bumpers and discarded plumbing. Its beauty will derive from balanced proportions and shapes, suffused with recollections of uplifting periods of history. Its beauty will then be largely traditional. My own preference would be for the French Renaissance style, the one best designed for comfort and elegance.

Our university will be set in a blooming but not unduly dramatic countryside (for a certain vapor of bad taste hovers over snow-capped peaks). The climate will, of course, be temperate. What about Asheville, North Carolina? We might take over Biltmore for a starter. Or possibly San Simeon,

William Randolph Hearst's California château?

The enforcement of faculty celibacy, however authorized by Oxford precedent, may be regarded askance in some quarters. It will be charged that we are imposing an abnormal life on our teachers. But not at all. The present laudations of sexuality are largely literary, and will pass. Celibacy is just as normal as matrimony; indeed, monogamy has been classed as a sexual perversion. Biology, anthropology, history indicate that continence is customary in living creatures. Look at the Christian and Buddhist monks; look at the vestal virgins; look at bees. The celibate is the ideal teacher. Lacking the duties and discomforts of home, he transfers his concern to his college and to his students. He has a good chance of becoming a great teacher. Abelard was a great teacher until he fell in with Heloïse. And look what happened!

Let us then strike a blow against overpopulation! Let us do something by resolutely doing nothing!

The exclusion of women students from the university will no doubt evoke sharp criticism. It will be charged that we are reverting to medievalism, that we are rejecting the principle of coeducation, now universally accepted, that we are depriving young men and women of the opportunity to grow up together, to experience youthful romance, to marry and beget. Certainly; and a very good thing too.

The celibacy of the faculty and the exclusion of women will promote faculty-student contact, a privilege for which students in a hundred universities are now clamoring, demonstrating, and intrepidly sitting down with placards.

It will be charged that the perfect university is very offhand about the business of teaching, about the perfect curriculum, which has been anxiously sought so far and so wide. We dare not return to Latin, Greek, mathematics, and logic. But anyone who has sat on curriculum committees may be cynical about the pursuit of the perfect curriculum, that academic Grail. He knows how the curriculum is likely to result from a balance of departmental pressures. He knows how each committee member seeks to impose his own faith, generalizing from his own case. The professor of English insists that no one can be called educated without a knowledge of English. And a course in laboratory science, says a professor of science. And economics — and American history — and biogeochemistry — and weight-lifting cry many voices. These demands are not prompted by mean interest; they are professions of faith, implying that I am admirable, that others should be like me, that what has made me should be imposed to make others like me.

The traditional university strives to communicate

knowledge from the teacher to the student. Knowledge? Is knowledge actually the greatest good? Our world is drowning in knowledge. One of its chief present activities is known as Computerized Information Retrieval. We must devote ourselves not to knowledge, but to the problem of how to find it, or even how to find how to find it. We can possess only a minute portion of knowledge, and the possession of that minute portion is a matter of lessening importance. The aim of the perfect university will then be to develop commanders of knowledge. For this end qualities of character are necessary: curiosity, courage, originality, tenacity, gaiety, social charm. It would no doubt be ridiculous to offer formal courses in curiosity, courage, and so forth. However, to some extent we do so already. A survey of civilization, an introductory physics, is or should be a course in curiosity. Football is a course in courage. Creative writing is or pretends to be a course in originality, although crabbed English teachers assert that creative writing is just a composition course in which the spelling is not corrected.

The perfect university will not be so presumptuous as to present courses in mental and spiritual attributes, but in fact it will not fall far short of such a practice. It will oppose pre-professional training, which often misses its mark and encourages the higher incompetence. It will develop the most useful skill of all, which is the habit of command, of executive ability. This, not special knowledge, makes the officer type, in distinction to the rank-and-file type. The graduate of the perfect university will possess the graceful and unconscious arrogance of superiority, the quality of the world's masters.

It will be inquired if the perfect university will include a graduate school. I presume that this is inescapable. We shall accept the current formulas for the making of the Ph.D., with one addition. After the required courses and investigations, after the submission of the doctoral dissertation, the candidate will be examined by his committee in full academic regalia. If successful, he will be proclaimed doctor and hooded, in accordance with the apt ancient symbolic rites. The participants will then march to the center of the campus, where the dissertation will be solemnly burned.

You are restless, my young friend. You protest that this perfect university is sadly imperfect, that it is backward-looking, not forward-looking. Is then *forward* morally superior to *backward*? You say that this university does not assure success in life. And what university does, pray? You complain that this scheme expresses the obsolete, undemocratic ideal of the education of a gentleman. Egad, boy, you are quite right.

WHEN I DRAW THE LORD HE'LL BE A REAL BIG MAN

by ROBERT COLES, M.D.

Warmth and understanding frequently do not combine with clinical objectivity in the study of human relations, but they come to a rare blending in the works of Dr. Coles, a young research psychiatrist in the Harvard University Health Services, who for several years has been studying the effects of desegregation in the South. This essay will form a part of his Atlantic-Little, Brown book, COURAGE AND FEAR IN THE SOUTH, to be published in 1967.

IN RECENT years child psychiatrists have steadily increased their ability to understand what is happening in the minds of even their youngest or only remotely communicative patients. Those who treat children not only have to find out what they can, but so reach and affect the child's mind that he no longer ails. The child must be helped to comprehend what bothers him, and he must then settle the problem so decisively that he no longer feels upset or, indeed, shows any signs to the ever watchful clinician that he may still be troubled "deep down."

Before I ever started my work in the South I had been interested in what the children I treated would tell me with crayons and paints — and chalk, for I always kept a blackboard in my office, and often a child would suddenly want to use it, then just as quickly apply the eraser to it. Because of my own interests, I made a point of asking children whether they would like to sketch whatever came to mind. Some did so eagerly, some reluctantly; some would have no part of my schemes for a long while, though in the course of treatment those who refused invariably changed their minds, as if they recognized that now they were able to let me know something once unmentionable.

I took my files with me when I went south; essentially they were a stack of drawings made by the middle-class children who make up the major population of a child guidance clinic and a child psychiatrist's private practice. When I started visiting the four little girls in New Orleans whose

entry into the first grades of two white schools occasioned the strenuous objection of mobs and a boycott by most white children, I carried with me paper and crayons. From the very beginning I made a point of asking those girls to draw pictures for me: of their school, their teacher or friends, anything they wanted to draw. I also took an interest in the art work they did in school, always a favorite activity for children in elementary school. They learned that I was interested in their sketches, and without exception they furnished me with an increasing abundance of them over the years.

That same school year, 1960-1961, a few white children trickled back to the boycotted schools, in spite of tenacious mobs that in varying strengths constantly besieged the two buildings. I began going to the homes of those children, too, and I encouraged those children to draw as well as play games and talk with me. (There were five children from three homes.) During the second year of desegregation, from 1961 to 1962, I continued my studies in New Orleans and expanded them, just as the city itself, by coming to some terms with its unruly elements, enabled its harassed schools a gradual return to normal. I started interviewing the eight Negro children who were added to the roster of "pioneers"; they went into three additional elementary schools. All in all I was following twelve Negro children and twelve white children that second year, as against the four Negro and five white children who in the first year were the entire population of two schools.

In addition, I traveled widely in the South, spending a week or two in other villages, towns, or cities where young Negro children were initiating (and white children were experiencing) school desegregation. I lived for a while in Burnsville, North Carolina, a small rural mountain village, and nearby Asheville, its metropolis. I spent several weeks in Memphis, and later I worked in Birmingham. Finally, in 1964, I divided three months' time between Jackson, Mississippi, and the little farming community of Harmony, near Carthage, Mississippi. In all these instances, I tried to gain some impression of how children other than those I knew in New Orleans were managing the social and personal trials of desegregation. These children found it easier to draw than to talk; in fact, I came to see that they expected me to ask them to *do* something, to test them in some way.

Television reaches across the barriers of race and caste, class and neighborhood, bringing our preoccupation with knowing and measuring the "normal" and "timely" in the child's growth and development into cabins and tenements otherwise far removed from our national life. For example, I was astonished to find the mother of a six-year-old boy in an isolated Mississippi town relax visibly when I took crayons from my pocket, placed them on the paper of my clipboard, and asked her whether her son and I might draw pictures together.

"Son, the doctor is going to learn about you and find out how good your thinking is, like they say it has to be done on TV," she told the boy, and they both seemed able, finally, to comprehend my purposes. David drew eagerly, as if taking an examination at school, and his mother no longer worried so openly about just what the white doctor had in mind.

In New Orleans, as the months passed by, a firm relationship between the children and me developed, so that our drawing and painting exercises became more enthusiastic and personal. I encouraged the children to draw whatever they wished. The troubles and joys of their lives gradually took form and color, and so did their shifting feelings toward me. At times I tried to direct their attention toward one or another concern I had: how they regarded themselves, how they felt they were managing at school, what skin color meant to them and to others in their neighborhood or the city, why the mobs formed and to what purpose, how they saw themselves getting along with their white or black classmates, how they viewed their teachers, and how they thought their teachers felt toward them as children, or as representatives of a race or a group of people. One white child brought me up short at the very beginning of my work by telling me she thought her teacher prejudiced toward her: "She wishes my daddy made more

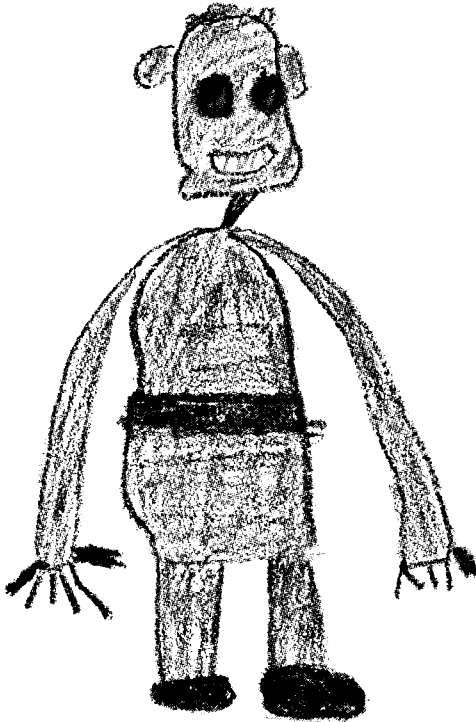
money, so I could dress better. She always talks about the nice kids she used to teach in the Garden District, and how good they behaved. I think she minds me as bad as the nigra girl."

RUBY and I started talking, playing, and drawing together when she was six years old and braving daily mobs to attend an almost empty school building in New Orleans. Upon our first meeting I told her of my interest in drawings, and she showed me some she had done at school and brought home to keep. Over the years she has drawn and painted during most of our talks, so that I now have more than two hundred of her productions.

Many of the topics were her choice, while other pictures were started in response to my specific suggestion. I would ask her to draw a picture of her school or of her teacher. I would ask her to paint a picture of anyone she knew or wanted to portray. I might ask her one day to try putting herself, her brother, or her sister on paper, while on another occasion I might ask her to sketch a particular classmate of hers. (For many months there were only two or three of them, the children of the few whites who defied the boycott. We both knew them, and each of us knew that the other spent time with them, Ruby at school, and I in their homes.)

For a long time — four months, in fact — Ruby never used brown or black except to indicate soil or the ground; even then she always made sure to draw over the lines with a solid covering of green grass. It was not simply on my account that she abstained from these colors; her school drawings showed a similar pattern. She did, however, distinguish between white and Negro people. She drew white people larger and more lifelike. Negroes were smaller, their bodies less complete. A white girl we both knew to be her own size appeared several times taller. While Ruby's own face lacked an eye in one drawing, an ear in another, the white girl never lacked any features. Moreover, Ruby drew hands and legs carefully, always making sure that they had the proper number of fingers and toes. Not so with her own limbs, or those of any other Negro children she chose, or was asked, to picture. A thumb or forefinger might be missing, or a whole set of toes.

There were other interesting features to her drawings. The ears of Negroes appeared larger than those of white people. She might draw a Negro with only one ear, and that one very large indeed. In contrast, quite often she drew a Negro with no mouth; whereas a white child or adult would be likely to have lips, teeth, and a full, wide-open mouth. With regard to the nose, Ruby as often as not omitted it in both races, though when

*Ruby's grandfather*

it did appear, it was as a thin orange line in her white classmates.

Hair color and texture presented Ruby with the same kind of challenge that skin color did. So long as she kept away from brown and black crayons or paints, she had to be very careful about the hair she drew. She put yellow hair on white children, or would make their hair the same orange that outlined their face. Many people of both races had no hair. No Negro child had blond hair.

The first change in all this came when Ruby asked me whether she might draw her grandfather, her mother's father, who has a farm in the Mississippi Delta. It was not new for her to ask my permission to draw a particular picture, though this was the first time she had chosen someone living outside New Orleans. With enthusiasm and determination she drew an enormous Negro, his frame taking up, quite unusually, almost the entire sheet of paper. Every inch of him was brown except for a ring of thick black surrounding the brown irises. His mouth was large, and it showed fine yellow-colored teeth. The ears were normal in size. The arms were long, stretching to the feet, ending in oversize hands; the left one had its normal complement of fingers, but the right was blessed with six. The legs were thick, and ended in heavily sketched black boots, a noticeable shift from the frayed shoes or bare feet which she had drawn hitherto.

Ruby worked intently right to the end, then instantly told me what her grandfather was doing.

"That's my momma's daddy, and he has a farm that's his and no one else's; and he has just come home to have his supper. He is tired, but he feels real good, and soon he is going to have a big supper and then go to bed."

Ruby's father at that time was unemployed. It was not the first time, though never before had he been fired simply because his daughter was going to one school rather than another. He tended to be morose at home. He sat looking at television, or he sat on the front steps of the house carving a piece of wood. He also suffered a noticeable loss of appetite — the entire family knew about it and talked about it. The children tried to coax their father to eat. His wife cooked especially tasty chicken or ribs. I was asked for an appetite stimulant and prescribed a tonic made up of vitamins and some Dexamyl for his moodiness. I gave him a few sleeping pills because he would toss about by the hour and smoke incessantly. (In a house where eight people slept in two adjoining bedrooms with no door between them, it seemed essential for him to get some sleep, not only for his sake but for the children's.)

I asked Ruby whether there was any particular reason why she decided to draw her grandfather that day. She told me she had none by shaking her head. She smiled, then picked up the crayons and started drawing again, this time doing a pastoral landscape. Brown and black were used appropriately and freely. When it was finished, she took some of her Coke and a cookie, then spoke: "I like it here, but I wish we could live on a farm too; and Momma says if it gets real bad we can always go there. She says her daddy is the strongest man you can find. She says his arm's as wide as I am, and he can lick anyone and his brother together. She says not to worry, we have a hiding place, and I should remember it every day."

She was not having a particularly bad time of it, but she was rather tired that day. By then she also knew me long enough to talk about her fears, her periods of exhaustion, her wish for refuge or escape. Only once before had Ruby mentioned her impatience with the mobs, her weariness at their persistence: "They don't seem to be getting tired, the way we thought. Maybe it'll have to be a race, and I hope we win. Some people sometimes think we won't, and maybe I believe them, but not for too long."

It took Ruby several more months to be able to draw or paint a Negro without hesitation or distortion. From the beginning I wondered whether it was all my fault, whether she was in some way intimidated by the strange white doctor who visited her, with his games and crayons, his persistent curiosity about how she was getting along. Though in fact I am sure she was, there is reason to believe

that the pictures she drew reflected a larger truth about her feelings than the undeniable one of my somewhat formidable presence. Her mother had saved many of the drawings she did in Sunday school (all-Negro) before either desegregation or strange visitors came into her life, and the same pattern was to be found in them: whites drawn larger and more intact than Negroes; brown and black used with great restraint, just enough to indicate the person's race but no more. It was as if Ruby started drawing all people as white, then turned some of them into Negroes by depriving them of a limb or coloring a section of their skin, on the shoulder or the stomach, brown.

It seemed to me, then, that on my account Ruby had merely tightened up a pre-existing inclination to be confounded and troubled at the representation of racial differences, not to mention the implications those differences had for how people lived. Eventually I asked her why she thought twice about how much brown she would give to a colored child. She was then eight, and we had known one another for two years. She replied directly: "When I draw a white girl, I know she'll be OK, but with the colored it's not so OK. So I try to give the colored as even a chance as I can, even if that's not the way it will end up being."

Two years later Ruby and I could talk even more openly. At ten she was still the outgoing, winning girl she always was, though of course each time I saw her she was taller, thinner, a bit more composed, a little less the child. She wasn't very much interested in drawing anymore. She preferred to talk. She and I looked over many of her drawings, and at various intervals she made comments about them, much as if she were a colleague of mine. Almost in that vein I commented that her most recent work was least prolific but very accomplished indeed: "You didn't draw much this past year, but when you did, the people were really alive and very accurately shown, and the buildings look as real as can be."

She smiled and answered quickly: "I guess when you grow older you can see better, and so you can draw better. My teacher told me last week that my handwriting was getting better, too."

A few minutes went by, and I decided to persist with my comments on her art work, this time with a bluntness I can only justify as feeling quite "right" and appropriate at the time: "Ruby, you know my wife and I were looking at your drawings last night, and we both noticed how differently you draw Negro people now in contrast to the way you did years ago when we first started coming to see you. Do you think there's any reason for that, apart from the fact that you're now a better artist in every way?"

She paused longer than usual, and I began to

feel nervous about having asked the question. I was scurrying about in my mind for a remark that would change the subject without doing so too abruptly when she looked right at me and spoke out: "Maybe because of all the trouble going to school in the beginning I learned more about my people. Maybe I would have anyway; because when you get older you see yourself and the white kids; and you find out the difference. You try to forget it, and say there is none; and if there is you won't say what it be. Then you say it's my own people, and so I can be proud of them instead of ashamed." She smiled, as if she had delivered a hard speech and was relieved to have it done.

I didn't know what to say. On the one hand she was still the Ruby I had known all those years; yet she now seemed grown up. Her arms were folded quietly in her lap; her language was so clear, so pointed; and she somehow seemed both content with herself as she was and determined to make something of herself in the future.

RUBY had a classmate for several years named Jimmie, a lively, agile, particularly freckled boy whose blond hair tended to fall over his forehead. When I first asked Ruby to draw a picture of any school chum she wished (there were only three at the time), she obliged with a picture of Jimmie. "He is a good boy, sometimes," she commented, adding the last word of qualification after a genuine moment of hesitancy. In point of fact, Jimmie's behavior troubled her. One minute he would be attentive and generous, anxious to play games or even share food with her. Yet in a flash he could turn on her, and not just as one child will do with another. Ruby knew why, and could put it into words: "Jimmie plays with me OK, but then he remembers that I'm colored, so he gets bad."

I asked whether he was "bad" at other times — fresh or spiteful simply out of a moment's impulse. She handled my question rather forthrightly, even with a touch of impatience: "Well, he's bad sometimes when he wants things his own way and someone won't let him get it; but I mean it's different when he gets bad because I'm colored. He can be my friend and play real nice with me, and suddenly he just turns and says bad things, and he even gets scared of me and says he's going to leave; but he comes back. He forgets, and then he remembers again."

Jimmie's parents had it no easier. Like him they could not establish in their minds a clear-cut set of attitudes toward colored people. When riots made their son's school attendance dangerous, they kept him home. As the mobs achieved their purpose, a near-total boycott, the noise they

made and the terror they inspired in passersby gradually subsided. A few white families sent their children back to the schools involved, some in direct defiance of the small crowds that persisted, others rather quietly, almost secretly, through rear doors or side doors. Jimmie's parents sent him back as soon as it was safe to do so. When I saw him come to the school, neatly dressed, carrying his lunch box, I thought the very spirit of sanity resided in him, and with him was returning to the deserted halls and classrooms of the building he so casually and confidently entered. There was something very open and calm about him as he walked along, and I guessed something refreshing, something unsullied also.

As I came to know Jimmie and his family I realized how unfair I had been to the boy when I first saw him. I pictured him as Ruby's hope. In fact, he returned to school in spite of Ruby because his parents did not want him to waste months of time learning nothing. When he first met Ruby, he told her the facts rather explicitly: "My mother told me to stay away from you." Ruby told me what he had said, then informed me that Jimmie had contradicted his own words only seconds later by asking her to join him in a game. "So I did" was her way of letting the matter drop.

When Jimmie and I started drawing together, he made his feelings about Negroes rather clear: either they were in some fashion related to animals, or the color of their skin proved that if they were human they were certainly dirty human beings — dangerous, too. I don't think Ruby ever knew the fear she inspired in Jimmie, nor did Jimmie have any idea how very much Ruby strived to portray herself with his features and coloring, as if then she could be less afraid of him.

For a while Jimmie drew pictures of his home, his parents, his friends, and himself. He was particularly fond of landscapes, and once did eight of them in two weeks, each surprisingly different, though all dwelling upon trees, grass, and water. When I first asked him to draw a picture of Ruby, he looked at me quite in dismay and said he couldn't. I asked why. He now appeared cross: "Because I don't know what she looks like. I don't look at her close if I can help it."

I asked him whether sometimes he couldn't help noticing her. "Accidents happen sometimes, Jimmie; even when we try to do as we feel we should." He nodded, and allowed that he had managed a few glimpses at Ruby, and would try to draw her. He started to do so rather furtively, then somehow lost his nervousness, so that by the end he was the confident and scrupulously attentive craftsman and landscapist he always was — except, that is, for what he had done to Ruby. It was almost as if he had suddenly embraced surrealism. In the midst of

a stretch of grass he abruptly placed her, without feet, legs inserted in a piece of land left strangely sandy and barren in contrast to what surrounded it. He made Ruby small, though her arms were larger proportionately than those he usually drew. She had the thinnest line of a mouth and pinpoint eyes. Her hair was frizzy black, yet curiously and inappropriately long. She was brown-black, much more strikingly so than Ruby's medium brown complexion justified.

After a while Jimmie was able to develop on paper the various conflicting feelings he had toward Ruby and her race. He drew Ruby many times, at intervals upon my request and often because he wanted to do so, or felt that I wished him to do so. Jimmie had obvious trouble picturing her at all. He hesitated as he did at no other time. For many weeks she appeared only as a speck of brown, or in caricature. He told me that he didn't know what she looked like: "She's funny. She's not like us, so I can't draw her like my friends. Besides, she hides a lot from us." When I asked him where she hid, he said, "She doesn't really hide. I mean she stays away sometimes; but if I say something, she answers me all right."

I wanted to know whether he had any idea why Ruby might be keeping her distance from him and the others. He knew exactly why: "Well, she's colored, that's why." I reminded Jimmie that colored children lived nearby, and often played with white children. In New Orleans large areas of the city are thoroughly mixed racially, and have been for generations. He knew that, too: "That's different. It's on the street, not in school. My daddy says that on the street it's for everybody, but inside is where you have to be careful."

When I asked him whether he would draw a picture of Ruby at school, he readily obliged, though invariably he put Ruby in the play area outside the building. Finally I mentioned what I saw him doing, and he scarcely hesitated before replying: "The teacher said it won't be long before we go back to normal. She said that if most kids still stay home and the people still make all the noise in front of the school, then they'll send Ruby away and the trouble will be over; she said Ruby still isn't a regular member of the school, but that we have to be polite, anyway." The yard, for him, was like a waiting room, and in one drawing he put a bench in it — in actuality there was none — and he put Ruby on the bench.

In time Jimmie took Ruby into the building he drew, and in time he regularly came to see her as an individual. Amorphous spots and smudges of brown slowly took on form and structure. Ruby began to look human every time, rather than, say, like a rodent or a fallen leaf one day and a rather deformed human being the next. Eventually she

gained eyes and well-formed ears. It took more time for her to obtain a normal mouth; and only after a year of knowing her would Jimmie credit her with the pretty clothes he often gave to other girls. In describing Ruby's speech after he had finished his pictures, Jimmie for a long time tried his best to render his version of a Negro dialect. His parents began enjoying such performances, and also hearing from him how "the nigger" was doing in school. *They* were changing, too — from calling Ruby a "nigger" to calling her a "nigra," and from wanting no mention of her at home to insisting upon information about her schoolwork and her general behavior. By the middle of our second year's talks Jimmie was forgetting himself and telling me in his own words and accent what Ruby might be saying in one of his productions.

Jimmie may have tried to ignore Ruby, he may have consigned her to anonymity, even to the indignity of a dot, or an animal-like appearance, but he never really overlooked the difference her presence made to his school. He showed how embattled it was by a policeman here, a picket with a sign there. The demonstrators were drawn big and openmouthed, their arms unusually beefy, their hands prominent indeed, a child's view of the shrill, stifling, clutching power they exercised over the school's population. As they gradually lost that power and began to disband, Jimmie pictured them smaller.

The school building itself took on a variety of shapes in Jimmie's mind and on his paper. At first it was a confusing, almost ramshackle building, its walls as flimsy and unreliable as the school's future seemed at the time. Slowly, though, Jimmie realized that, as he put it, "We're going to make it." Quite casually, without self-consciousness, he showed that he meant what he said. His school grew in size, each time looking sounder and more attractive for all the wear it was taking from its assailants. Eventually he allowed the building to dominate everything around it, from the shrubbery to the crowd of human beings who once impressed both him and Ruby with their persistence and assertiveness.

What both Ruby and Jimmie chose to draw or paint reflected the particular lives each of them lived. I once asked Jimmie whether he thought his friends saw things the way he did — whether, for instance, any of them might draw his school, his teacher, his classmate Ruby as he did. Once and for all he cautioned me against whatever inclinations I might have to generalize: "I don't know. Which one of them do you mean?"

In all I spent four years getting to know two-score children like Jimmie and Ruby in New Orleans and other Southern cities. Though each child had his own life, including his own quality of

artistic interest and ability, there *were* certain trends in what these children chose to draw. Thus, Jimmie's drawings and Ruby's drawings resemble one another in the way all children's drawings do — the style, the sense of proportion, the preoccupations that change from year to year. If they also differ because Jimmie and Ruby are different artists and different human beings, the racial crisis they both witnessed served to bring them together by giving them a common experience; they shared a number of difficult times together. Eventually that crisis influenced not only what they thought but what they drew. Other children in their school and their city and all over the South have been similarly aroused and affected.

For the many I have known there can be no question that in the beginning they fear their white-skinned or dark-skinned classmates. Nor can there be any question of the very hard struggle they must contend with inside their minds as they try to sort out the hate and envy they have come prepared to feel toward one another, the curiosity, the interest, the confusion over the whole matter of black and white, bad and good, wrong and right.

Some of the children I have come to know were three years old when I first started talking with them; they were the nursery school brothers, sisters, and cousins of the older children I was visiting. All in all, these children lived in cities, towns, and the countryside. They ranged in age from three to ten. They lived in rather comfortable homes or in very poor ones. They were both white and Negro children, both boys and girls. What they all have in common is their American citizenship, their Southern residence and ancestry.

Negro children of elementary school age have not had enough time to set themselves straight about "why" they are colored and what that "fact" will mean for them in the future. Often they will try to deny the fact, or they will accept it so extravagantly that it is clear they are yet confused and troubled. For a long while I assumed that my middle-class, professional whiteness in some way made these children reluctant to color themselves brown or made them exceptionally anxious to color everyone brown. When I compared drawings done by the children for me with those they did at Sunday school, at home, in Negro schools, or at the request of their older brothers and sisters or parents, I learned that what I found significant and revealing in their drawings had a consistency and persistence quite its own, quite independent of my presence.

Is it true, then, that the words "Negro" and "white" help distinguish the dreams and fantasies of children? Do children of each race draw them-

selves and those of the other race quite differently? At two and three have they very different ideas about who they are, who they will be, all based on a budding sense of racial identity? I would say yes.

Before he is born, the Negro child's parents are greatly concerned about his color. By the second year of life the child is asking questions that ultimately will include one about his own skin color. A mother of five children in Jackson, Mississippi, described it to me rather explicitly: "When they asks all the questions, they ask about their color, too. They more than not will see a white boy or girl, and it makes them stop and think. They gets to wondering, and then first thing you know, they want to know this and that about it, and I never have known what to say, except that the Lord likes everyone because He makes everyone, and nothing is so good it can satisfy Him completely, so He made many kinds of people, and they're all equal before Him. Well, that doesn't always satisfy them; not completely it doesn't. So I have to go on. I tell them that no matter what it's like around us, it may make us feel bad, but it's not the whole picture, because we don't make ourselves. It's up to God, and He can have an idea that will fool us all."

I asked her when she found such conversation necessary. "I'd say about two or two and a half," she answered rather quickly. A bit deferentially she turned to me and asked: "Do you think that's too early for children to know?" I said no, I didn't. I said that what she told me confirmed some of my own observations.

She smiled, a little proud but still a little nervous. She wanted to pursue the matter further: "I know I'm right on the age; I've gone through it with too many to forget when it happens. But to tell the truth I never have been certain what to say. That's why I try to talk about God. No one knows what color He is. I tell the children that it's a confusing world, and they have to get used to it. You have to try to overcome it, but you can't hide it from the kids. When they ask me why colored people aren't as good as whites, I tell them it's not that they're not as good; it's that they're not as rich. Then I tell them that they should separate being poor and being bad, and not get them mixed up. I read to them from the Bible, and remind them that the Lord is a mighty big man, and what He thinks is not the same as what white folks do, or even black folks. He's bigger than all of us, I tell them, and I hope that makes them feel satisfied, so they don't dislike themselves. That's bad, not liking your own self."

Sometimes I erred by becoming too much the investigator. When I did so, when I emphasized racial matters too hard, when I seemed to be forcing a point here and there, the child or his mother often managed to bring me up short. One five-year-old

colored boy had been unusually explicit in both his talk and pictures: he wished he were white, and that was that. He said so, and he drew himself so. When I asked him whether he thought he *was* so, he said no, he was colored, but there was little harm in wishing otherwise. I asked him whether he thought all colored children shared his views: "I don't know, I only know the ones I play with. We all say let's turn white, then we pretend it's done. But we know it isn't all the while. And a white boy, he told me in school one time that he plays 'nigger' sometimes with his friends, and they say they're black and pretend, and then turn back to being white."

That there is anger and spite toward white people at work underneath is also discernible, though by no means are such emotions easily conveyed. One Negro mother put rather well the feelings I have heard many others express: "I guess we all don't like white people too much deep inside. You could hardly expect us to, after what's happened all these years. It's in our bones to be afraid of them, and bones have a way of staying around even when everything else is gone. . . . White people are a real danger to us until we learn how to live with them. So if you want your kids to live long, they have to grow up scared of whites; and the way they get scared is through us; and that's why I don't let my kids get fresh about the white man even in their own house."

The task, then, is one of making sure the child is afraid: of whites, and of the punishment his parents nervously inflict upon him whenever he fails to follow their fear of whites. The child's bravado must be curbed. In my experience, even two- and three-year-old Negro children have already learned the indirection, the guile needed for survival. They have also learned their relative weakness, their need to be ready to run fast, to be alert and watchful. They have learned that white children, as well as adults, are big, strong, and powerful; and that such power is specifically related to the colored man's defenselessness.

Ruby and Jimmie and all the boys and girls I have known these past years have learned to identify themselves, somewhat, by their skin color, have learned so during the first two or three years of life. What they have learned about their skin has been only the beginning of what they will learn. Yet, when they finally know what color they possess and what color they lack, they know something about their future. As one little Negro girl in Mississippi said after she had drawn a picture of herself: "That's me, and the Lord made me, but I must always remember that He did it, and it's His idea. So when I draw the Lord He'll be a real big man. He has to be to explain about the way things are."

BOOKS and MEN *This spring, ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger's fancy turns to books on and about art, a whim that carried him through the prose and color pages of three dozen volumes.*

THE BOOM IN ART BOOKS

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE place of Art, of painting and her sisters, in American life today is — well, often very expressive of American life today. Art has an unprecedented money value, commands a particular status value, has become the cultural exception to Philistine rule, the businessman's French poodle, the bull market's darling. It is also, among the arts, the avant-garde exception to middle-class resistance and mockery. But the whole situation isn't quite so tinged with commerce as these remarks may suggest. True (as was reported in the *New York Times*), a stockbroker's wife sued Knoedler's, arguing they had sold her a "fake" Modigliani — on the grounds that she in turn couldn't sell it at a profit. But in contrast to this current type of aesthete, many businessmen seek the best in pictures for the best of reasons — the pleasure they provide. Again, if museums still speak officially for art, the Met itself must give us pause in acquiring Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* for well over \$2 million and then exhibiting it, in its front hall, to price-bemused multitudes who might have been staring at the Koh-i-noor. More accurately, picture-collecting in America, from once being the plaything of elderly strike-it-rich Fricks and Kresses, is now a money-come-lately middle-class phenomenon, on occasion serving people who don't know what to do with their wealth, or their Saturday afternoons, or how better to dazzle their associates. Certainly never before has Art so vied for chic with cars and yachts; and never have artists, without painting down, so struck it rich themselves.

Of course there's a reason for all this: the fine

arts are the one form of high culture you can personally own. (Books, plays, symphonies, operas, ballets belong from the outset to the world; and owning the manuscript or score is to acquire rarity at no real loss to society.) Hence picture-buying can simultaneously satisfy an acquisitive instinct, a love of display, a concern for status, a form of speculation, and a feeling, of one kind or another, for art. It can also, to be sure, simply satisfy this last desire alone.

Far from irrelevant to all this is the great surge of expensive-art-book buying, which since World War II has more and more infiltrated our cultural life. True enough, scholarly art books and textbooks, popular art books, *catalogues raisonnés* have long served the public at every level: a whole generation went to school to Élie Faure's four-volume *History of Art*, a smaller one went to libraries for the great and high-priced *Propyläen Kunstgeschichte* series. But the emergence after World War II of, as I remember it, the Skira Books opened a new age. A certain alluring glossiness, a certain neither too academic nor too popular air, set such works apart; and appearing in bookshop windows just when "originals" multiplied on affluent suburban walls, they set a new current going. There was a ready market for these and the many other books that now tumbled out under new imprints. The scholar, the critic, the historian of the fine arts might raise an eyebrow, but the appreciative layman welcomed the New Look; was grateful for cleanly produced work on his favorite painters or periods; was given new facts unavailable in old compilations; was

often drawn to new subjects, or simply roused by the magic of color where he had been left cold by black and white. Such buyers, none of those I am thinking of professionals, differed considerably not just in their taste in art but in their taste in art books. Some sought informative texts, but more of them welcomed attractive colorplates, while still others clung, for budgetary reasons, to the art-book table d'hôte, the bulky and bountiful "survey." But whether informed or ignorant or somewhere in between, all these people were genuinely attracted to art.

As time went on, the output became more varied; and so did the market. To highish-priced books on painting and her sisters were added handsomely illustrated ones on architecture; more than just utilitarian ones on furniture or porcelain; books, too, on illuminated manuscripts, stained glass, arms and armor; and at length, luxurious works on luxury subjects, from jewels to palaces. Meanwhile, an apparent obstacle somehow vanished: the high price of the books no longer seemed bothersome, a fact that suggests the high incomes of the buyers. Picture buyers would of course buy picture books, and so would prospective picture buyers. And where price caused no pain, here were books to give pleasure, whether to oneself or, as flattering gifts, to one's friends. At this point the "coffee-table book" entered our lives and our vocabularies. I have had some doubts of the extent of its sway, but am reliably informed that it is a very considerable one, and a real measure of status — twenty dollars' worth of Impressionists on the table creates a very nice impression, twenty-five dollars' worth of Post-Impressionists creates a nicer one. In gift-buying, something a little more stately or massive is appreciated — a *Leonardo*, say, at thirty-five dollars. Moreover, at Christmas, corporations and advertising agencies now frequently favor the coffee table over the wine cellar or the humidor, with art books from fifteen dollars to fifty dollars advising you where you stand.

It is still arguable, however, that the coffee table is the French pastry side of art books, and that the bread-and-butter side is really the sale to a substantial number of libraries. Sales, I am told, seem little affected by book reviews, even in publications where book reviews normally matter. Imprints, on the other hand — Abrams, Skira, Thames & Hudson — have not only the real selling names but the right selling techniques, such as publication in five or six languages, which considerably cuts down the cost in each one. Almost all art books are printed abroad, in Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Italy, France, not, it seems, because we can't acquire equal expertise but because we can't avoid extra expense. There is also a great traffic in low-priced art books, including paperbacks.

Status aside, statistics aside, this abundance of attractive art books has conferred great benefits on a host of no doubt mixed-browed but genuinely responsive people. Such people are much like buyers of "classical" records, and they primarily, I think, want to *look*, as the record buyers want to listen. Reading about art and music is secondary, although the comment in art books, if sometimes all too flossy, is usually superior to that in record albums. Surely the best reading matter in both fields is to be sought off the premises, in the best art and music *criticism*. For me, a diet of art-historian or musicologist hardtack, if far more scholarly, is often little more rewarding than blurbologist mush.

As with recording sound, so there have always been problems with reproducing color. There seems to be a certain tendency to make up for inadequate brightness in the past with undue glossy brilliance today. Still, even museums must have color problems to grapple with, what with hanging and lighting and often the glare from glass frames. Faced in art books with less than perfect accuracy, what I think one can demand and find sufficiently satisfying is a complete and attractive *unity* of tone. There can be great disparity: I've just laid out the various colorplates I have of Velasquez's *Maids of Honor*, and the prevailing "tone" ranged from a chilly lemony silver to a warmish orangy gold. Certainly, brilliant plates are in general far better than dull ones, but brilliance can be damaging where nuances, atmospheres, a painter's very special coloring enter in; with Claude, say, or Corot. For all-round art-book *education*, the structured scholarly texts of the Pelican History of Art series are probably, despite a lack of colorplates, the most satisfactory. Still, there is to be had from color a far more than dilettantish pleasure, indeed the only real substitute for the pictures themselves; and this more and more as color improves. What do need to improve are some of the texts. Where text and plate are on facing pages, there is often very useful comment on painterly matters; but the comment can also resemble a pundit's dismal "close reading" of a poem, with the language in double jeopardy: art jargon soaked, as it were, in sudsy translatoresc.

TODAY's profusion of coffee-table books makes for notable variety and notable differences. My own reactions in what follows are altogether a layman's and an amateur's — the *homme moyen esthétique*, much less critically appraising a book's merits than responding, or resistant, to its appeal.

Painters first. No single recent book on a painter has offered more valuable and fascinating new material — photographic and lithographic, bio-

graphical and bibliographical, juvenilia and memorabilia — than P. Huisman's and M. G. Dortu's *Lautrec by Lautrec*. The book, moreover, has been splendidly put together; and if the textual approach is sometimes not up to the rest, this is yet the kind of book one longs for and lingers over. A *Titian* and a *Goya*, published more recently, are both very welcome, offering as they do great painters in pictorially brilliant form. Antonio Morassi's *Titian*, when it turns to color, provides a plate-by-plate description, much of it very usefully historical and factual. The plates are well chosen, and there is also a kind of bonus, since Morassi, advancing boldly in disputed territory, assigns to Titian two of the glories of Giorgione, the *Sleeping Venus* and the *Concert Champêtre* — a bonus to book buyers, but a blow to those for whom the *Concert* in particular seems the very essence of Giorgione and of his magical aura. With both pictures I cling to Giorgione, though someone else may have "finished" them. José Gudiol's *Goya* traverses a long, many-faceted career with an informative text and a judicious representation of Goya's varied talents. If most often we get, in handsome color, the superb portraitist, we also get the more savage Goya of the drawings and prints, of the *Proverbs* and *Disasters of War*.

Skira's *Treasures of Spain*, resembling in its sumptuous appeal the earlier *Treasures of Venice*, spreads a wider net and presents over several centuries the whole visual culture of Spain. The generally fine colorplates are of much value in reproducing cathedrals and palaces, chapels and tombs, retables and monstrances, tapestries and frescoes, sedan chairs and armor, and some of the finest pictures in the world. The frequent danger with books like this is a tendency toward a cultural hodgepodge and a riot of color; the great virtue can be a cultural panorama glowing with color, which is true here.

What might have been called *Treasures of China* — *Chinese Art*, covering all varieties in four volumes — concludes with the second of two volumes on the minor arts. Here, as earlier, is fine bookmaking, and here on this occasion is the expert guidance of R. Soame Jenyns. In some cases, as in using brilliant blue backgrounds for small *objets d'art*, the color is far too intrusive; but for the most part color does notable justice to objects in horn and tortoiseshell, coral and glass, rock crystal and agate, and to silks and velvets, carpets and hangings. As art some of these objects are for my taste ill-conceived or overelaborate; but much else, like the snuff bottles, has charm, and much has distinction and beauty.

Most books on interiors and luxury merchandise might, I think, be coffee-tabled for a while. Thus, though *Great Family Collections* usefully records great

accumulations still in private hands, and pictures some very fine paintings, furniture, and works of art, a little too much of it suggests the family's taste rather than the connoisseur's, and an acquisitive itch rather than a selective instinct. There are garishly overdressed rooms and fierce clashes of decor — the English houses come off best — and on occasion one recalls Horace Walpole's remark of a great establishment that it "looks like the palace of an auctioneer who has been chosen King of Poland." I do, however, find two attractive exceptions to these gilded guided tours. One is Nigel Nicolson's *Great Houses of Britain*. Here "family" helps: as the son of Sir Harold Nicolson and V. Sackville-West, Mr. Nicolson writes of his subject from the inside; and, also as their son, he writes well. His text is both enjoyable and informative, and the book and plates breathe a certain elegance. I must confess that for all its history and celebrity, Mr. Nicolson's own vast ancestral pile, Knole, seems aesthetically unimpressive; and I take comfort from finding that none of Mr. Nicolson's own claims for its greatness are intrinsically aesthetic ones:

It is very large; it has a distinguished history; its two main periods blend with remarkable sympathy; its contents are unique; it remains in the occupation of the Sackvilles.

The second exception, the most unusual, colorful, and rewarding of all the interior books I have seen recently, is Mario Praz's *An Illustrated History of Furnishing*, in which the brilliant author of *The Romantic Agony*, using four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints — there are no photographs — has traversed some five hundred years of furnished rooms. Though it is pleasant to come upon famous names, from Van der Weyden and Cranach to Degas and Vuillard, these pictures are historically and culturally most revealing where least inspired; indeed, the obscurity of the painter is in proportion to the opulence of the scene. What the book approximates is a superb résumé of upper-class life indoors, and a marvelous document in the history of taste, or (as is so frequent and so fatal among the highborn) of tastefulness. But there are engaging surprises, such as the wholly unadorned Biedermeier music room of a certain Archduchess Sophie.

Moving to the outside of houses, Arthur Upham Pope's *Persian Architecture* must balance a text by one of the greatest authorities on Persian art and culture against a serious production weakness. This is the only book under consideration that was manufactured in America; and though the letterpress is good, as are most of the 33 colorplates, the 370 plates in black and white are often faded-looking, or dull-looking, or both. Did expertise falter here, or expense forbid? In any case, America fell short.

Concerned more with America, but happily manufactured abroad, is Werner Blaser's *Mies van der Rohe: The Art of Structure*. This cleanly produced book, though perhaps chiefly aimed, what with its many technical plans and sketches, and its specific subtitle, at the professional, yet has much to please and instruct the sympathetic layman. The great bulk of the book discusses and illustrates Mies's work since 1940.

As against coffee-table wares, today's wide choice of low-priced student-lamp ones is decidedly reassuring. Thus, the latest volume in the Q.L.P. (whatever that means) series, Raymond Cogniat's hard-cover *Chagall*, generously offers at \$3.50, along with drypoints and pencil sketches, close to sixty mostly full-page and full-bodied colorplates. Just completed is the paperback Compass History of Art in twelve volumes (\$2.25 each). Here success in color reproduction tends to vary with the kind of things reproduced. Thus *Twentieth Century Painting*, with its brilliant abstractions, and with strong color contrasts rather than nuances, is for the most part good. Good also is the volume on illuminated manuscripts, and much of Gothic and other early art. Color, however, is often damagingly off-color in *Nineteenth Century Painting*, marring Ingres's glow, Corot's tone, Renoir's flesh; and there are color troubles with the centuries just preceding. What this perhaps sifts down to is that the color goes wrong with *living* textures. But the series can be well recommended: offering over two thousand plates and very serviceable texts for \$27.00, it spans four thousand years much more happily in these neat, compact little books than do three or four — often rather seedy-looking — surveys at much the same price.

Possibly, for the nonspecialist, the most attractive of modest-priced ventures is the Art of the World books. Having, in a long first series, covered virtually everything except Europe, they have now started a European series with *Rome and Her Empire* and the *High Gothic Era*. The books are well printed and bound, with good plates on all phases of their subject, and with scholarly texts. Thus the late Marcel Aubert's *High Gothic* offers cathedrals and castles, paintings and sculptures, painted wood carvings, frescoes, friezes, ruins, arches, and illuminated manuscripts. The color photographs do remarkably well with surfaces and substances, so that, almost literally, one gets the feel of a whole period or cultural movement. The price per volume is an inelegant but humane \$6.95.

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

BY FRANCES LINDLEY

After the Age of Anxiety,
the Age of Capitulation:
the Sundays of public piety,
the weekdays of mild sedation;
the grading system rescaled
so that all of the pupils pass,
and even the ones who failed
keep up with the rest of the class.
Breast-fed, untrained to the toilet,
the infant lisps our creed:
"It works. Watch out or you'll spoil it.
They love it. What more do you need?
Aspire to what you've got,
and settle for what you get.
Come as you are. Do not
yearn to be better-yet."

After the Age of Torment,
the season of snap, pop, crackle,
when shame and remorse lie dormant
and the adder curls up with the jackal,
and the culpable ideal
is finally put in its place.
Then painless the loss of will,
weightless the fall from grace.
And though all of the milk is spilt,
only the baby cries;
while out of the jungle of guilt
the reconciled arise
to dance with the company's clients
and putt on the president's greens
in the sunlight of social science,
while the ends make a meal of the means.



The heretofore little known impact (on the wage-price structure) of the mother-in-law who does not know she is a mother-in-law is here recounted, together with other data of life and times in the 1920s, by Arnold Gingrich. He was first editor of ESQUIRE and since 1952 has been its publisher. This remembrance is drawn from his forthcoming memoir, TOYS OF A LIFETIME, to be published next fall by Knopf.

What Makes the Wheels Go Round

by ARNOLD GINGRICH

RECENTLY I had a letter from a young fellow, just out of college last June, complaining about the “miserable wage” he was being paid in his first job after graduation. The job in question pays — or rather, paid, as he has since quit it for a better one — \$56.25 a week. Over forty years ago, in the summer of 1925, I felt the same way about the measly “wages” being offered for first jobs after graduation. But my problem had an extra complication in that I had to earn a particular sum weekly.

This problem was posed by my then mother-in-law, who didn’t know that she was my then mother-in-law. My first wife and I, having been married while we were both in school, hadn’t had the nerve to tell her mother about it. So my then mother-in-law thought that she was, at worst, my prospective mother-in-law, and she wasn’t too happy about that. She stipulated that before she would allow us to marry, I must get a job paying fifty dollars a week. In the summer of 1925 that seemed to be a height so redoubtable as to be virtually unscalable to a kid just out of college. However, I resolved to try to land such a job.

Everywhere I went that summer in Chicago my prospective employers were most affable, until I reached that point in our interview when I had to disclose the fact that I couldn’t work for less than fifty dollars a week.

The thing I got told then ran to this effect:

“Go get a job somewhere else and then come back, when you can at least say you’ve had some experience, and then we’ll talk about paying anything like fifty dollars a week.”

Among the many places I was told that same story was the Osten Advertising Agency on West Jackson Boulevard. Mr. Osten, an amiable if harried-looking man of late middle age — I suppose he was in his fifties, but to me, hardly into my twenties, he looked older than God — was quite obviously in great need of a copywriter. He was willing to pay me up to thirty-five dollars a week to take the job, and even showed me the finished layouts, waiting for copy to be written, that would be my first work. There were ads for Green River, a prohibition-time soft drink, and Haddon Hall Ginger Ale, and I remember thinking they would be fun to work on. But the same old hurdle kept us apart, and I went on to another half-dozen hirings and firings, until it finally dawned on me that I was wasting my breath trying to talk my way into any fifty-dollar-a-week job.

So I went back to Mr. Osten and asked him if he still had those layouts lying around waiting for copy. When he said he did, I took off my hat and coat, and rolling up my sleeves, said I was going to work on them for nothing.

“But you can’t do that,” he said. He couldn’t have appeared more shocked.

“Why can’t I?” I said. “I’ve got to get fifty

dollars a week because of my peculiar problem that I told you about, but I can see now that I'll never get a job at anything like that kind of money unless I have some experience first, and that's where you come in. All I ask you to do," I told him, "is let me use your address and your stationery while I go on looking for a job. And if my work's half as good as I think it is, I expect you to say so when somebody asks you about it after I've given your name for a reference. I have a hunch that what I'm after is a second job that I'll never get unless I have a first job to go to it from. So that's what this is, my first job. That's why I'm doing it for nothing, though I promise you I'd be cheap at twice the price."

I SET to work and cleared up all the layouts waiting for copy like a housewife doing the dishes, and then after that did a lot more besides.

At that it was a fairly daring gesture on my part because I was living on three leftover buns a day which I got from a Clark Street bakery for a dime, and had been for over a week, since spending half of my last ten dollars on a George Moore book I specially wanted. My place of residence was a ramshackle and makeshift room adjacent to a coal heap in a cellar, for which I had promised to pay two fifty a week whenever I got a job.

Osten had a layout man, S. L. Huntley, a Texan who as a sideline was developing a comic strip called *Mescal Ike*, which was later accepted by the *Chicago Daily News*. By way of warming up the *Daily News* to be receptive to his strip, he was indefatigably contributing funny items to their daily humor column, at that time run by Keith Preston. When he learned that I was contributing my services to Osten without pay he was not at all surprised, pointing out that in effect he was doing the same thing, working much harder on the things he was devising for nothing for Keith Preston's column than he was on the layouts he was doing for Osten for pay.

Huntley was the first professionally funny man I ever knew, although at that time he was still only a semi-pro. But though I knew many others afterward, they were without exception dour fellows, with a dyspeptic outlook generally, and the funnier they were professionally, the more dour they were in person. But Huntley was funny for nothing, for his own amusement, before he began being well paid to be funny for others.

Nights when we were walking up Michigan Avenue after work, above the Art Institute, he would stop at an intersection where people were waiting for buses. Stepping up to any two who were standing next to each other, he would put a

hand on the shoulder of each and say, "Mr. Zelosky, shake hands with Mr. Moholy."

The two would reach and shake hands, before turning to look at, or for, their introducer, who by that time would have fallen back in step with me, proceeding upstreet in the crowd. Looking back at them, we would see Mr. Zelosky explaining rather sheepishly to Mr. Moholy that his name really wasn't Zelosky at all, thus interrupting Mr. Moholy, who was trying to explain the same thing, and invariably they would each look at their own hands as if they'd never seen them before. They always gave every indication, though, that they were going to go on talking to each other, at least until the bus came, and by that time Huntley might have introduced two or three more pairs of perfect strangers.

My hunch paid off before my money gave out: I had suspected that agencies often got letters asking for their help in filling jobs, and before long Huntley tossed me a letter and said, "Here, this is what you're looking for."

At first, I didn't think it was, and he had to reassure me. It was on the letterhead of *Rock Products*, beneath the logotype of which there was a subhead reading "The Journal of the Non-Metallic Mineral Industries," and it was signed "W. D. Callendar, Pres." What it said, in substance, was that they were looking for somebody to head up their advertising service department, and that the man they wanted must be one who knew "what makes the wheels go round." They weren't sure, it went on, whether such a man should be called an engineering advertiser or an advertising engineer because, in effect, he had to be both, to translate into language that an ordinary businessman, such as a purchasing agent, could understand the highly technical details of the machines and appliances used in the industry their journal served.

"Oh, Jesus, no," I said. "I'm a mathematical moron, I wouldn't know the first thing about a job like that."

"The hell you wouldn't," said Huntley; "you know what makes the wheels go round. They have a little dingus called an axle, and they go round on that, and that's all there is to it."

"I wish it were," I said, "but I'm sure there's a lot more to it than that. Why, I don't even know how to use a slide rule, and it says right here that the stuff they deal in is highly technical."

"Well, suit yourself," said Huntley, "but if I were you, before I'd pass it up, I'd at least look at the place. See, it says 542 South Dearborn. Hell, that's just around the corner. What can it hurt to take ten minutes to go case the joint, and you might get some idea of just how highly technical it really is. Somehow that letter sounds to me like the

work of a bull artist — you know, one cut above a con man — whether he's an engineer or not. Besides, Osten can't dock you, you know."

"I'm afraid he might not be able to give me much of a send-off, either, for an engineering job."

"Aw, the hell with Osten. How do they know if there even is an Osten? Tell them I'm the boss here, and if it comes to that, you can refer them to me. I'll tell 'em you're a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell of an engineer. Go on, git."

WHEN I got to the place, it was a mob scene. Osten's must have been the last place to get the circular letter. Or perhaps there had been an ad in some paper that I hadn't seen, though I had scanned every edition of Chicago's then seven separate papers and had seen no ad referring even indirectly to anything like an engineering advertiser or an advertising engineer. The entrance hall was packed almost solid with apparent applicants for the job, though I was able to squirm my way through far enough to see that inside there was no line. In the center of a large open office, with desks like headstones in a cemetery, was one glassed-in office, outside which sat two men waiting, while apparently a third was being interviewed within. So the deal seemed to be that they were knocking this crowd off three at a time.

I decided to circulate among the applicants, and stopping to ask one for a match, and another for the time, and aided by the turbulence in the outer office from seeming to be too obvious about it, I managed before long to elicit the information that not one of the applicants was really an engineer. Their one common denominator seemed to be that they all claimed to be "sorta innarested in things like that."

This gave me an idea, and I went back to Osten's to pick up the telephone and see if I could get to talk to Mr. Callendar while his interviewing was still going on. Surprisingly, I could, so after identifying myself only as the Osten Advertising Agency, and telling him that I was calling him about his letter looking for an engineering advertiser, I said that I hoped to be able to save him some time because I had taken the trouble to find out, with the possible exception of a couple who were waiting outside his office while I was there, that there was not a single engineer among all the couple of dozen other applicants for the job who were then waiting to see him in the outer office.

"That interests me very much," he said. "In fact, I'd like to meet the man who thought of finding that out."

Nothing could be easier, I assured him, except that the man in question was very busy, and couldn't possibly get away before five thirty or, if that would be too late, during the noon hour the next day.

"No, no," he cut in, "this is very important to me. I'll make it a point to be here *after* five thirty, though I'm usually not here much after four."

So I let him wait until quarter of six, by which time he was alone in his central glassed-in pavilion, where the lights still burned, the rest of the office and the outer anteroom all having had theirs extinguished. He called to me to come on in from the outer office, telling me how to press the latch to let myself through the gate in the waist-high railing that separated it from the main room.

My story to him was brief but I thought calculated to be appealing. I was, in short, that man he was looking for, call him what you will, advertising engineer or engineering advertiser, but I was now, alas, out of my natural element, like a fish out of water, because I was now beached, as it were, high and dry in a desert of consumer goods, having to write advertising for things like soft drinks and perfumes, whereas all my instincts and all my interests — well, being an engineer himself he could no doubt imagine how a job such as the one he had so aptly described in his witty letter must appear to the likes of me to be a veritable oasis, a promised land —

"I certainly hope it doesn't turn out to be a mirage," he said, "and not what you're looking for at all. But you flatter me," he added. "I'm not an engineer. I was denied the advantages of a college education" — he didn't add the "unlike you," but a slight pause intimated it as clearly as if he had spelled it out — "I had to hoe my own row, starting out as a salesman."

I thought he looked more like a drummer than any engineer should, though what he really resembled in style and manner was a Norman Rockwell drawing of a barker or spieler outside a carnival or sideshow at a county fair. But this was wonderful, I thought, for if he wasn't an engineer himself, how could he possibly tell for sure whether I was or not.

"I can see you're not a hen, too," I told him, "but I'm sure you're a better judge of an omelet than any hen that ever clucked."

"Heh, heh, very well put," he chuckled. "Young man, I like your way of saying things, and your way of doing things, too, if I can judge by the way you found out I was wasting my time with all those other applicants. There's only one thing that worries me about the possibility of our getting together on this proposition."

He paused and looked at me, owlishly. Here it comes, I thought, here's where he asks me for

proof I'm an engineer, and that's when the pipe goes out. But no, not another word on that score. He went on, "The emolument of this position is only fifty dollars a week." I gulped.

"Well," I began, wondering just how disappointed I dared try to look, or indeed was expected to look, since he had prefaced the magic number with an "only," and also wondering how big a lie I could tell without actually lying, "the work I'm doing now would figure out, at the lowest of piecework rates, to better than sixty-five dollars a week" — he looked suddenly pained at the mention of this sum, as if I'd pinched him — "but the money doesn't matter so much" — and now suddenly the sun was out again, and he was all smiles — "it's the kind of work I get to do that counts the most."

He jumped up and began pumping my hand up and down, just like a tennis player after leaping the net at the sight of the ball dropping in for the deciding point of a hard-fought match: "Well, young man, put 'er there! That's the kind of talk I like to hear."

I almost keeled over backward in surprise. My god, I was hired, it seemed. It was like a door opening too easily that you thought was stuck, sending you sprawling headlong after your mighty effort to thrust it open. It occurred to me that whatever happened, they would undoubtedly have to give me two weeks pay when they threw me out, and that meant that I could expect to have a hundred dollars in my pocket. That was enough to keep me in day-old buns for almost three years, though the fact had also to be faced that the landlady would someday want something for all those weeks that, at two fifty a week, would in all probability elapse before I'd find another job at fifty dollars a week.

Callendar, having made his score for the day, was suddenly in a hurry. But I had my own reasons for hoping that the interview would now end quickly. I was afraid he still might ask me to prove that I was an engineer. Now that I felt that I was at least into him for a hundred dollars, I didn't want to say another word.

As a matter of fact, we didn't exchange another word for almost a year thereafter. The next day I met the engineers, Nathan C. Rockwood and Edmund Shaw, who as editor and managing editor respectively actually handled all the highly technical matter that went into their journal of the nonmetallic mineral industries, but I didn't meet my own immediate boss, Charles Breskin, the advertising manager, who with his staff of space salesmen was responsible for the sale of the adver-

tisements in *Rock Products*, as he was away on an Eastern trip.

Rockwood and Shaw were both New Englanders, the former about sixty and the latter pushing seventy, but while Rockwood looked like one of the bearded Smith Brothers on the cough drop packages, Shaw looked more like the provisional president of one of the banana republics, with drooping white mustaches, an almost Negroid swarthiness in startling contrast to his white hair, and sleepy eyes above a perpetually smoldering cigarette. Around the eyes, I was much later to realize, he was almost a dead ringer for the French statesman Pierre Laval.

Neither of them asked me if I was an engineer, but it must have been evident to both of them, within a matter of seconds, that I wasn't.

I made only two bad mistakes in my first weeks of writing the ads for *Rock Products*. Noon hours I would rush up the street to the Monadnock Building, where I could use the library of the Society of Western Engineers to look up all the unfamiliar technical terms that bothered me, but like the bad speller who misspells only the easy words because he has to look up all the hard ones in the dictionary, I came a cropper only on two things that were too elementary for me to be able to find in the technical works to which I had such easy if furtive access.

One was an ad for screens, where I made the mistake of assuming that all they did was act like a sieve in sizing the stones that they allowed to fall through their apertures. I failed to figure out that as rotary screens they exercised a cleansing function at the same time. But that was a minor error, soon corrected when the advertiser sent the ad back with a brief notation to that effect scribbled in its margin.

But my other mistake was a lulu, and I had a hard time crawling out of it. In the only folder I could find to give me anything to go on for an ad I had to write about an overhead crane, a huge elaborate thing for big cement factories, it mentioned headroom, but in such a way that I could get no idea of what a headroom was, or where it was, or what you did in it.

Since in all these ads I took the attitude that the duller the subject matter the livelier must be the copy and art, I proceeded to fasten on this headroom, whatever it was, as the thing to jazz up and make appealing.

So I had happier workers, beaming like contented cows, and pleased production managers, chortling over charts showing increased production, and everything short of the king in his countinghouse, counting out his money, to show how life was in flower all over the giant cement plant, and all this serenity was presumably rampant

only because of the marvelous new headroom in this wonderful new crane.

Today, I suppose any cretin who has ever ridden under an overpass, where the amount of headroom is clearly marked, would know that headroom is merely an amount of clearance. But I didn't know it, and when the angry advertiser sent back the copy, saying it was a poor joke that must have been perpetrated either by a hopeless idiot or a helpless drunk, it was very nearly my downfall. For the layout and copy were returned, not to me, but to Charles Breskin, the advertising manager, under whom I was only a straw boss.

Fortunately, Mr. Breskin was away, not still but again, as I had met him in the interim and even been complimented by him on my work. He had been enthusiastic about my first attempts to brighten up these trade paper ads for highly specialized products by giving them some of the same type of appeal that had customarily been confined to consumer ads for goods of a more general kind, and had offered me only one specific suggestion.

"When you sign your letters sending out these ads," he said, "always be sure to close with 'Cordially yours.' I notice you sometimes only say 'Sincerely.' That's no good. People don't give a damn whether you're sincere or not, as long as you're telling them something they like to hear. Everybody likes to be treated cordially, and sometimes they'll even think they are when they aren't, just because you say they are."

So now I remembered this and answered the letter of complaint, most cordially, for Mr. Breskin in his absence, assuring the offended advertiser that he would personally supervise the preparation of all future ads for them and putting the blame for this ghastly error on a misguided practical joker, a disgruntled copywriter who, having left our employ by a request that was not his own, had sought to sabotage the place by sending out "a few of these supposedly funny ads" before he left. I thought while I was at it, if I could just get onto the record the possibility that there might have been more than one such ad, I might be covering up more tracks than I was aware of having left, on the chance that other mistakes might turn up to haunt me. I was careful in signing Mr. Breskin's name beneath the "Cordially yours" to make it "per" two undecipherable initials.

This letter was attached to another ad, to replace the one that had caused all the trouble, and thus by implication the new ad had been personally supervised by Mr. Breskin.

Back came an even more cordial letter, thanking Mr. Breskin for his personal attention to the matter, and there were never any more complaints.

So deeply was I impressed by the injunc-

tion to sign everything "Cordially yours" that for forty years and more thereafter I have never signed a letter that was concluded any other way without a momentary twinge of guilt, and the sneaky feeling of fear that even now Mr. Breskin might find me out.

CHARLES BRESKIN went on in later years to found his own magazine, *Modern Packaging*, which still exists, though I have never seen its name in print without marveling that he didn't call it *Cordial Packaging*, in view of how he felt about the power of that magic adjective.

But though I stayed there over a year, relations between Mr. Callendar and me were never again anywhere near as cordial as they had been that first night when he hired me. Word got back to him somehow that I was no more an engineer than he was, and though Rockwood and Shaw and Breskin all reassured him repeatedly that my department was running better than it ever had before, he still squirmed under the feeling that he had been outsmarted. So there was no raise for me at Christmastime when everybody else got one, including the girl at the switchboard and the little old guy who wrapped packages.

Though Mr. Callendar had never said a word to me, only blinking at me balefully from where he sat twiddling his thumbs and looking half-asleep whenever I was unable to avoid passing his office, I now felt sure enough of myself to march in boldly and ask him how come no raise, just like that.

"Because your department is overhead," he said, "and the thing to do with overhead is — keep it down"; and he made a brisk downward motion with his right thumb. "Everything's overhead except Sales."

I was hoping to get a word in, to the effect that all the rest of this overhead had been given a raise at Christmastime, but the mere mention of the word Sales seemed to set him off, practically genuflecting every time he mentioned sales or salesmen, reminding me that he had been a salesman himself; and as he headed into a peroration on the importance and power of sales and salesmen, not only there, where he sat and I stood at the moment, but throughout our entire economy, it dawned on me that he was not only dead set against me but that he was also rather more than half drunk, and that if I didn't get out of there gracefully and quickly, he might very well end up firing me.

So I thanked him, at the first moment I could possibly interrupt, for making the situation so clear, and headed for the door as I did so.

Back in the advertising service department, I told Don Paeth, our art director, the gist of the discussion and he was sympathetic, although he had received a raise himself. I had noticed one thing while I was in Callendar's office that had given me an idea. On a worktable behind his desk was a large map of the country, in which he had placed pushpins of different colors, like a battle map, each of which seemed to stand for a different salesman. There were no pins either in the Southwest or anywhere on the Coast, and I asked Paeth if that meant there were no salesmen in either of those territories. He said he was pretty sure there weren't. Earnshaw was in the South, Alter in the Middle West, Breskin himself took care of the East—he named them all off, and agreed that so far as he knew, and he'd been there for years, there never had been any salesmen that far away.

So now I had something new to go up to the Monadnock Building for on my lunch hours. In the library of the Society of Western Engineers, where I had managed to prevent all but a few of the many mistakes I might otherwise have made, by means of fairly elementary research, I now had a new project, to study up on the names and products of firms in the Southwest or on the West Coast which might conceivably be prospects for space in *Rock Products*, and see if I could sell some ads by mail. I found three, and with the junior artist's help, in consideration of a few dinners I bought him when we worked nights, got together a campaign for each of them.

One was a blank, never even acknowledging receipt of the proposed ads I had sent. The second was a modest success, resulting in the placement of a contract for three half-page ads. That was well short of the miraculous, though there were salesmen on the staff who had sold less than that in the previous six months. But the third was the jackpot. It was a direct tap on a mother lode. It brought in an order for twelve full-page ads in full color, something that had never happened before. There wasn't even a rate for full-color pages, and we had to get the printer to figure one out.

All unwittingly, it seemed, I had presented the Nordstrom Valve Company, out on the Coast, with a campaign for an industry they had never previously served but had just decided to enter. They didn't think anybody knew of their plans in this respect, and were dumbfounded to receive a campaign trumpeting forth the virtues of a product they had only just finished perfecting and didn't know anybody knew anything about.

In that, of course, they were right. I didn't

know a damn thing about them or their products, and had only assumed that what they had would work in our industry or that they wouldn't want the ads saying it did.

The first reverberation was when a long-distance call came in for me from one of their vice presidents, wanting to know where we had obtained the information on which the ads were apparently based. When he heard that it was "just a hunch," he clearly couldn't believe it. It was probably the first call ever received from such a distance, as our salesmen were not permitted even to telegraph, let alone telephone, except in the direst of emergency plights.

Within the week, the official who had called up was there in person, and the space contract was an accomplished fact. The size of the order represented more business than the entire sales staff had obtained all together in a month, and more than, with the single exception of Breskin, any had obtained in three months. As an occasion in the annals of *Rock Products*, it called for dancing in the aisles.

But although Callendar always wrote encouraging and applauding comments on all the salesmen's space-order cards as they passed over his desk, with plaudits like "Keep up the good work" and "Bravo" even for insertion orders calling for one-eighth- or one-quarter-page ads, when both my space-order cards went through, the one calling for three half pages and the other for an incredible twelve in full color, both cards came back with nothing but a scribbled initialing, which was in fact mandatory before they could be further processed, of the three letters "WDC."

After that, he had a near-mutiny on his hands, as both Rockwood and Breskin pleaded with him for some recognition of my efforts to bring some new business into the place. Finally, Breskin the salesman succeeded, where Rockwood the editor had failed, in getting him to promise to give me a raise. He did, too, in the very next paycheck: a raise of five dollars—per month. It worked out to about a dollar thirty-three cents a week.

For the first time in over a year, I turned to the want-ad pages again, and answered an ad for a copywriter at B. Kuppenheimer & Co. Remembering how well my fish-out-of-water routine had gone over in getting this first job, I now turned the record over and played its other side in presenting myself for this second job. I was a clothing copywriter, had written clothing ads in college (that part just did happen to be true), and I was now stuck in a place where I had to write about steam shovels and cranes, and oh, how wonderful

it would be to get back to my natural bent. This time, though, I intimated that the work I was now doing was worth every penny of the sixty-five I let them think I was getting, since that had worked so well the year before; I even went so far as to suggest that because of my great interest in writing about clothing, I would be willing to work for as much as five dollars less, because, falling into the old refrain, the money didn't matter so much — it was exactly the same deal as last time, only this time played, as it were, in a different suit.

As it turned out, I didn't have to take the implied cut that I had had the temerity to suggest, but got the whole sixty-five that I had hinted at but not quite dared to come out and ask for openly.

I was now set to go back and thank Mr. Callendar for the raise. I did this with a surprise handshake, much the same way as he had surprised me with a sudden handshake by way of reaching a conclusion in our first interview the year before. I reached down and grabbed his hand, although he was seated and hadn't got up out of his chair when I walked into his office. Holding his hand, I began pumping it vigorously up and down, refusing to let go of it, and punctuating my remarks with an added, extra vigorous pump, until he began to look as though he feared I was going to hit him with the other hand. But always mindful of Breskin's admonition, I made my remarks cordial.

"Mr. Callendar, you're a big man," I said, though he wasn't — he was rather a runt — "and I want to shake your hand," and I began suiting action to words, "because it takes a big man to admit that he's been wrong. Shake, Mr. Callendar, shake! Put 'er there! It was very big of you to do what you have done, and I admire you for it. Yes, sir, shake! You refused me a raise last Christmas because you said my department was overhead, and now you've given me one."

By now he was looking as if he'd rather cut his hand off than leave it any longer in my clutches, and he finally managed to snatch it away. "It wasn't much of a raise," he said.

"Ho, that's where you're wrong again, Mr. Callendar. You may very well say that fifty-one thirty-three a week is about the same as fifty dollars a week, and I'm half-inclined to agree with you on that, but that's beside the point. The point is, as I told you more than a year ago, the

money doesn't matter so much; what counts is the principle of the thing."

"Well, I'm — I'm very glad you take it in that spirit."

"I do indeed," I assured him, "and that's a very good word, too — spirit. Yes, it's the spirit of the thing that counts."

He was looking as if he wished I'd get the hell out of there. But I was playing it to the hilt.

"That's what I was trying to make my wife understand," I said, "when I was telling her about the raise you've given me. But I don't know, I don't think women understand these things the way men do. She seems to feel that the butcher and the corner grocer don't give a hoot for the principle of the thing, and that all they care about is the money. Now, I don't agree with her at all, but I've got to live with her, whereas with you it's just the other way around. So I've had to see it her way, and I've just got myself another job, where she can buy a few more pork chops every week, since that's the only way she seems able to understand any progress I might be making —"

"Eh — what's that? Another job?"

"Yes, but don't you worry, Mr. Callendar, I won't see you stuck. Before I leave here, I'll see that somebody's broken in. I'll see that everything is going smoothly before I finally pull out."

And I did, too. For the next two weeks, nights and noon hours, I was at the new place, working with the man whose place I was filling, Howard Aldred Jones, while spending my days at the old place, with my own successor, whose name and face I have completely forgotten. Then for the two weeks after that, I was spending noon hours and nights at the old place, while working days at the new. The best part of that was that for a month straight I was drawing full salary at both places, a feature of the deal that I enjoyed so much that I hated to see it end.

But what I never did get to tell Mr. Callendar, and now of course it's much too late, is that whether or not I knew what makes the wheels go round before I answered his letter, I think I learned it immediately thereafter, and I've been of the same opinion ever since. Huntley was wrong. It isn't a little dingus called an axle at all, because that's only there because the wheels are, and serves only to hold them together. No, it's not that which makes them go round. It's hot air. Then, now, and always.

The Story of JORKEL HAYFORKS

by George Mackay Brown

A graduate in English of Edinburgh University, Mr. Brown lives and works in the Orkney Islands. His third book of poems, THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, was published in England last summer, and a book of short stories is scheduled to appear this year.

THE week before midsummer Jorkel and six others took ship at Bergen in Norway and sailed west two days with a good wind behind them. They made land at Whalsey in Shetland and were well entertained at a farm there by a man called Veig. After they had had supper, one of Jorkel's men played the harp and recited some verses. The name of this poet was Finn.

As soon as Finn had sat down, Brenda, the daughter of Veig the Shetlander, came to her father and said, "Offer Finn a horse and a piece of land so that he will be pleased to stay here."

Veig made the offer to Finn, but Finn said, "We are sailing to Orkney on a certain urgent matter in the morning. I can't stay."

Veig repeated Finn's remark to Brenda.

At midnight when the men were drinking around the fire, Brenda rose out of bed and said to her father, "I can't sleep. Offer Finn a gold armband and a silver ring to stay here in Shetland."

Veig called Finn aside and made this offer. Finn said, "I am a poor man and a happy man,

and gold and women would distract me from the making of verses. Besides, we have an appointment to keep in Orkney on midsummer day."

Veig told Brenda what Finn had said.

At dawn, though the ale keg was empty, the men were still sitting at the fire. Some of them were lying under the benches drunk, but Finn was discussing meters with the Shetlanders. "I would argue better," said Finn, "if I were not so dry."

Soon after that Brenda came in and offered Finn a cup of ale.

With the froth still wet on his beard, Finn turned to Brenda and said, "Did you brew this ale, woman?" Brenda said that she alone had made it. Then Finn said, "On account of this ale I will stay for a while with you here in Shetland."

Then the sun got up and the Norwegians stirred themselves and went on board their ship. But Finn was nowhere to be found, and the door of Brenda's room was barred. Jorkel was very angry about that.

They say that Finn made no more poems after that day. Brenda bore him twelve children. He died there in Shetland before there was a gray hair in his beard. He was drunk most days till his death, and he would drink from no cup but Brenda's. He was totally dependent on her always. It was thought rather a pity that such a promising poet should make such an ordinary end.

"She bewitched him, that bitch," said Jorkel.

In the afternoon of the same day, Jorkel's ship reached Fair Isle. They saw some sheep on a hill-

side there. Flan, who was a blacksmith back in Norway, said they were fine sheep. "And my wife," said he, "will be looking for a present from the west. I will bring her a fleece from Fair Isle."

Before they could stop Flan, he leapt overboard and swam ashore. The sheep were grazing at the edge of a high cliff. Flan climbed up this face, disturbing the seabirds that were there, and laid hands on the first sheep he saw. He was raising his ax to dispatch the ewe when another sheep ran terrified between his legs and toppled him over the edge of the crag, so that the seabirds were wildly agitated for the second time that day.

"Flan's descent is much quicker than his going up," said Jorkel. "What does a blacksmith know about shepherding?"

They anchored that night under the cliffs of Fair Isle.

They left Fair Isle at dawn and had a rough crossing to the Orkneys. There was a strong wind from the east, and the sea fell into the ship in cold gray lumps, so that they were kept busy with the bailing pans.

Then Mund, who had a farm east in Sweden, laid down his bailing pan.

He said, "I have made deep furrows in the land with my plow, but I did not believe there could be furrows in the world like this."

The men went on bailing.

Later Mund said, "When Grettir lay dying in his bed at Göteborg last summer, his face was like milk. Is my face that color?"

Jorkel said his face was more of a green color, and urged the men to bail all the harder, since now Mund was taking no part in the game.

At noon Mund said, "I was always a gay man at midsummer, but I do not expect to be dancing round a Johnsmas fire this year."

The men went on bailing, until presently the wind shifted into the north and moderated, so that they were able to cook a meal of stewed rabbit and to open a keg of ale.

But when they brought the meat and ale to Mund, they found him lying very still and cold against a thwart.

"Mund will not be needing dinner anymore," said Jorkel.

They reached Papa Westray soon after that. There were some decent farms in the island, and an alehouse near the shore, and a small monastery with a dozen bald-headed brothers beside a loch.

The people of the island gave them a hospitable welcome, and sold them fish and mutton, and showed them where the best wells were.

The twelve brothers trooped into the church for vespers.

After the necessary business of victualing had been transacted, the Norwegians went into the alehouse to drink.

They played draughts and sang choruses so long as there was ale in the barrel. Then, when the keeper of the alehouse was opening a new barrel, Jorkel noticed that Thord was missing.

"He will have gone after the women of Papa Westray," said Sweyn. Thord was known to be a great lecher back home in Norway.

The church bell rang for compline.

There was some fighting in the alehouse when they were midway through the second barrel, but by that time they were too drunk to hurt each other much. When things had quieted down, Jorkel remarked that Thord was still absent.

"No doubt he is stealing eggs and cheese so that we can vary our diet on the ship," said Valt. Thord was a famous thief on the hills of southern Norway when it was night and everyone was sitting round the fires inside and there was no moon.

They went on drinking till the lights of yesterday and tomorrow met in a brief twilight and their senses were reeling with ale and fatigue.

"This is a strange voyage," said Jorkel. "It seems we are to lose a man at every station of the way."

They heard the bell of the church ringing. Jorkel went to the door of the alehouse. Thirteen hooded figures passed under the arch to sing matins.

Jorkel returned to the ale barrel and said, "It seems that Thord has repented of his drinking and whoring and thieving. Yesterday there were twelve holy men in Papa Westray. This morning I counted thirteen."

He lay down beside his companions, and they slept late into the morning.

Now there were only three men on the ship, Jorkel and Sweyn and Valt.

"We will not stop until we reach Hoy," said Jorkel. "Every time we stop, there is one kind of trouble or another."

They were among the northern Orkneys now, sailing through a wide firth with islands all around.

It turned out that none of the three knew where exactly Hoy was.

Sweyn said, "There is a man in that low island over there. He has a mask on, and he is taking honey from his hives. I will go ashore and ask him where Hoy is."

"Be careful," said Jorkel. "We will have difficulty in getting to Hoy if there are only two of us left to work the ship."

Sweyn waded ashore and said to the beekeeper, "Be good enough to tell us how we can recognize the island of Hoy."

The man took off his mask and replied courte-

**how do you
show something
you can't see?**



How do you show the difference between Continental and the other major airlines? How do you show pride? That's the difference. You can't see it—you feel it! You feel it all around you... all the time... and it feels good! Comfortable. Confident. Why do Continental's people have such a large measure of pride? Because, as major airlines go, Continental is not a great big, impersonal one. So Continental's people can and do maintain their individuality,

their interest, their involvement in how their airline is run. They're proud of their jobs, whatever they may be, they're proud of their airline and of themselves. It comes out not so much in what they do but rather in how they do it! That's what you feel. But how do you show something you only can feel? Come travel with us on a Golden Jet and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it... please call.

CONTINENTAL



The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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and ballading
For the splendor of now
and forever
Country Manor sterling
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ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE AND NEAREST STORE WRITE
TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, NEWBURYPORT, MASS. ©TOWLE 1966

ously that they would have to sail west between the islands until they reached the open ocean, and then keeping the coast of Hrossey on the port side and sailing south, they would see in the distance two blue hills rising out of the sea. These blue hills were Hoy.

Sweyn thanked him and asked if he was getting plenty of honey.

The man replied that it was a bad year for honey. The bees had been as dull as the weather.

"Still," the beekeeper said, "the next comb I take from the hive will be a gift for you."

Sweyn was deeply touched by the courtesy and kindness of the beekeeper.

It happened that as the man was bending over the hive, a bee came on the wind and settled on his neck and stung him. The beekeeper gave a cry of annoyance and shook off the bee.

Sweyn was angry at the way the insects repaid with ingratitude the gentleness of the Orkney beekeeper. He suddenly brought his ax down on the hive and clove it in two.

Jorkel and Valt were watching from the ship, and they saw Sweyn run screaming around the island with a cloud of bees after him. It was as if he were being pelted with hot sharp sonorous hailstones.

Sweyn ran down into the ebb and covered himself with seaweed.

When Jorkel and Valt reached him, he told them where Hoy was. Then his face turned blind and blue and swollen, and he died.

Jorkel and Valt got horses at a farm called the Bu in Hoy and rode between the two hills till they came to a place called Rackwick. There was a farm there, and five men were working in the hayfield. It was a warm bright day, and the faces of the laborers shone with sweat.

Jorkel asked them if a man called Arkol lived nearby.

"Arkol is the grieve at this farm," said one of the laborers, "but he often sleeps late."

"We work in the daytime," said another, "but Arkol does most of his laboring at night."

"Arkol is a great man for the women," said a third, and winked.

Jorkel said he thought that would be the man they were looking for.

Presently the laborers stopped to rest, and they invited Jorkel and Valt to share their bread and ale. They sat under a wall where there was shadow, and Valt told all that had happened to them from the time they left Bergen. But Jorkel sat quietly and seemed preoccupied. They noticed too that he did not eat or drink much.

"Who is the owner of this farm?" said Valt when he had finished his story of the voyage.

The laborers said the farmer in Rackwick was a man called John. They spoke highly of him. He was a good master to them.

Just then a man with a dark beard crossed the field. He ordered the laborers to resume their work, and then looked suspiciously at Jorkel and Valt. They were rather scruffy and dirty after their voyage.

Jorkel asked him if his name was Arkol Dagson.

The man yawned once or twice and said that it was.

"In that case," said Jorkel, "I must tell you that my sister Ingirid in Bergen bore you a son at the beginning of June."

Arkol made no answer but yawned again. Then he laughed.

"And I want to know," said Jorkel, "if you will pay for the fostering of the child."

Arkol said he would not discuss so intimate a matter with two tramps. So far he had not been in the habit of paying for the fostering of any child that he had fathered, and he doubted whether it was wise to begin now, especially as Norway was so far away. Furthermore, he could hardly be expected to believe the unsupported testimony of two tramps, one of whom claimed to be Ingirid's brother. Ingirid had been a most lovely and gently reared girl, and Arkol did not think the scarecrow standing before him could really be the brother of such a delightful bedmate. Besides, he had been busy all night in another sweet bed, and now he was very tired, and he begged the two gentlemen of the roads to excuse him.

Jorkel said, "Will you pay now for the fostering of your son?"

Arkol turned away and yawned.

Jorkel drove his dagger into Arkol's throat, so that he fell dead at once on the field.

The laborers jumped down from the haystack and ran at Jorkel and Valt with their forks.

"I wish the others were here now," said Jorkel as he turned to face them. "Now I would be glad to have Finn and Flan and Mund and Thord and Sweyn at my side."

Valt was quickly pronged to death there, and though Jorkel defended himself well and was still on his feet when John of Rackwick appeared on the scene, he was so severely lacerated that he lay between life and death in the farm for more than a week.

The three farm girls looked after him well till he recovered. They hovered around him day and night with oil and sweet water and beeswax.

On the day they took the last bandages from Jorkel's arm, John of Rackwick came to him and said mildly, "Arkol, my grieve, was in many ways an evil lecherous man, and for that he must answer to a higher lord than the Earl of Orkney or the

King of Norway. But also he was a loyal servant of mine, and because of that you must pay me as compensation your ship that is anchored off Selwick. You are welcome to stay here in Hoy, Jorkel, for as long as you like. There is a small vacant croft on the side of the hill that will support a cow and an ox and a few sheep. It will be a tame life for a young man, but now you are disabled because of the hayforks, and if you till your field carefully, nothing could be more pleasing to God."

Jorkel accepted that offer. He lived there at Upland for the rest of his life. In Orkney he was nicknamed "Hayforks." He put by a little money each harvest so that one day he would be able to return to Norway, but the years passed and he could never get a passage.

The summer before his death Jorkel went to Papa Westray in a fishing boat. At the church there he inquired for Thord, and presently Thord came out to meet him. They were two old men now, bald and toothless. They embraced each other

under the arch. They were like two boys laughing to each other over an immense distance, thin affectionate lost voices.

Jorkel took a purse from his belt and counted five pieces of silver into Thord's hand. "I have been saving this money for forty years," he said, "so that someday I could go home to Norway. But it is too late. Who would know me in Bergen now? I should prepare, instead, for the last, longest journey. Will you arrange for Masses to be said in your church for Finn and Flan and Mund and Sweyn and Valt?"

Thord said that Masses would certainly be offered for those dead men and for Jorkel himself, too. Then he embraced Jorkel and blessed him. Jorkel turned around. He was at peace. The long silver scars of the hayforks troubled his body no longer.

Halfway to the boat he turned back. He gave Thord another silver coin. "Say a Mass for Arkol Dagson also," he said.

They smiled at each other, crinkling their old eyes.

THE GIFT

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

A darning egg is good

Of course

Though not exactly what you had in mind.

He meant

To give you

Something better. Growing up,

He learned soon to ask for bread

And take the offered scorpion.

Dusk settles;

It is all the same.

What from the first

You loved

Was his outrageousness, you thought.

After, you

Were pleased

With his pitiful austere desires.

He had grown up in desire, always.

He woke at night, your name

Upon his lips.

You slept, smiling.

A darning egg is good

For socks.

Lodgers make repairs that slip

The mind.

They must.

And you and he are lodgers — never

More than that — waiting to move on

In fear and insufficient wisdom

Groping to

A kind of truth,

A home, a you to love

For good

With talk and laughter and desire.

He meant

To give you

More than this. Much more. But

Take it anyway; you will remember

Him, his one last foolishness.

A darning egg

Is good, and serves.

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA



DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS

The Politics of Pollution by Donald E. Carr

The greatest threat to America's water supply lies in public and private indifference to the systematic pollution of our rivers and lakes by industry, faulty sewage-disposal systems, and agencies of the federal government. Most efforts to protect our dwindling clean water reserves have been blocked by political self-interest, and the results are potentially disastrous, not only for America's large cities but for farmlands and recreation areas as well. These and other disturbing truths are recorded here by Donald E. Carr, a veteran research chemist whose book DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS will be published later this month by Norton.

THE United States is the biggest water hog in the world. Poor tropical countries use less than 5 gallons of water per person per day. Large commercial towns in England use about 50 gallons a day, while the daily average for such towns in the United States is close to 200 gallons per person. The highest water consumption of any city in the world is that of Beverly Hills, California — over 500 gallons per person per day — where in an arid climate immense lawns are sprinkled the year around and countless swimming pools are filled and refilled.

Modern manufacturing processes also use enormous quantities of water. It takes 18 barrels of water to refine a barrel of oil, 300 gallons to make a barrel of beer, 600 to 1000 tons of water for each ton of coal burned in a steam-power plant, and 250 tons of water to produce a ton of paper. A large paper mill will use more water than a city of 50,000 people.

Industries are located near water for three cogent reasons: manufacturing plants use lots of water, they must have a place to dispose of the dirty water which is not consumed in the manu-

facturing process (a very large percentage), and they can often save money by delivering their products by barge rather than by truck or railroad. Industrially polluted water is rarely fit to drink; it is dangerous to swim in, lethal for fish, and often spoiled for manufacturing processes of other plants downstream. The water of a big industrial river such as the Ohio may be reused a dozen times before it reaches its rendezvous with the Mississippi. Twenty-six rivers in the United States are so badly polluted that the federal government has intervened. Dozens of others are dangerously polluted, but the federal agencies have not had time or opportunity to start any action in regard to them. By law the Public Health Service can act on its own in pollution emergencies involving two or more states, but within a single state it must await the invitation of the governor.

In general, private industrialists are united to a man against federal regulation of water pollution. They prefer state control, if any. As it is now, each state has its own set of standards for water cleanliness, most of them very tolerant. The fact that states along the same river basin may have

A drop of pond water greatly magnified.

Courtesy Boston Museum of Science. Photograph by Lanscraft.

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quite widely varying standards makes it difficult for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to handle interstate pollution. This is the chief justification for the Water Pollution Bill of 1965, which called for setting up federal standards and guidelines. The reason for the clamor against this bill on the part of private water-using industries is easy to perceive. For many years the differences between states in standards of water cleanliness have given industrialists a powerful club which they have not hesitated to use. They can threaten to move a plant downriver where the requirements aren't so tough. Or they can threaten to move from a Northern state grown more particular to some Southern state with a more relaxed attitude.

Cries of anguish greeted the requirement in the 1965 pollution bill that waste water from riverside plants should be rendered as "clean as possible." It was contended that the phrase should be "as clean as economically possible."

Many industrialists base their argument on a book by Richard B. Engdahl and Frank C. Croxton, *Pollution: A Problem in Economics*, in which the key statement is this: "To completely solve the problems involved, though it were technically feasible at this time, would probably so increase the cost of industrial operations as to endanger our ability to compete in world markets."

Let us examine this piece of bald-headed sophistry. Our rivers have to be filthy so that we can compete with *whom*? The West Germans, for example? The Ruhr river basin contains nearly half of West Germany's industrial capacity and has only a skinny streamflow, much punier than the lowest flow ever recorded in the Potomac. With such a small amount of water, one would expect the highly competitive West Germans to have on their hands a smelly, septic, barely liquid ditch. In fact, the Ruhr River is clean enough to swim in and to grow fish in, and with only mild treatment, it provides perfectly good drinking water.

The antipollution program that accomplished what to American eyes would appear to be an "uneconomical" miracle was carried out by the Ruhr Associations — *Genossenschaften*, semigovernmental organizations. Instead of establishing treatment requirements or purification standards and trying to enforce them, the Ruhr Associations simply charge every town and every industrial plant a stiff levy proportional to the amount of pollution they deliver to the river. As a result the Ruhr Basin has been cleaned up. The water is used and reused, but it is also treated and retreated. In some cases, as at Essen, the solid waste is dried, included with the city's normal garbage, and used as fuel for a power plant.

To claim that American plants cannot do as

well, or would go broke trying, is a deception. Nevertheless, our industries have had their way so long with most of the state and local authorities that they are not likely to give up. When there is a conflict involving recreational, agricultural, or aesthetic use of water with industrial application, industry almost always wins out. To be sure, the more thoughtful industrialists are changing their viewpoints, and a good deal of research on water disposal has been paid for with private funds and has been translated into full-scale treating facilities. But many of the offending plants are located in municipalities where domestic sewage winds up raw in the watercourse, and thus the companies have a reasonable "Why pick on us?" argument.

Industry spokesmen point out that sewage plants at Gary, Indiana, and Fort Chicago, Illinois, for example, have horribly polluted Lake Michigan for years, and it is not fair to make industries in the area put in expensive pollution-control equipment. They claim that even if all further pollution were prevented, it would take more than 25 years for Lake Erie to return to a theoretically clean state and 500 years for Lake Michigan to return to its preindustrial purity.

POLLUTION FROM FOOD PROCESSING

Food-processing industries, especially the small operators, are quite likely to take the line that if they are located in a community that doesn't take care of its domestic sewage, including the unmentionable waste from mortuaries, why should anyone worry about the offal from meat-packing and dressing chickens? The Hudson River at Troy, New York, for example, is a slimy cesspool where eels writhe and fight over chicken entrails. In Sioux City, Iowa, the U.S. Public Health Service held public hearings in 1958 to outargue the know-nothing and do-nothing meat-packers, who had been dumping stinking offal into the Missouri River, thus contaminating the river waters of four states. Sugar-beet-processing wastes, which smell worse than one would expect, polluted the whole of the North Platte when delivered to the river in Wyoming.

Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin recalls that in his hometown on a lovely little lake, the local creamery had always dumped all of its whey into the lake, rendering the water useless for anything else. Everybody in the village knew about it. But the creamery was the town's biggest employer, and the local citizens never let out a peep. Finally the state water pollution commission ordered the creamery to stop.

The canning industry is a large water user, especially now that the farmers who sell their vegetables or fruit to the canneries make great use

of pesticides. Today it takes 50 gallons of water to wash a case of canned fruit or vegetables whereas it took half that much 20 years ago. The pesticide flows into the river.

PULP AND PAPER WASTES

No industry has had more trouble and aroused more violent public reactions because of river pollution than the pulp and paper companies. There are about 3000 such firms in the United States employing more than 600,000 people. American production of paper and paperboard has more than doubled in the last two decades and is now about 40 million tons a year. The industry spokesmen make a big point of the fact that over this period a 50 percent reduction in pollution *per ton of paper produced* has been achieved. However, this is no great consolation to other water users, since they are concerned not with percentages but with amounts of gunk in the river — gunk per gallon.

What is the gunk? The worst polluter is so-called "sulfite liquor." This is the runoff liquor containing the nonfibrous material removed from the wood chips during the cooking process. It is not toxic in the sense that it would poison an animal or infect a human being. It can be broken down by bacterial attack in the water, but this requires a large amount of oxygen. Thus the worst effect of paper-and-pulp-mill wastes is that the BOD (biological oxygen demand) soars so high that fish and other water creatures are quickly suffocated. Pollution of this kind is naturally most common in those river basins where the forest cover is of the type from which paper can be made. The Northern coniferous trees are best suited to the sulfite process; hence plants using this manufacturing method are mainly in the North. The Columbia River has chronic sulfite-liquor pollution. In the last 15 years, however, the Kraft paper process, which can handle Southern pine, has resulted in the proliferation of paper mills along the Chattahoochee, the Savannah, and other Southern rivers.

Senator Muskie claims that the Androscoggin River in Maine is the worst-polluted stream in the country. Years ago a dam was built which trapped behind it the effluent from numerous pulp and paper mills. Even if there is no further pollution, he maintains, this trapped pollutant will make fish life impossible for many years, perhaps forever.

Wastes from Kraft mills are alkaline rather than acid, but their drain of oxygen supply is just as great. One giant mill on the Coosa River, which runs through Georgia and Alabama, pours into the stream wastes which absorb as much oxygen as does untreated sewage from a city of 200,000 persons. These wastes, although not toxic or dan-

gerous in the way that sewage and certain by-products of the chemical industry are, have essentially the same end effect since they rob the water of oxygen needed to assimilate the more perilous gunk. Silt breaks the "chain of food" in a river or lake because it makes the water opaque to sunshine, thus killing microscopic plant life. Paper-mill waste liquors break the chain at several links, since all of the assimilation processes in fresh water, except putrefaction, require oxygen.

TEXTILES AND STEEL

The concentration of textile plants in the South over the past few decades has put a new load on Southern rivers. One textile mill in Georgia pours into the Chattooga River wastes equivalent in BOD to the sewage of 112,000 people. The processes of bleaching cotton, flax, hemp, and jute produce a filthy waste containing fatty and oily residue washed from the raw fabric. Wool washings make a highly polluting waste consisting of an emulsion of dirt and bacteria in water, with soap and complex proteins as emulsifying agents.

Steel companies have been very effective in destroying rivers, and, among all industries, have tended to be the least cooperative — in fact, the most belligerently uncooperative. Pollution of the Mahoning River in Ohio and Pennsylvania by acid, lime, oil, and grease discharged from steel plants has made this river unusable as a source of municipal water, hindered its use by other industries, and destroyed its value for recreation. The arrogant refusal of three Youngstown steel companies to give effluent data to the Public Health Service has triggered a demand for inclusion of a subpoena clause in the new federal pollution bill.

Three steel companies — the U.S. Steel in Gary, Indiana, Inland Steel in Chicago, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube — are considered to be the chief sources of pollution in the Calumet River and the adjacent waters of Lake Michigan. The Acme Steel Company discharges raw sewage and unneutralized steel-pickling liquor (strong acid) into the Little Calumet River. The filth from the Calumet system of steel companies has affected the whole Chicago area. The currents of Lake Michigan are so sluggish that the wastes do not disperse or float away. They just sit there in the water near the shore and fester. Chicagoans don't seem to care.

Petroleum oil and fuel have added to Lake Michigan's mixture of assorted crud. Although the production end of the petroleum business has in the main stopped percolating oil-well brine into freshwater wells and streams, some of the giant refineries located near water have not been so scrupulous. Raritan Bay in New Jersey is guaran-

teed to smear any small boat with oil in a few days. Even when expensive attempts are made to clean up refinery wastes, some of the extremely smelly chemicals, such as mercaptans and thiophenols, give any potable water which they contact a lingering skunky odor. Oil chemicals are also responsible for unpleasant flavor in fish.

Heat has become the latest industrial pollution worry. The temperature of the Mahoning River in Ohio at one time reached 140 degrees Fahrenheit and higher as it picked up steel-mill effluents near Youngstown. This forced local industries to slow down operations or actually to shut down entirely during periods of low flow.

Excessive heat does a lot of things to a river, some of which we do not yet understand. It kills fish. It accelerates chemical reactions, causing some wastes to be toxic which would have been harmless in cool water. It strips oxygen from the water and hence reduces the ability of scavenging bacteria to do their job. On the other hand, a modest amount of heating seems to make for good fishing. On Lake Erie and the Potomac and Delaware rivers, at least in stretches where other pollutants are not too thick, fishing is best where power companies return their once-through cooling water. The warmer water apparently stimulates the growth of fish food.

The tightest state regulations are those that Pennsylvania set up in 1960. Stream temperature may not be raised above 93 degrees Fahrenheit at any time. No new discharges may be made into a stream suitable for trout propagation if they will drive stream temperature above 58 degrees Fahrenheit. These regulations have been under steady attack. They are claimed to be unrealistic, both from the standpoint of economics (costly for electric power companies) and because many warm-water organisms thrive at temperatures higher than 93 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat problem is serious for atomic energy installations on the Columbia and Savannah rivers. It will become an important factor in the location of future atomic-power as well as conventional steam-power plants.

POLLUTION PREVENTION

Over the past few years, some of the giant corporations have begun to spend real money on prevention of water pollution. Du Pont, which makes more chemical products in its far-flung plants than anybody else, accordingly has a wider diversity of waste materials to dispose of. In dealing with Du Pont, federal government agencies are dealing with an entity almost as large and complex as the state of New York. Something of this company's style and resoluteness in tackling

pollution problems can be perceived by a look at operations in the Charleston, West Virginia, region of the Kanawha River Valley. There are twelve chemical manufacturing plants, employing 25,000 people. Du Pont's Belle Works alone resulted in over 300 sources of wastes feeding into about 3 billion gallons of cooling water per day, then into some 40 outfalls to the river.

In 1958, at Du Pont's urging, 9 individual firms joined with it in cooperating with the West Virginia Water Resources Division and the U.S. Geological Survey in a quantitative assay of a 62-mile stretch of the river. Du Pont's laboratories analyzed over 1500 samples each week for 6 weeks. As a result of this survey, goals of waste reduction were set up. The biological oxygen demand has been reduced in Du Pont's own waste effluents by more than 90 percent.

Most of the highly diluted wastes are directed to a large biological treatment plant, where selected bacteria destroy the organic chemicals. Foam suppressants are added; the temperature and acidity are kept at the optimum. In order to cope with the extreme swings of the river flow, huge tanks of 5-million-gallon capacity are used to impound the wastes when the flow to the Kanawha dips as low as 800 cubic feet per second. The liquids are released under state supervision during the winter when the runoffs may be as high as 100,000 cubic feet per second.

Du Pont is quick to try out new techniques. In one of its plants on the Sabine River, it accomplishes cooling by air from giant fans rather than by water. At the Victoria Plant in Texas 4 alligators are part of the conservation system. These were put on guard to repulse an invasion of nutria (small rodents) which were in the habit of sabotaging the pond walls and canal banks.

Like the oil industry, Du Pont and other big chemical companies have dug mile-deep wells to dispose of salt water and other unmanageable pollutants. Some of them are successful; some are just expensive holes in the ground.

A common Du Pont practice in most of its river plants is to conduct waste water to "passport ponds," where it is checked for pollutants before it goes back to the river.

It has been estimated that since 1963 the entire manufacturing industry has spent 4 percent of its annual \$14 billion capital investment on pollution control. In many instances, the amount compares poorly with what is spent on advertising—for such products as detergents, as a case in point—but it is much more than it was a decade ago.

There has been a noteworthy trend toward cooperation between municipalities and private companies. If a company is bigger than the town, the municipal sewage may be accommodated in the

company's waste-disposal system. Thus the three small towns of Lake and Westernport, Maryland, and Piedmont, West Virginia, on the upper Potomac all send their raw sewage into the pollution-control system of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company. Conversely, when a river or lake city has a large modern sewage system, it will often contract to handle waste effluents from chemical companies. The technology of treatment of sewage and of organic chemical wastes is virtually the same. Main reliance is placed on bacteriological (activated sludge) processes in both.

Cooperation of industry with state authorities reached its height in the activities of the Ohio River Valley Sanitation Commission (ORSANCO). When this body was organized in 1948, with state and industry representatives from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, the Ohio was the foulest-smelling river in the land. At the time, sewage treating of any kind was available to only one percent of the population along the river's banks. Today treating facilities serve 97 percent, though most of them handle primary treatment only. A good deal of progress has been made in dealing with industrial wastes, but in general the standards remain somewhat lenient. Furthermore, 15 percent of the industries on the Ohio have failed to meet even these lenient standards.

The paper manufacturers, being on the whole the worst offenders, have formed a National Council for Stream Improvement. What can you do with pulp wastes? As early as 1943 the Sulfite Pulp Manufacturers' Research League started growing yeasts on waste sulfite liquor. Nearly every sulfite plant now has a yeast plant next to it. This is not enough, however, to make much of a dent in the massive total of wastes.

The Kimberly-Clark Corporation has built for a Wisconsin plant a 30-million-gallon evaporating pond to store spent liquor during the summer. When partly dried, this material can be used in place of asphalt for road making. The company makes no charge and pays part of the hauling. At the Niagara plant there are not enough roads in the vicinity to get rid of the liquor in this way. There a soil filtration system is used. Sandy, permeable soil is sprayed with the wet liquor, which is carried deep into the soil by rains. When it joins the natural groundwater, it has had the equivalent of a bacterial treatment for sewage.

Other companies, such as Weyerhaeuser, have experimented with the use of dilute spent liquor for irrigation in the Pacific Northwest. Sprinklers are used. Unfortunately this is too expensive a way to irrigate, except for crops such as tobacco, and they don't grow tobacco in the state of Washington.

For the chemical industry, a new type of consultant has emerged — the professional limnologist (the freshwater expert). Limnologists will offer services such as exhaustive surveys of stream biology and chemistry before a new plant is built and continuous monitoring of stream health after it starts operating. The consultant will give advice about which sort of waste can be tolerated by the stream and which cannot. The guiding principle of limnology is that in the water "diversity is stability." As long as each of the major types of aquatic life (bacteria, algae, protozoa, mollusks, insects, fish) is represented by a relatively large number of species, each doing its ecological job, the self-cleaning ability of the stream is preserved, whatever pollutant may be present. But when pollution begins to drive out or destroy species, leaving some of the jobs undone, the stream is hurt.

This is a new science only in the sense of being applied to chemical refuse. However, there are still more unknowns than knowns. Chemicals can be experimentally synthesized and put into production much faster than limnologists can decide what effect they have on the animal kingdom (including people) or the plant kingdom. In the case of lead compounds from gasoline additives, it took more than 40 years of universal use before they were found unexpectedly to be dangerous.

What incentive should be offered private industry to do a real cleanup job? One possibility is tax relief. Another possibility is faster write-off for investments in pollution-abatement equipment. The Johnson Administration is also considering pollution penalties of the same type used by the Germans in the Ruhr Valley.

RAW SEWAGE

In most countries the contamination of water with sewage increases as rapidly as attempts at correction. In industrialized countries, the pace of water purification barely keeps up with increased loadings. In the United States almost 20 million people still discharge raw sewage to waterways. Existing sewage-disposal plants are adequate to serve only between 70 and 80 percent of the people who use them, and there is still a huge amount of raw untreated sewage that gets into the Great Lakes and the larger rivers. The St. Lawrence Waterway has brought in more ships that dump sewage into the Great Lakes. Lake Erie can be regarded as one big sewage reservoir. The multiplication of large motorboats with "heads" that simply dump raw toilet effluent into the lake is believed to have caused more than one minor hepatitis epidemic.

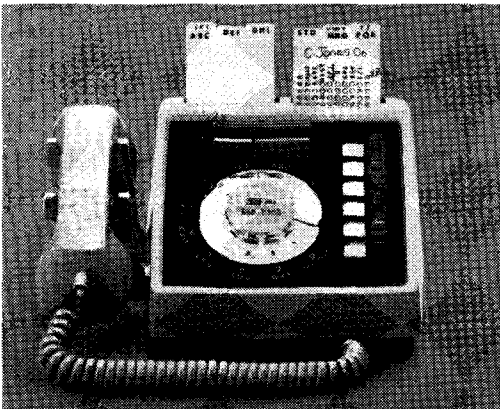
In 1961 various federal installations discharged over 46 million gallons of untreated sewage per

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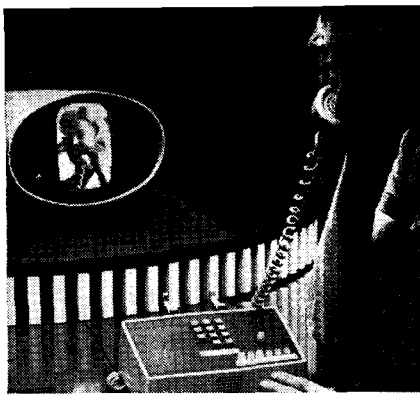
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day directly into surface waters or on the ground: this was 3 percent of the total estimated 1.5 billion gallons of municipal sewage discharged without treatment, but it was a very dirty 3 percent. The Marine Corps base at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, so polluted the New River area that a serious epidemic of viral hepatitis broke out among the residents (including marines) who ate infected oysters. Chlorination of the camp's sewage was clearly needed immediately, but repeated requests for such action from state authorities to the Department of the Navy in Washington elicited no replies whatsoever.

The Navy has also maintained a stony imperturbability in regard to the incredibly filthy ship-sewage conditions which it causes in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Under present laws, and without an official complaint from the governor of Hawaii, all the Public Health Service can do is wait until the sewage drifts to the California coast, whereupon Governor Pat Brown can summon in the federal agencies, who have express authority over *interstate* pollution. That could take quite a while, and in the meantime, the principal harbor of our fiftieth state festers and stinks like a giant cesspool.

Other federal sewage scandals exist at Hamilton Air Force Base, Marin County, California; Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, Alaska (raw sewage); England Air Force Base, Rapides Parish, Louisiana (raw sewage to the Red River); Philadelphia Navy Base (raw sewage and industrial waste to the Delaware River); U.S. Federal Penitentiary, Steilacoom, Washington (untreated sewage and wastes from cannery, laundry, piggery, slaughterhouse, and milk-processing plant discharged to Puget Sound); U.S. Coast Guard Yard, Baltimore (sewage from urinals and toilets discharged to 15 septic tanks, 14 of which overflow to nearby watercourses).

Although Congress has specific legislation before it to put a stop to such disgusting practices, it continues to be more difficult to get the military authorities to act than to persuade the municipalities. Cleaning their own sewage is not part of their "primary mission." If the Bureau of the Budget narrows them down to a choice between a new football field and a sewage-treating project, they will choose the football field.

A U.S. Senate committee has reported that we must spend at least \$600 million a year merely to catch up with the need for nationwide sewage-treating facilities, both civil and military. To meet present deficiencies and future needs will require \$1.7 billion a year until 1980 and increasing amounts after that. This is a very conservative estimate, since it does not take into account the installation of separate sewers for water runoff and for domestic and industrial wastes.

One troublesome drawback to all present sewage-treating processes is the fact that even severe chemical treatments leave certain phosphorus- and nitrogen-containing compounds in the effluent water. These are nutrients for aquatic life, and from that point of view are looked upon with some favor by the Fish and Wildlife Division of the Department of the Interior. However, beyond a certain limit they become water-despoilers. They result in such a tremendous growth of algae (microscopic water plants) that the available dissolved oxygen is used up, and the water is again a dark and unhealthy mess.

An interesting positive use of reclaimed sewage waters for growing algae is in making food for animals. At Lancaster, California, the North American Aviation Company has harvested algae, which are high in protein, and fed them to chickens, which thrived.

A curious instance of the indirect effect of upsetting the balance of nature by providing too much marine nutrient is the disappearance of the once lush kelp forests off the coast of Southern California. The kelp has been devoured by sea urchins, ravenous pincushion-like creatures, which have multiplied in unprecedented numbers as the result of the vast sewage increase from the Los Angeles Basin. Maybe we can find something that will eat the sea urchins.

Who would want to drink reclaimed sewage water? This is a foolish question because millions of people have been doing so to some degree for years. More than once, a sanitary chemist has stood before a group of city fathers with a glass of reclaimed sewage water on the table, and has said, "Gentlemen, this is the purest water you will have ever been privileged to drink. Here, have a sip!" And everybody has slunk away.

Actually, a large percentage of chemically treated municipal water throughout the country has been exposed to sewage contamination. Chicago's potable water comes from Lake Michigan, for example, a sink for innumerable small and large sewer systems.

A case where sewage water is directly and deliberately processed into drinking water is that of the Whittier Narrows water-reclamation plant of the Los Angeles County sanitation districts. The plant takes millions of gallons of sewage a day from an enormous area. First the solid matter is settled out in the usual primary step; it is then exposed to activated sludge, and is finished off with chlorine. At this stage the California Institute of Technology can find nothing wrong with it. But even so, the Whittier Narrows water does not go directly into local waterlines. Instead it is pumped into spreading basins. There it settles into the groundwater supply of the county. Di-

luted by the natural groundwater, it is then pumped into community faucets from wells.

Pennsylvania State University is doing some research on the use of treated sewage water for irrigation. The 3-million-gallon-per-day effluent from the State College community is put through filtration, aeration, an activated sludge step, and chlorination to remove 95 percent of the waste's biochemical oxygen demand, making it nearly pure enough to drink. It is then sprinkled through special nonfreezing spray heads to replenish groundwater supplies in the area. Percolation through the soil results in removal of 99 percent of the phosphorous, 88 percent of the nitrogen, and practically all of the detergents. The success of this kind of treatment depends on the soil. If it is too porous, the percolation time is not long enough to use the soil as a treating material; if it is too impervious, waterlogging will occur.

We need not only an open-minded consideration of new concepts of sewage management; we need a new way of extracting money from the citizens. Bond issues and property taxes for sewers are reaching the breaking point. One solution would be to establish sewerage as a straight utility rather than as a tiny increment added to the water bill. A house owner gladly pays \$11 a month for telephone service. Why shouldn't he pay a somewhat similar amount to have his household wastes disposed of in a thoroughly safe and foolproof manner?

HARNESSING THE WATER SUPPLY

The amount of water on earth is virtually constant; hence the problem of an ever multiplying human race is to get it in usable form and to apportion it. If we could obtain rain where we need it or could even accurately predict where and when it would fall and in what amount, we would have a start. Eventually, we know we are going to need the oceans both for water and for atomic power, but we are now faced with the question of whether it is best to meet local scarcities by desalting seawater or by impounding and transporting the huge reserves of fresh water going to waste in subarctic rivers. In the meantime, the challenge of rain-making has nagged us, especially over the past 20 years, and we are beginning to realize that one reason for our notable lack of a breakthrough in this field is that we don't know enough about the weather. There are too many things about the process of rainfall that we don't understand.

Tropical storms — and, in fact, all rainstorms — are nature's way of desalting seawater. The great water cycle — evaporation from the oceans, leaving the salt behind; rain; runoff to rivers, with huge intermediate losses to the air by evaporation from

the soil, from lakes and ponds, and by transpiration of plants — has turned out to be a most untidy way to run a planet occupied by 3 billion human beings, whose demand for sweet water is insatiable. We usually get too much or too little at the wrong time. This is a fault of nature, but it is our own fault that we waste such appalling amounts of fresh water, chiefly by evaporation from irrigation canals and reservoirs.

Over the past several years an unexpected strategy developed by chemists shows promise for cutting down these evaporation losses. The trick is to add to the water traces of harmless surfactant compounds such as the higher alcohols, which form molecular layers on the surface of quiet lakes or ditches and reduce the rate of evaporation by creating a micro-thin barrier through which the water molecules find it hard to escape into the air. This technique does not work so well in large windswept bodies of water since waves break the surface film. Results have been promising in Australia and in our Southwest in certain large-scale experiments. Improvements in chemically anchoring the film, so that it is less easily ruptured, are being studied, though the high cost of the necessary chemicals is discouraging.

Most of the present costs of water, especially as made available to the irrigation farmer, are wholly deceptive. Such a farmer claims he will be ruined if water costs him more than one cent per thousand gallons. He usually gets it at that price, but it is a gift from the taxpayers pure and simple. The farmer pays nothing on the amortizations of large dams and reservoir construction, for which a considerable part of the expenditures consists in locating the impoundments or the conduits at such levels that gravity can deliver the water to his crops. Having one-cent water, the farmer wastes it in leaking ditches and in excessive irrigation runs.

If we continue to evaluate irrigation water at the absurd price of one cent per 1000 gallons, no method of desalting seawater or even of large-scale transportation of water, such as the North American Water and Power Alliance (NAWAPA) plan for bringing the excess water of the Northwestern rivers of the continent to 33 states of the Union, to Mexico, and to Canada, will be worth considering for irrigation. Pumping charges would make the price soar. We are up against social and political barbed wire packed with high voltage, which may fence us in against considering any great continental water enterprises.

WATER FROM THE SEA

Critics of the desalinization program of the federal government have been quick to point out that even if water were available from the oceans at

prices lower than what coastal cities now pay for water from other sources, desalted seawater would still cost 10 to 15 times too much for the Utah or Arizona farmer. This point is important since among large water users it is only the irrigating farmer who actually *consumes* water. Industry and municipalities borrow water and dirty it, but they do not consume it to any really significant extent. One can easily conceive of water-purification systems which would operate on sewage water and end the water shortage for industry and municipalities. Here the major problem is pollution, which creates a scarcity of *clean* water. It is the farmer, who cannot recover the water which his plants release or his soil evaporates, who would in the long run benefit from desalinization of seawater on a gigantic scale, but it is precisely the farmer who cannot afford such desalted water.

Before we decide whether such vast projects as desalinization plants powered by nuclear energy or NAWAPA are practicable, we are going to have to concede that they will saddle the city taxpayer with a colossal burden of paying for farm benefits. Since the city taxpayer is already making good the difference between one-cent-per-1000-gallon water to the irrigator and a realistic cost of 5 or 10 times as much, he may hesitate to make it a multiple of 30 or 40. In the meantime, however, as security against local droughts and as a substitute for much more stringent antipollution measures, the city man is interested in desalinization.

In general, for large installations some form of distillation seems to be the answer, and where power can be sold and mineral by-products can find a market, the heat of distillation may best be provided by atomic fission. For smaller plants, operating on water of lower salt content than seawater, the electrodialysis process, in which salt is forced out of brackish water electrically through plastic membranes, is moving ahead fast and competes with the "reverse-osmosis" technique, in which a separating membrane is also used but high pressure instead of electricity is the motive force.

President Johnson, in justifying the research and development money he wants spent by the Office of Saline Water in the Department of the Interior (\$29 million in fiscal 1966), has said we need new ideas. There is no paucity of them. The OSW now screens about 400 proposals a year.

None of the current approaches seems capable of making potable water at less than one dollar per 1000 gallons. City water in the United States now averages from 10 to 35 cents per 1000 gallons. However, there are communities in this country and abroad that would think the dollar price a bargain. At least 1000 towns in the United States have to use water containing up to one percent salt. Seawater contains 3.5 percent salt.

Although many processes are being studied, two dramatic changes in our ways of thinking about water desalinization have changed the pace and direction of development. One is the favorable theoretical economics of very large combined nuclear-energy and desalting plants. The second (and perhaps more important) is the concept of applying such a process to reclaim mixtures of sewage water and seawater or of sewage water alone. This may lead to an effective solution of the water-pollution problems of big coastal, river, or lake cities.

The importance of this notion is suggested by the vigorous counterattacks it has provoked from the coal industry, which fears that coal may be dislodged from its last precious stronghold as a fuel in electric power plants. The National Coal Association, the National Coal Policy Conference, and the United Mine Workers write passionate letters to the President, claiming with eloquence and bitterness that the nuclear processes involve government subsidies in the form of artificially low prices for nuclear fuels; that they may blow up New York City; and that even if they are successful, they would put 5 men out of work for every man they put in a job, since production of heat from coal provides about 5 times as many jobs as the production of the same amount of heat from nuclear fuel. In this last point they are undoubtedly right, and indeed it is probably the strongest economical justification for nuclear processes.

If it were not for their manpower savings, one might be suspicious of the correctness of estimated power costs from nuclear plants, since the Atomic Energy Commission makes it very hard to find out just what nuclear fuels do cost. Some utility companies, such as Consolidated Edison Company, which has operated a nuclear power plant at Indian Point, just below Peekskill, New York, maintain that the burning of uranium costs 22 cents a million British thermal units of heat energy produced, while by comparison coal costs 29 cents, fuel oils 33 cents, and gas more than 40 cents. The Con Ed people think that uranium will be under the 20 cents mark in a few years.

This is for electric power. The dramatic aspect of these figures applied to water treatment has come out in the recent proposal of the Bechtel Corporation for a 150-million-gallon-per-day desalting operation for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California. If electric power is produced at the same time from part of the steam evolved by nuclear heating and this power is sold at 4 mills per kilowatt-hour, a going rate in the area, Bechtel shows that the cost of water can be as low as 22 cents per thousand gallons. To match the 150 million gallons of water, 1800 megawatts of power would be distributed, which is enough for

a city with a population of 2 million and is considerably more than the hydroelectric power yielded at Hoover Dam.

A week after the Bechtel study contract was signed, San Diego had an earthquake. Evidently to quell superstitious fears of earth tremors releasing a mushroom cloud, Bechtel recommended that the desalinization electric power plant be located on an artificial island offshore from Sunset Beach.

The Bechtel prospectus has naturally been closely examined by its enemies as well as its friends. There seems every likelihood that it will go through and that by the middle 1970s Southern California will have fresh water from the sea in enough volume to supply a city of 750,000, about one sixth of the population of Los Angeles. This would be 50 times larger than the biggest current desalting operation, which is located in the Caribbean island of Aruba and is run by Shell Oil Company. There is some doubt that the water from the Feather River Valley in Northern California, which will start flowing southward in the 1970s, will cost any less, since over 400 miles of transportation are involved and pumping costs are usually estimated at 10 cents per thousand gallons per 100 miles. This water has to be pumped over the Tehachapi Mountains, which separate Northern from Southern California. The Atomic Energy Commission has agreed to help California build a nuclear power plant to do this pumping job more cheaply.

In the meantime, the state of New York, rendered unbearably restless by its awful pollution troubles and a long drought, decided to sign up with American Machine & Foundry Company for a small nuclear plant at Riverhead, on the northeast shore of Long Island, to turn out a million gallons of desalted water a day (enough for the needs of 10,000 rural people) as well as 2500 kilowatts of electricity per hour and up to 500,000 curies of cobalt 60 isotope a year. The latter is a new idea and may show some profit for plants of this size, since cobalt 60 is in demand the world over for miniature power packages and for scientific use. For much larger plants, the by-products could be minerals from the sea, including chlorine, sodium, magnesium, calcium, potassium, bromine, boron, and even silver and gold. Phosphate fertilizers could be produced, as shown by W. R. Grace & Company, by pretreatment of seawater with phosphoric acid. This would also reduce the scaling-up of evaporators with magnesium and calcium salts.

When the combination nuclear plants are applied to mixtures of sewage water and seawater, a distillation residue of considerable complexity will result. Some decomposition of organic material might take place, with the possibility of creating an air-pollution nuisance. However, the use of standard chemical absorbers and auxiliary treat-

ment of the overhead water would probably still make the total cost of producing clean water from such a witches' brew reasonable in comparison with the present clumsy methods of sewage handling. The greatest virtue of such total treatment is that it would eliminate the hideously complicated murk of thousands of trace chemical pollutants which we suspect will otherwise haunt the lives of those living in our river and lake cities from now on. The use of nuclear power would also eliminate a large fraction of the air pollution which now comes from the burning of coal or fuel oil for electric power production.

Desalting of seawater involves an embarrassing problem that has not been entirely solved: What do you do with all the salt obtained as a by-product? In plants designed to furnish drinking water to a large city the sodium chloride residue would be huge. The only answer seems to be to pump the hot concentrated brine back into the ocean, hoping that it will disperse fast enough so that it does not build up in the processing cycle and that it does not unduly pollute the continental-shelf marine habitat, the most productive part of the ocean as far as salt-water fish are concerned. Probably there is more danger to the fish from the by-product heat than from excess salt. These questions need to be answered to be sure that we would not be replacing one form of water pollution with another.

RETHINKING THE PROBLEM OF COST

In considering grand programs, such as a series of half-a-billion-gallon-per-day desalting plants or the colossal movement of waters, such as proposed in the NAWAPA project, we must develop a new philosophy of costs. The NAWAPA concept was proposed by the Ralph M. Parsons Company and has been introduced to the Senate Public Works Committee by Senator Frank E. Moss of Utah. The enormous amount of water running uselessly into the sea from Alaska, Canada, and the Northwestern United States would be collected and stored in an intercontinental system of reservoirs at relatively high elevations. By means of a reservoir-canal-river system the water would then be redistributed throughout the continent from Canada to Mexico, generating power as it descended into the sea.

NAWAPA could provide 36 trillion gallons per year, enough to irrigate 40 million acres of land in our Western states (more than is now being irrigated) and yield 100 million kilowatts of electric power, equivalent to 75 Hoover Dams. It would bring the Great Lakes back to their normal level, increase the output of Niagara Falls, and open up a navigable canal from the St. Lawrence River to the Pacific Ocean. It would cost about \$100 billion and take 20 years to complete.

NAWAPA is by far the biggest public works project ever considered. However, it contains internal defects that should oblige us to reflect on our whole continental philosophy of water. NAWAPA would double our irrigation water supply, but do we want more irrigated land? It would create a "Northwest passage," but what good is that? It would give Mexico the equivalent of an Aswan Dam, but are we in the business of growing Mexican cotton? It would make the Great Lakes deeper, but is that a good way to solve the sickening pollution of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan?

In a sense, NAWAPA is an agricultural pork barrel for the farmers of three countries. It is based on the erroneous premise that we have a basic water shortage in most of North America. In fact, we have a shortage only of *clean water*. Building a big dam and a reservoir for flushing purposes is one way to try to clean up a river. (The Army Corps of Engineers proposed it for the Potomac.) But it is a very inefficient and very expensive way to cope with pollution. It would not solve, for example, one of our most critical poison-water dilemmas — how to remove trace quantities of dangerous organic chemical wastes. There is another defect in this method of getting more clean water: storage dams represent essentially an irreversible action committed upon a river. The river is tied in chains. If you decide later you must treat the river water instead of diluting it, you have already built your monument of concrete and must pay the interest on it. Acreage has been inundated.

For several decades the storage-dam concept has been fiercely defended by the sacred cliché that "electricity makes low-cost water possible." This is certainly true where the electric power source is reasonably close to a large market for power, as would be the case with nuclear desalting plants in coastal cities. But the easy hydroelectric dam sites are used up, and it costs a good deal of money to transport electric power. The claim of the Reclamation Bureau that the taxpayers get reimbursed (except for costs that are written off against non-reimbursable aspects such as flood control or recreation) from profits on power has been disputed by modern economists. Some funny bookkeeping is involved, since the Reclamation Bureau pays low interest, well below the government's rate on new bond issues. The NAWAPA scheme, however, would go a long way toward curing the pollution problem in the United States by installing proper sewage and industrial waste-treating facilities.

MEN WHO HAVE TRIED

In the field of water pollution, there are probably no two more knowledgeable men in the country, including all scientific as well as practical elements

of know-how, than Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine and Representative John Blatnik of Minnesota. Senator Muskie knows the problem as ex-governor of his native state, and he knows how penny-pinching can block action. For example, in his own town of Waterville, a local sewer district was established; it issued revenue bonds, completely rebuilt the city sewers, cleaned up the tributary streams, but found that because of the authorized debt limit there was no money left for sewage treatment.

The device of forming districts or "authorities" of several communities to evade the debt limit was invented by a Waterville lawyer, and the idea spread over the country, but this did not help lonely Waterville. On the other hand, Allegheny County in Pennsylvania contracted for a \$100 million sewage treating system to service 125 communities, created the Allegheny County Sanitary Authority, and issued revenue bonds; and every three months the Allegheny County homeowner gets a bill prorated on his water bill.

Edmund Muskie understands the terrifying rocky stubbornness of New England, which would rather decay than spend money. He knows the story of the Merrimack River, one of the dirtiest stretches of water in the history of the world. But the political history of the Merrimack is even grimmer. Although the Merrimack's pollution has been bemoaned for 80 years, not one town on the main stem of the river has treated its sewage.

The Merrimack psychosis is the reason we need federal action. Until 1945 the Massachusetts Department of Public Health had no enforcement powers and could make only pallid recommendations to the legislature. But even the present control law has no teeth nor any provision for improvement grants. The Merrimack Valley is a depressed area, and the textile industries that did not flee to the South let it be known that sewer rates would break their straining backs. Bond issues for sewage treatment were defeated by incredible margins: 5 to 1 in Haverhill and 7 to 1 in Lowell. Even the U.S. Public Health Service got itself involved in a scandal when it was revealed that one of its officials had promised the Massachusetts authorities that federal enforcement would not be initiated. In 1963, Governor Endicott Peabody requested federal help, but the Public Health Service was refused data by the Massachusetts Department of Public Health, which would not name any industrial polluters. In a public hearing, an official of the state Public Health department became so insulting to federal representatives that the meeting ended in a donnybrook. A basic trouble is that the people are not willing to pay a reasonable price for fresh water. They have a vague notion that water should be free, like air. Local water boards won't charge higher

prices to pay for water or sewage treatment because, as the citizens along the Merrimack have shown at the polls, the members of the water boards would promptly lose their jobs.

The Public Health Service had even less luck in New Jersey in the case of Raritan Bay. Here the details of the failure to act appear to have been hushed up, but such men as Representative John Dingell of Michigan have pointed out that every federal agency involved showed dereliction: the Public Health Service, because contamination which infected shellfish was being put into the bay; the Coast Guard, because they failed to restrict pumping of oil into the bay waters; and even the Army Corps of Engineers, because the Flood Control Act of 1899 gives them responsibility to take action when dangerous substances are being inserted into water. No attempt was made, according to Dingell, to control even the pumping of sewage from federal installations into this gray lagoon.

Interstate commissioners have claimed, preposterously, that the Arthur Kill is immaculate as far as Raritan Bay is concerned. Humble Oil Company, American Cyanamid, and General Aniline & Film have been dumping organic wastes from Arthur Kill into the bay for decades; and eight and a half years after formal objection had elicited from the state of New Jersey only a mild scolding, Representative Dingell was so fed up with lack of action by the U.S. Public Health Service that he demanded that the function of federal water-pollution policing be transferred from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to the Department of the Interior.

Up to now the U.S. Public Health Service has legally been empowered to act only in cases involving interstate waters or at the invitation of the governor of a single state. But the Public Health Service has not been aggressive. The water-pollution authority is buried under layers of bureaucracy, reporting ultimately to the Surgeon General. Organized like the Army, the Public Health Service has a strong *esprit de corps*, and a great desire not to make any enemies. In such cases as Raritan Bay it has acted with all the resoluteness of a wet noodle.

Both the House and the Senate heartily supported transferring authority from the U.S. Public Health Service to a new Federal Water Pollution Control Administration headed by an assistant secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. In the Water Pollution Act of 1965, the House and Senate agreed on increased grants for sewer projects, grants for water-pollution research, and a general stiffening of the federal backbone. Will the Water Pollution Act do the job? Not unless it is adequately financed. President Johnson has asked for \$50 million for a start on a program

that might cost \$10 billion over the next decade.

Without at least this much money the act will not accomplish what must be accomplished. It may prevent some future outright horrors such as Raritan Bay, and conceivably even clean up the Merrimack River, but it is not going to achieve the President's goal of "preventing pollution before it happens." It does not propose any really basic remedy for industrial pollution, such as President Johnson's suggestion of a "user fee," similar to the brilliantly successful system used in West Germany. It does not tie together a great national water reuse program with large-scale elimination of all types of pollution. It proposes a police action rather than a really concerted plan. It would add policemen but not planning engineers.

What must somehow be pounded into the heads of the people who govern us is that as far as the eye can see into the future, our big problem in water is pollution. The problem of water shortages is a problem of treating dirty water, whether the dirt is in the form of municipal sewage, industrial waste, salt, or silt.

The difficulty is that dealing with pollution — in the broad sense involving, for instance, soil erosion and salt invasion of groundwaters, as well as the more obvious and smelly modes of degrading fresh water — necessitates stepping on innumerable toes outside of a particular federal department. The more rationally James M. Quigley, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and Commissioner of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, approaches his enormous job, the more hisses and catcalls he will get. Even the hitherto mild and spiritless activities of the Public Health Service have caused tantrums of rage among the states, among industrialists, and among other federal departments.

Because of its polite remonstrances the HEW Department has been accused of a ravening will to power. If Mr. Quigley attempts to promote what is the most promising solution to urban water problems — the combined reclamation of sewage water and seawater (for example, the reclamation of the Hudson River, which would end New York City's prolonged agony) — he will be regarded as a veritable demon. A demon is precisely what we need, if the President will stand behind him. We need a man tough as an old saddle and fearless as a wolverine.

An alternative to one-department planning on a grand scale has always been a "council" or a committee. (One recalls the old definition of a camel — a horse designed by a committee.) In 1943 the Federal Inter-Agency River Basin Committee ("Firebrick") was created to encourage cooperation between the Army Corps of Engineers and the Departments of Agriculture and of the Interior in

studies of multiple-purpose dams. The members sat on their hands. The Corps and the Reclamation Bureau went ahead building dams as they saw fit, and the Soil Conservation people continued their same tours of duty. In 1964 a Federal Inter-Agency Committee on Water Resources ("Icewater") was set up, consisting of representatives of Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, HEW, and the Federal Power Commission. These men have harrumphed and yawned suspiciously at each other, but we still have no overall resources policy.

There is no agency in the federal government authorized to determine the policies, make the decisions, and give the supervision required for water resources development; and in the area of pollution, which underlies water resources, there is not even a shadow of such authority. The 1965 model was the Water Resources Council headed by the Secretary of the Interior and reporting directly to the President. This was a body hastily drafted to give the thirsting voters of the Northeast an impression that their troubles would be ended by virtue of a series of powwows. It shows no signs of establishing before the public the fact that pollution and water reuse are matters of driving urgency.

In the New York predicament the state has shown more insight than the federal government. Governor Rockefeller's \$1.7 billion program for abatement of water pollution, if coupled with reduction of losses and installation of full water metering (New York City *loses* twice as much water in its transmission system — 400 million gallons a day — as the city of Boston uses), would go further to relieve the local famine than such airily conceived notions as diverting water from Canada. The plan to use salt water to fight fires in New York City will help.

Unfortunately, the majority of the people and even a majority of the Congress still do not understand the gravity of our water-pollution problems. Cleaning up the rivers is viewed by many as part of the "beautification" program, like getting the automobile junk piles out of sight. Improving the scenery does not purge the water. In my opinion the League of Women Voters is doing the best job countrywide in educating people to the importance

of the water problem. It has placed water pollution high on its list of "continuing responsibilities."

To implement the mighty efforts needed in water reuse, desalting, and soil control, we need a crash program exceeding the magnitude and pace of the Manhattan Project, which developed the nuclear bomb. This is especially true in the research and development aspects of antipollution. Some tremendous gaps in our knowledge and know-how exist which must be filled by an immense acceleration of research.

As a professional chemist, I cannot resist the temptation to point out one promising approach to the problem of organic chemical pollution which is receiving no federal money at all. This is the development of strains of bacteria or ferments that would selectively digest the trace poisons in industrial effluents. Private chemical and petroleum industries are working along such lines for their own purposes. Standard Oil of New Jersey, for example, has developed a microbiological process for converting petroleum into food. There are known strains of microflora that will selectively chew the wax out of crude oil or will chew the sulfur out of it. Dow Chemical Company uses selected bacteria to destroy phenolic chemical wastes. Maybe there are bugs that could be grown which would even thrive on minute but still toxic concentrations of endrin, DDT, and the other pesticides that are killing our fish and probably degrading our own livers. There could certainly be developed special microbic scavengers that would do a faster and better job in our sewage plants.

Research work of this kind needs to be done intensively and patiently with astronomical numbers of time-consuming experiments. And yet to my knowledge no system of experiments has been started with the specific goal in mind of controlling water pollution. We leave it to nature to provide the bacteria for sewage treatment, but nature is not a sanitary engineer, and nature is a great believer in time. Time, however, is of the essence. We run all kinds of races against disaster. Certainly not the least of these is the race against disease and ugliness — the race to clean up our once sweet waters.

Say something funny

Or pleasing. Or even slightly unexpected. You will delight in the reaction of your Japan Air Lines hostess. Warm, friendly, sometimes shy. Always enchanting.

you experience a charming response

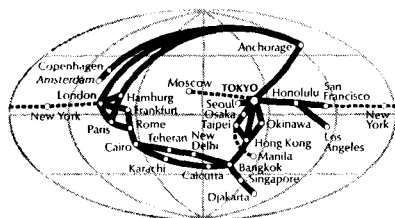
Uniquely Japanese. And that is the secret of Japan Air Lines' famed service. Wherever in the world you fly JAL, you are magically "in Japan." You are an honored guest, pampered in the gracious Japanese manner.

reflecting 1,200 years of tradition

Observe the grace of your kimono-clad hostess as she welcomes you with a refreshing *o-shibori* hot towel... pours a tiny cup of warmed sake... serves you superb Continental cuisine. You are experiencing 1,200 years of tradition in the art of pleasing others.



ENJOY THE SPECIAL CHARM OF JAPAN AIR LINES on your choice of 20 flights every week from California to Tokyo, with daily service from Los Angeles, and 13 departures weekly from San Francisco. Plan a Hawaii vacation stopover at no extra fare. Plan also to fly JAL to Hong Kong and other Orient cities... to India, and on to Europe. Ask your travel agent about this artful blend of Jet-Age airmanship and classic hospitality—now yours to enjoy worldwide.



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the worldwide airline of Japan

The Thunderbird Touch:
A Stereo-Tape System...Highway Pilot Control...
Overhead Safety Control Panel



Thunderbird Town Hardtop

We submit that no car in all the world even comes close to offering its owners the unique touches of personal luxury that you will find in our 1966 Thunderbird.

Thunderbird's new Stereo-Tape System is but one of many exclusive options. It surrounds you with music from four high-fidelity stereo speakers. Easy-loading tape cartridges give you more than 70 min-

utes of uninterrupted music.

Highway Pilot Control is another. Mounted at your fingertips, within the spokes of the steering wheel, Highway Pilot lets you set, retard, and resume your cruising speed at the touch of a button.

And the Overhead Safety Control Panel, standard on Town Landau and Town Hardtop models, has lights to remind you if fuel

is low, a door ajar or to fasten seat belts.

Thunderbird 1966 will touch all your driving with total luxury. Drive one today.

Thunderbird



UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD



Living

THE NEW COLOR- STYLES FOR MEN

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Among the more persistent rites of spring is the annual outburst by manufacturers of men's clothing. From this point on, everything will be different, they proclaim. This is the year of years. Suits? Gay colors, bold patterns, and — surprise! — no collar or lapels on the coat. Shirtings will be floral, with more bold designs. Ties — just a bit of colorful ribbon. Shoes now lace up the back. Evening wear: black is *out*, everything *in* is color, color, color — the brighter the better.

Just what mysterious prompting stirs all the manufacturers in this fiercely competitive business to combine, at the same time each year, in the production of radical novelties is not known. The seizure seems to occur in the summer of the previous year, for the new designs and materials take some months to bring into being, and all must be available for showing, if not for actual delivery, by the time the newspapers are clamoring for the details. It should be pointed out that having decided to bring out an entirely new kind of apparel for men, the manufacturers, by another strange concatenation of

their desires, all wish to advertise these phenomena on the same spring Sunday. News columns, already hard to locate in the usual Sunday paper, would vanish altogether under the avalanche of clothing advertising, so the publisher has no choice but to put the whole outburst into a special fashion supplement: The New Color-Styles for Men. Coming next week! Don't miss it!

The supplement is a triumph of color photography, and it is difficult to tell the reading matter, if indeed there is any, from the paid advertising in the welter of pictorial support for the new fashions. The men in the photographs who are wearing the clothes of many colors — one hesitates to call them models, for it is distressing to think that a man might be regularly employed at this sort of work — have a remarkable appropriateness for the assignment: they seem neither abashed nor defiant about their attire, and most of them are not even grinning the grin which the American housewife has taken for herself as she goes about the dirtier jobs at home — oven cleaning, toilet scouring, and such. The men are, rather, staring resolutely at something other than the camera, a harmless lot of middle-aged Joes, the type one might find sitting in the next chair in a one-arm lunchroom, apathetic even when a

small boy in the same photograph is wearing the same collarless blazer, potato-chip straw hat, and burnt-orange slacks, "just like Dad's." There is nothing high style about the men in the clothing supplement; they're just folks like the rest of us. Their unawareness of the fantastic finery in which they are decked out calls to mind Batman's reply to the headwaiter who has just offered him a ringside table in a crowded nightclub. "No, thanks," says Batman, who is wearing his helmet-mask, tights, and swirling cape, "I don't want to attract attention."

The big supplement on the new styles for men gets bigger every year. Its experts and advertisers seem ever more confident that the barrier is finally down. But what becomes of the puffed shirt-sleeves, the sequined pullover, the Roman-striped golf stockings, the buckskin bowler, and the cellophane business suit? Where do they all go after the supplement has announced their arrival in our midst? Just as a man is somewhat angrily deciding to have none of this nonsense, he finds that it doesn't exist anyhow. He never sees anyone wearing any of it, nor is it being offered for sale. The new color-styles, he concludes, are being worn only within the city limits of Los Angeles or in the disputed areas along the Sino-Tibetan border.



The Cornflake Syndrome

BY SUSAN FULLER

SUSAN FULLER is a writer and foreign correspondent, and is now spending some time in West Africa.

In the capital of the formerly French-administered west African country of Togo, the blackboards propped up every now and then outside the two small offshoots of famous French chain stores are considered to be a source of far more important news than the daily *Togo-Presse*. They announce the date on which the next French boat with French food shivering in its refrigerated hold will drop anchor a few hundred yards from the shore. Every Frenchman in Lomé is on the lookout for it once its arrival has been announced, and there are happy, greedy smiles transfiguring every face once the lighters are seen to be on their way over choppy waters between the ship and the quay, unloading the delicacies for which every French *femme de ménage* is craving. Next morning the crowds in Monoprix and Scoa press toward the delicious Camemberts and Bries, the *demi-sel* and the *fromage de chèvres*, sigh ecstatically over genuine *escalope de veau* and minced horse. They might be restoring themselves and their larders after a siege.

Sometimes the joy is even more profound and the crowds even larger than when a boat has arrived. On these occasions it is a plane which has touched down in Lomé, and now the baskets are loaded with lettuce and carrots, grapes, artichokes, and peaches. There are even oysters and snails to be had and occasionally tiny, rather squashed

shrimps. Prices, naturally, are astronomical. A lettuce flown 5000 miles cannot be retailed, even if limply faded, for a few cents; in fact the price is around three dollars. Other indispensable luxuries are similarly high priced, and although stomachs may be comfortably fuller after the next meal, purses are certainly uncomfortably lighter.

All this could be understood if Lomé were ungenerous to its European guests, providing little for their gastronomic delectation and leaving them with that gnawing hunger for the produce of their own country, which is one of the most painful forms of homesickness. But it isn't. Every morning fishermen delicately negotiate their frail pirogues over Atlantic breakers, crashing up the romantic palm-fringed sands. They haul their deep-blue nets out of a sea brimming with fish to disgorge sparkling and gasping catches of sole, tunny, mullet, mackerel, sardine,

squid, and capitaine into the baskets of the waiting market *mamas*. Who wants *escalope de veau* or minced horse when such delicious alternatives are available? Nor is this all. Crab, lobster, crayfish, still waving feebly as proof of their freshness, are a common sight in the town. They are hawked from enamel basins on the heads of tiny children, who frequently plead their wares in vain with foolish women feeling smugly superior because they have just bought a dozen frozen oysters or a handful of long-dead shrimps.

The story is the same with fresh vegetables and fruit. It is true that artichokes, peaches, and grapes do not grow in the climate of Togo, but bananas and avocados are almost given away in the market; mammoth pineapples are available for around fifty cents; and grapefruit, lemons, and oranges glow in brilliant shades of green and yellow to tempt house-

JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

Mother, Being Partial,

Bragg a bit to old sparring partners
How we speak no unkind word,
As though that somehow sanctified
A pair whose cosmos, after all, was born
Of strife and, brawling, sweats a concord out.

How dull it is! By day and night
The halcyon bird is ever at our throats,
Her wilted twig a-dangle with its olive oil
For troubled waters. Drop a hint of revolt
And look! — the marines are landing.

Hot for peace, they grind ashore
Before the opening volleys hit, attended
By a clutch of marriage counselors, who crawl,
Waving their unsolicited foreign aid,
From under every loggerhead.

A far far better thing it is, *sub rosa*,
Sotto voce, seeing that even the wed
Contrive occasional privacies,
To lie subversive, far from the pacifying
Crowd's ignoble riot squad, and sneak a little

Bitter

Unimpeded

Internecine

Warfare in,

However proudly

Mother, being partial, cares to brag.

who seem to prefer serving colored squash out of a bottle to the fresh juice, which, let it be said, they don't even have the bother of squeezing themselves. It is the same story with lettuce, carrots, cabbage, and leeks: all there in profusion to be bargained for, and all bought too often, stale and unprofitable, from the shops. "But the lettuce in the market doesn't taste as good as our own," protest women who have never tried. And perhaps the reason why the withered airlifted carrots are preferred to those that shine like a hundred suns from their morning scrub is that they are still encrusted with the hallowed soil of *la patrie*.

For some strange, snobbish reason, everything grown locally is thought to be inferior to anything sent from abroad, or if not exactly inferior, then so ordinary as to be beneath the attention of a good housewife and certainly unworthy of offering to a guest. New arrivals in Lomé or visitors passing through are wined and dined very generously, but seldom on local food. If meat is served, it has invariably been imported from France, although the market lamb, hacked at irresponsibly and alarmingly by vicious-looking men with long machetes, is not at all bad; and only Americans serve chicken because they have their own commissariat, where hygienically wrapped frozen fowl is available. No European thinks it amusing to pick out a bird, alive and squawking, from a pile on the dusty pavement, brought into town by an old harridan, who always hopefully demands twice as much as she expects to be paid.

In general, the French buy French food from the French shops, the Americans buy American food from their commissariat, and the British buy British food from Saccone and Speed. The result is that dinner parties have a sameness reminiscent of international hotels, with tinned smoked salmon only too often the *pièce de résistance* and tinned peas the only vegetable. "Do you know," one distinguished visitor to Togo complained in horror, "the pineapple I was given here came out of a tin!"

The explanation for this odd approach to living in a foreign country is complex. An American doctor with the Peace Corps calls it the "cornflake syndrome" and says it

Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just \$12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that \$12.95 may be worth only \$2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

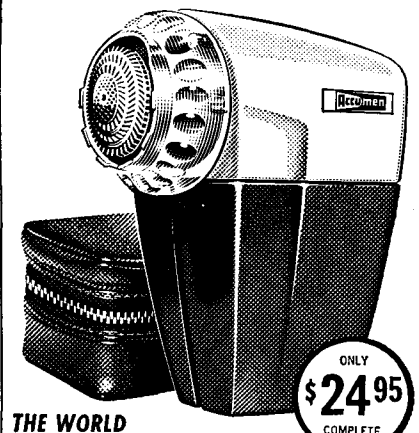
1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least ten to fifteen good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the rechargeable flashlight. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchronesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area $2\frac{1}{2}$ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (.00315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation—have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

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Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system—among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



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Unconditional Promise: Try the ACCUMEN for two weeks. Then, if you don't agree it is indeed "The Ultimate," send it back to us and we'll return your money by air mail and write you a nice thank-you letter.

That's it. For the price of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill shaver you can now shave with the pride of Europe. The ACCUMEN. The Ultimate Shaver. The only electric shaver that shaves close enough (in the woods or at home) to satisfy "blade men." And the only shaver in the world that will never be repaired, but that offers the exclusive ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan.

STEP INTO A NEW WORLD OF SHAVING LUXURY-TODAY ©1966. A-5

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- ☐ *Hairclipper Attachment - \$4.95.
- ☐ *Massage/Hairbrush Attachments, both-\$4.95.
- ☐ *White Flashlight Attachment - \$3.95.
- ☐ *Yellow Blinker Attachment - \$3.95.
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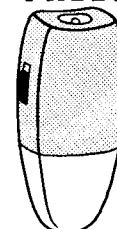
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stems from insecurity. "Most people," he said, "hate experimenting with food — look how babies spit out something new. People only seem to feel safe with what they have got used to gradually over the years; and of course as far as Americans are concerned, they are just terrified of anything not wrapped in cellophane." Among the French and the British, moreover, there is also a slight residual dread, a hang-over from colonial days, of being thought to have "gone native." Standards must still be kept up, even if no longer quite to the point of dressing for dinner in the jungle; and by standards is meant the transplanting of as much as possible of one's own way of life onto the alien soil where one happens to be. The French don't feel at home without Camembert, the Americans are

uncasy without cereals for breakfast, and the British remain nostalgically partial to bangers and mash even when the sweat is running down their faces.

All this is sad enough, but perhaps the real tragedy is that the European attitude has begun to give the Togolese a sense of inferiority. The highly educated wife of a Togolese official in Lomé is a nurse and is out at work all day, but, she told dinner guests recently, she manages to find time to do all her own cooking because she enjoys it. "Did you cook this meal?" she was asked, as a series of rather boring European dishes came and went. "Oh, no," replied the minister's wife, "I got someone in to do the cooking tonight because I know Europeans refuse to eat anything but their own kind of food."

they remember some poetic label like the Year of the Grasshopper. This has never been adopted in the West. The nearest we have ever come to it is the way racing men fix years by the winners of classic races. I once tried to popularize 1910 in my circle as the Year the Gods Blessed Man, but it did not catch on.

The *Atlantic Monthly* began life in 1857, but I expect more people think of it in connection with Boston than with the year when Conrad was born, Trollope's *Barchester Towers* was published, and the Dred Scott case was decided by the Supreme Court. There was also Sir William Thomson's quadrant electrometer; but I doubt whether thoughts in the office often turn to it. After all, the *New Yorker's* the same age as Richard Burton, and how much does it boast about that?

Astrologers take birth dates seriously, though probably belief in their views doesn't lead to any sort of chronological patriotism. I shouldn't like to claim that the qualities of either Crippen or Tolstoy were discoverable in my own character. It is just that I feel a gentle nostalgia, an affection, a pride when 1910 crops up, and I think more people ought to take a pensive interest in the year that they share with so many others.

I can't see, I am glad to say, the 1910 class ever ganging up in an organized association to run reunions

Three Cheers for When

R. G. G. PRICE

A regular contributor to PUNCH of light articles and literary criticism, R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

Haydn was born the same year as Washington and died the year of Lincoln's birth. Do you find this kind of information fascinating? Probably not. *Where* men were born seems to impress people far more than *when*. Shakespeare gets continually belated for having been born at Stratford on Avon, but only once in a hundred years is he praised for having been born in 1564. Yet it was a splendid year, in which Marlowe and Galileo were born and Calvin and Michelangelo died, while Stratford, for all its charming setting, is the great example of a one-celebrity town. To go back to Lincoln, do you associate him with Kentucky or 1809? Yet 1809 was a vintage year, with the birth of Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tennyson, and Darwin. It was also the year that Napoleon divorced Josephine.

Places stick in the mind better than dates, words better than numbers. Children find it easier to remember that the capital of France is Paris than that the French Revolution broke out in 1789. My friends are often puzzled that I am prouder of being born in 1910 than of being

born in South London, which, for all its plain-spun virtues, is a fraction dull. But if the place is unexciting, the year is magnificent. The obituaries included Tolstoy, William James, Julia Ward Howe, and O. Henry. It was also enlivened by Crippen, who chopped up his wife, laid her under the cellar floor, and sailed for America, on the way to which he found detectives waiting for him and became one of the earliest casualties of radio. South Africa embarked on its career as a Union, and Korea was annexed by Japan. Speaking as a man born during the presidency of Taft, the premiership of Asquith, and the reign of Nicholas I of Montenegro (just), I can afford not to boast that in 1910 the legislative council of Ceylon was remodeled or that by this year, according to the rather cautious work of reference I am leaning on, the manufacture of celluloid had begun in Italy.

The Asians are popularly supposed to give names to years so that the mathematically backward can cope with time more easily. Instead of trying to remember four digits,



and boost the good old year when we all first arrived on earth. No section of the community that has Tolstoy on its mental banners is going in for drum majorettes. I can't see us bawling out, "One-nine-one-o, What do we know?" I can't even see us meeting to eat vast meals, with an empty place for Crippen. But there is a middle course between

the brash and the neglectful. I should like to think that scattered about the earth's surface are sentimentalists who feel, like me, a twinge of loyalty and, like me, do nothing much about it. Heaven forbid that I should actually be in touch with my fellow nineteen-tenners; but it is cheering to know that they exist. One of our characteristics, I guess, is that we do not like externalizing our loyalties. We are a shy, retiring, publicity-dodging lot. If any expert on the lore of numbers likes to prove that we are gentle, sensitive, and an odd combination of brilliance and modesty, let him, or more likely her, go ahead.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE FOUR GRANDCHILDREN

BY HOLLIS SUMMERS

This little fellow is very robust
As you can see,
But his parents consider his diet habits
Naughty.
The child has proved himself unable
Ever to eat
Dairy products, fruits, eggs, vegetables,
Or meat.
They drag him around to various medics
Again and again
When all the child craves is a tissue of Kleenex
And an aspirin.

This little maiden knows all there is to know
About Sex; our son showed her Sex photographed:
People, flowers, apes, birds. She laughed.
He rented, God knows where, a moving picture show

That told it all again and rather annoyed
The baby's Grans; the movies would have brought a blush
To Fanny Hill and Mr. Sigmund Freud;
The Grans said, "Shame." The son said, "Hush."

But the lectures and the pictures did no good.
The baby still plants feathers deep in a plastic cup;
My how she cries when the birdies don't come up,
Acting exactly as we knew she would.

This is the one the sea gulls attack;
He is really rather a sensitive child,
Quiet and remarkably artistic,
Loves to sit in trees, is mild
With animals. Gulls never bother
The other children. I wonder.
Perhaps the lad secretes an odor.
Wouldn't that be unutterably dreadful?
Or does he rather resemble a gull?

And here is our very happy conformist
Who simply adores obeying a rule;
A mannered model, she can resist
Every infection polluting the school;

She keeps herself lovely, is never late,
Does sums and calligraphy gloriously well;
But twice she has stolen my upper plate
For Show and Tell.

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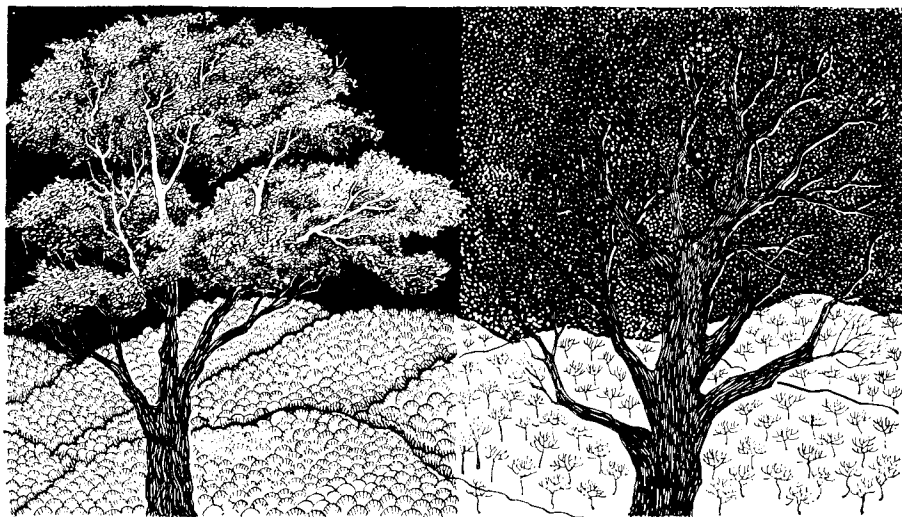
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pleasures *and* places



NEW HAMPSHIRE OUT OF SEASON

BY NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

Mrs. Kimball was feeding a family of raccoons out of her hand on the back porch the first time we saw her. We had just come down off the top of Mt. Waumbek, our second four-thousand-foot climb of the season, and were looking around for a place near the Northern Peaks where we could spend a few weeks later in the year. It was toward the end of June then. On a hike to Waumbek several weeks before, we had been unable to get beyond the neighboring summit of Starr King. At that time—early May—on the wooded ridge that connects the two peaks, the snow was too rotten and still too deep to be crossed without snowshoes; warblers flitted in the trees and the sun was summery, yet Waumbek, a mile away and slightly above us, remained for the time inaccessible. But now, happy with our success on this second try, we decided we ought to book a cabin for an extended stay. Mrs. K.'s old-fashioned cottages, announced by only one or two modest signposts, sat fairly far apart from each other on the slope of a hill a good distance back from the highway. On close inspection their simple virtues included a plain wooden floor, a single cold-water tap, an unscreened porch, a wood stove with plenty of pine slab, a

rickety icebox out back, and a corner inside where you could get your own meals. It seemed a wonderful change from all the instant comforts of home! They were also as neat as the woman who owned them, and the view from them was incomparable. It embraced a sweep of summits from Madison south along the ridge of the Presidential Range to the flat-tish hump of Franklin. In all northern New Hampshire we had never before come upon a place to stay like this one. Right off we reserved a cottage for September, the best month of the year in the White Mountains.

Labor Day, as everyone seemed to be heading south, we went north. The cabins, the Mountaineers, are strung at the foot of a hill called Boy Mountain, a few miles east of the village of Jefferson. (For supplies, the larger towns of Lancaster and Gorham and industrial Berlin are close by. But the village store still sells milk in glass bottles with the cream standing at the top!)

Our particular cottage consisted of a single room. Its walls were logs of canoe birch with the chalky-white bark still on them. These lengths had been saw-trimmed on two faces and fitted together tightly. At first I thought the bright walls were mere slabs tacked onto boards, the

way up in the gable ends of the open ceiling the boards had been papered with wide strips of peeled birch bark. Because the logs stood upright, it was a week before I came to see that the little structure was a true log cabin. As I undertook a closer examination of the place, I found here and there the names of earlier guests finely penciled on the white bark. Some had come back year after year, recording each new date under the old one. I noticed too that some part of the cottage's underpinning had sagged or rotted and never been jacked up to level again. Accordingly, half the legs of the big bed and one end of the table had been elevated on small blocks. But in a setting where the mountains themselves were perfection enough, the fact that the cabin tilted did not seem at all improper. It was from an outside window in the kitchen corner that you held in your eye the highest peaks in all New England, indeed, of the whole Northeast.

The Mountaineers stand on the site of an old inn, the Mt. Adams, burned down some forty or so years ago. Out behind our cabin and nearly hidden in the recent growth of feathery tamaracks was the inn's carriage house, vast, empty, and leaning perilously. Abandoned apple trees grew back there too, and during our stay, signs indicated that bears came in the night to feed on fallen fruit. A hunt was on at this same time in a swamp a few miles away in Lancaster for a couple of bears that all spring and summer had been killing sheep. We have never had the luck of glimpsing a black bear in the New Hampshire mountains, and our luck did not change while we were at the Mountaineers. We did watch a long-tailed weasel at length on a mountain path one day; on another trail my wife saw a red fox; and on our last morning, as we packed, the two pet house cats we had taken with us on the trip caught a meadow jumping mouse. But these, apart from chipmunks and fairly common red squirrels and a raccoon family in Mrs. Kimball's kitchen, were the only mammals.

Often in the evening I went down to Mrs. Kimball's for ice containers that she froze for us in her refrigerator. There were the raccoons one night, four or five of them, receiving handouts of bread and Fig Newtons in the middle of the kitchen floor. When I crouched down, the mar-

velous creatures came searching my hands too. As Mrs. K. was giving me some bread for them, one of the animals slipped behind her to tug at the big drawer in which it was necessary to keep the breadbox. I was told that the screen door had to be kept latched or the raccoons would come boldly in and raid the refrigerator.

I got handouts from Mrs. Kimball too: wildlife and natural history magazines to take back to our cottage, and a thick history of Lancaster, where she was born. But best were her memories of earlier days.

She is a straight-standing white-haired woman, but an outdoors-woman and therefore of an indeterminable age. Many times while she spoke she broke off suddenly and went rummaging through albums and boxes of old photographs for a snapshot or two that would cap her words. She showed me a number of poses of Gipsy and Cinderella, black bears she and her late husband had raised from cubs. In the old carriage house I had seen their now unused cage with the two names inscribed on the decorated front. When grown, one of the bears had gone to Franklin Park in Boston; the other, in captivity in the little zoo at Crawford Notch, had been shot in the pandemonium following another bear's fatal attack on a keeper. There was another old snap of Mr. K. reading the evening paper in the living room with a full-grown deer curled up asleep on the rug at his feet. Like the bears, this animal had been brought to the Kimballs by a local game warden after its parents had been gunned by hunters.

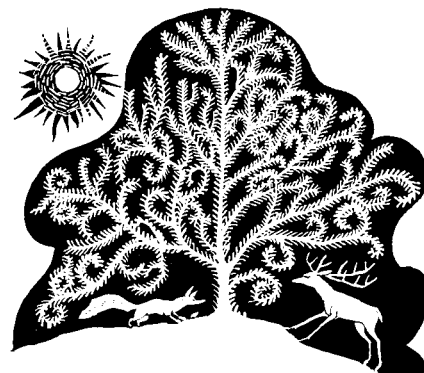
The camera had pictured dozens of events in their lives: unusual snows that piled to the roof eaves, a dummy deer that practical-joking Mr. K. had set out and that had been peppered with bullets by over-eager deerslayers. But the most impressive series of pictures were those of the original Mountaineer, a large story-and-a-half log structure the Kimballs had built many years before on an acre of wilderness high on the flank of Starr King. Mr. K. had trimmed and milled the logs with saws he erected up there himself, backpacking and dragging behind an old horse all his own home-made machinery. The inside was spacious with large corner windows and boasted a great round table that one yellowing photo showed spread with

a linen cloth. Mr. K. had even tapped a nearby stream so that the place had an indoor toilet, and for a few seasons the couple wintered there, snowshoeing down to the village for supplies once or twice a week. It was later on, after the war, that Mr. K. set up his saws again and built the present Mountaineer cabins. Both Kimballs served terms in the state legislature in Concord.

September in the mountains; warm sunny days and nights a snap of cold; sharp light and distant clarity. Each morning the hillsides bloomed in a new pattern of changing colors: green seemed to drain away, the different birches became a luminous yellow, the maples an incandescent red. Foliage routes of exceptional interest were marked out along the highways.

Evenings after dark, with the loan of Mrs. K.'s FM radio, we tuned in the local station transmitting from the top of Mt. Washington, listening for a guide to the next day's weather. If you are planning to take to the heights, this is essential, though you have also to develop a sense of weather patterns for yourself. We found we could be fogbound at our cabin

but that a few miles away in Pinkham Notch there might be sunshine. And one afternoon, after descending from Mt. Moriah, where there had been a strong cold blow and we'd bundled up with gloves and hats and high-necked sweaters, the couple in the neighboring cabin reported they had



at the same time gone to the top of Washington — over 2000 feet higher — in shirt-sleeves.

We did a lot of mountain walking (it cannot, to use a mountaineering term strictly, be called climbing), and we got to the summits of a number of 4000-footers. A taste for high places, I suppose like all the fine tastes, is acquired. The day we



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stood on the wonderful peak of Adams, our heads over 5800 feet in the air, seemed a climax of all our hiking days. First of all, Adams is a summit that might be described in a child's book: the mountain falls away from you immediately on all sides, and but one person at a time can stand at the very top. Then there was the particular moment: when we stood there the entire sky was a dazzling cloudless blue; around us the great heap of rocks that form the summit cone were the color of the heart of a lime. We sank down to rest and eat lunch out of the wind in a grassy hollow among the boulders. Our faces were toward Washington, and we looked out over the glacial cirque called the Great Gulf, watching red-shouldered and broad-winged hawks on migration as they wheeled around and around in this huge bowl. Such times are impressed on the mind forever.

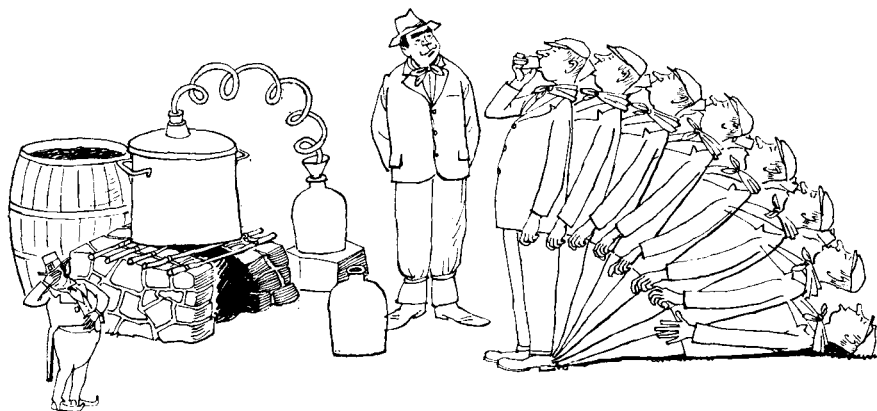
But it is good to look upon the mountains from below as well. On a clear day there's a lot of pleasure in a drive along the sparkling Androscoggin, which the Brown Company no longer jams with pulpwood logs, with the profile of the rugged Mahoosuc Range on one hand and the blue bulk of the Presidentials before you. A fine lowland walk and a good place to visit is the New Hampshire Audubon Society's boggy Pondicherry Refuge, located a couple of miles along the railroad tracks from the old Jefferson station at Meadows. Here not only is the birdlife remarkable, but the partially enclosing sweep of four or five distant ranges has always struck me as one of the finest views in the mountains.

Returning to the Mountaineers after a good walk could be memorable too. Pleasantly exhausted, I liked to sprawl on our front step sipping a beer and look out over a cornfield and off up the flanks of Jefferson. The line of vision directly up the Ravine of the Castles made it seem like peering into a throat. Often we set up a telescope on the grass and scanned the Northern Peaks trying to catch late-afternoon hikers as they reached the summits of Adams or Madison. You could see them pause in a triumphant moment on the topmost pile of Adams, then step down for their companions. All but one of the minor summits of Adams could be picked out in the scope, as well as the tremendous stack of rock marking Thunderstorm Junction and

the white-topped cairns above tree-line on Lowe's Path. And as if on silent film, a waterfall the eye alone could not see gushed and tumbled somewhere into the ravine below Edmands Col. Shortly the falls vanished in purple darkness and the col darkened and the last yellow light lingered on the peaks. Then night.

We went back to the mountains a couple more times after leaving the Mountaineers. It was the end of October, later than we had ever before attempted any hiking. Now the deciduous trees were bare, and from

the heights the naked trunks were like sticks or the strokes of an etching, casting shadows on the forest floor below the line of conifers. On our last time out, there was a trace of snow and ice on the ridge trail over the Franconia Range, and when we reached the summit of Lincoln we had to share it with a pair of snow buntings. A fitting end to the season — to our season — that seemed. Next throughout the whole north country would come two small armies: the hunters, then the skiers.



REQUIEM FOR POTHEEN

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

The highroad from Nenagh, County Tipperary, to Tipperary Town is one of the emptiest in Ireland. For its first five miles out of Nenagh, a small market town which — greatly daring — has just built its first "luxury" hotel, the highroad runs through flat, grassy country studded with the small southernmost marshes of the great, generically termed, Bog of Allen. At Dolla (two public houses, one general store, and a post office) the road begins to climb into the hills of the Silvermine and Slievefelim mountains, rambling and plunging through them for twenty miles before dropping down into the "Golden Vale" of South Tipperary.

Along this twenty-mile stretch there are only a couple of hamlets, and precious few owners of motorcars. Trucks carrying canned goods, coal, and cattle avoid the Nenagh-Tipperary highroad, preferring to make the longer but easier run by Thurles and the Rock of Cashel. And in the course of its twenty miles of curves and corners, the

Nenagh-Tipperary highroad is crossed by only one other road of any importance, that from Thurles to Limerick.

Much of this diamond-shaped mountainous area of the Silvermines and Slievefelim is high "red" bog — endless acres of wet peat, with patches of purple heather and green rushes and every shade in between of russet and yellow. The occasional lane straggles across the bog. Here and there a cottage nestles under a hill for shelter from the southwest wind which blows ten months in the year. This is one of the most deserted areas in underpopulated Ireland.

There are others like it: in Iarconnaught, stony and barren and neighbor to the picture-postcard beauties of Connemara, and in the Derrynasaggart hills on the borders of counties Kerry and Cork, where there generally were scores of the "irregulars" of the Irish Republican Army on the run during the civil war of the early 1920s. These areas have one thing in common: because

of the absence of population and roads they were traditional centers for the illicit distilling of potheen, the raw, colorless, bitter "mountain dew" sold in the back rooms of remote cottages, as close to pure alcohol as possible, and guaranteed to produce conviviality in the shortest possible time and a horrible headache on the day after.

By virtue of its alcoholic strength, potheen was a guaranteed knockout. Its taste made it a cautioner, for its base was potatoes, and the men who made it were ready to throw in anything which came to hand — wet and otherwise unusable sugar, damp and unsalable grain, cabbage stalks, and decayed sugar beets. It's hard to believe that anyone ever drank potheen because of liking its taste. But its effects were nearly instantaneous and apt to be spectacular. There is the attested story of the man who drank a tumblerful in Nenagh and woke up three hours later to find himself fighting on a ballroom floor in Limerick, twenty-five miles away.

In pre-war days thousands of gallons of the stuff must have been distilled in the Silvermine and Slievefelim mountains each year. The potheen makers often set up their stills in the open, far away from main roads and the slow-moving bicycle patrols of the Gardai (police). A wisp of smoke in the air might denote the presence of an illegal still. But the Gardai faced an invariable quandary: there was never only one wisp of smoke. Single members of the distilling gang would light other fires here and there among the hills and marshes. The Gardai who scoured the red bog for the lawbreakers would usually land a red herring, in the shape of a deserted slow-burning fire of dried peat and tree stumps.

Potheen-making flourished in those days. There was never any difficulty in getting hold of a bottle of it if one only knew whom to ask. The mountain dew traveled to Nenagh and other market towns in farm carts, snugly concealed under loads of peat, turnips, or stinking straw. The most reputable citizens acted as middlemen, marketing the liquor in pint or liter bottles and taking their cut on it. My own source was an employee of a Nenagh bank, a most respected citizen who supplemented his salary by acting as gamekeeper to the bank manager

on high days and holidays. It was then that he picked up consignments of potheen, which traveled to town in the trunk of the car and in the company of the golden labrador, the dead snipe and woodcock.

In the 1930s a bottle of the stuff might cost up to seventy cents. Today it would cost three times as much. The illicit trade in potheen is dying fast, but not because of the increase in price. The lads who used to distill it can nowadays earn more numerous and more honest pennies at a normal job. The uneconomic small holdings in the hills are being forsaken. Their owners are selling out to the Forestry Commission, and trees — even if mainly only larch and fir — are returning to the uplands. The drift to the towns is increasing in this first flush of the Irish industrial revolution.

Potheen is dying a natural death, and today the wisps of smoke over the Slievefelim no longer draw the now motorized Gardai from their barracks. For they probably do no more than mark the hearths of cottages or the work of an assiduous farmer, burning old grass along the side of a lane. The old folk who used to make merry in the mountains are vanishing, and their grandsons prefer to turn up at the village dance halls, scrubbed, rosy-cheeked, and dressed in the standard, serviceable blue suit. One may lament the disappearance of the mystery and the Carbonari atmosphere of conspiracy which potheen created — but one must remember that it always tasted terrible.

WHO'S WHAT?

BY STUART HEMSLEY

Girls and boys, come out to play —
Which is which I cannot say.

For we've lost,
But lately, these:
Waist and bust
And pretty knees.
Nothing helpful ever shows
Under jeans and sloppy joes.
Sir, no doubt — or is it Madam?
Eve, perhaps — or maybe Adam?
Puer, I think — or could be *puella*?
Is it girl — or shaggy fella?
Better get it straightened out
Ere you ask a form for dances:
Courts are much concerned about
Homosexual advances.

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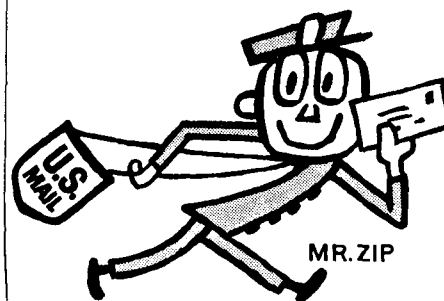
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MUSIC OF OUR TIME

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Carl Ruggles, American composer who reached his ninetieth birthday last March 11, had to wait a long time for recognition, not to mention recording, of his major work. The symphonic poem called *Sun-Treader* was written more than thirty years ago and first performed in Paris in 1932. It had a few other hearings at European gatherings devoted to contemporary music, and then silence set in. Now, suddenly, *Sun-Treader* has been rediscovered. Last January Bowdoin College in Maine decided to honor Ruggles at a festival at which several of his not very numerous compositions were presented. The climax was a performance of *Sun-Treader* — which, incredibly, had never before been heard in the United States — by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon in the Portland City Hall Auditorium. Almost simultaneously, a *Sun-Treader* recording was issued by Columbia, though not, unfortunately, by the Boston Symphony. All this while Ruggles, alert, active, and cantankerous, was at his home in Arlington, Vermont, fuming because his doctor wouldn't let him make the two-hundred-mile trip to Portland to hear the work played.

In his craggy, independent per-

sonality — a personality vividly reflected in his ruggedly dissonant music — Ruggles is a New Englander to the core. He was born in Marion, Massachusetts, where Cape Cod begins to jut out from the shore, studied at Harvard, and has lived much of his life in Vermont. But there also have been stays, as a conductor and a teacher, in Minnesota and Florida, and productive years in the twenties and thirties in New York, where he helped found and guide the International Composers' Guild. He was a boon companion of composers like Charles Ives and Edgard Varèse, and he also was closely associated with painters. Rockwell Kent used him as the model for Captain Ahab in his *Moby Dick* illustrations, and Thomas Hart Benton made a famous painting of him playing the piano with tremendous hands. Ruggles himself began painting thirty-five years ago (several of his works have entered important American collections), and he is still at it.

As a composer, Ruggles can be said to have been ahead of his time much in the way that his friend Charles Ives was. His work lacks the exuberance and breadth of Ives's; it is more abstract and less pictorial. Not for Ruggles the New

England patriotic parades, church services, and village green celebrations. His compact, compressed music, strongly atonal and dissonant, gives a feeling of tremendous power seething within a tightly knit structure. Like Ives, Ruggles is a master of modern counterpoint, writing intricately complex scores.

Sun-Treader certainly is a case in point. It is a tone poem for large orchestra in one movement, seventeen and a half minutes long, which takes its title and its spirit from Robert Browning's first published poem, "Pauline," a paean to Percy Bysshe Shelley. At the head of the score stands the quotation, "Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever!" Neither Browning nor Shelley might have felt at ease with Ruggles' fierce and unrelenting dissonances, but there is an affirmative and ecstatic quality in this power-charged score. *Sun-Treader* opens with an almost startling reminiscence of Brahms's First Symphony, with a kettledrum slogging its way through a thick texture of orchestral sound. Soon, however, Ruggles leaves Brahms, and the rest of the nineteenth century, far behind, with his intertwining lines surging and ebbing until an almost unbearable concentration of musical energy has been built up. *Sun-Treader* is an intense and complicated piece — Ruggles had to use enormous notepaper to write down its overlapping and interlocking canons — and it requires a meticulously prepared and precisely executed performance to make it "sound."

Not all of the requirements seem to have been fully met in Columbia's recording of *Sun-Treader*, which is coupled with a more recent and less imposing American work, Robert Helps's Symphony No. 1 (MS-6801, stereo; ML-6201, monaural). The recording was made under the auspices of the W. W. Naumburg Foundation, which annually selects American music for recording. The performers are identified on the label as the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Zoltan Rozsnyai. The Columbia Symphony Orchestra in this case really is the Vienna Symphony Orchestra; in other words, this completely unfamiliar and enormously complex American score was turned over to a foreign orchestra for recording, presumably with minimal time for preparation and rehearsal. However compelling the

economic reasons for this procedure, the artistic results are less than perfect, for *Sun-Treader* emerges with some of its details obscured and its contrasts unmarked.

Nevertheless, this strong-fibered score has at last been recorded, and in a way that makes its originality and importance quite evident. It needs now concert performances, to familiarize both performers and audience with its difficulties and its rewards. The music of Charles Ives seems slowly to be making its way into American musical life, though well after his death; perhaps there is still hope for Carl Ruggles, still waiting at the age of ninety.

Sometimes composers who exist apart from the musical mainstream or who otherwise have trouble winning a broad public have the good fortune to find a champion among contemporary conductors. Such was the case with Frederick Delius, the English expatriate composer, whose music was played by Sir Thomas Beecham and others until it at last won a permanent, if rather narrow, niche in the orchestral repertory. Delius has been dead for more than thirty years, but his works keep on turning up on concert programs, and make a respectable showing in the record catalogues.

The latest entry is an Angel release which includes the Concerto for Violoncello; *A Song Before Sunrise*, a brief bit of nature painting for small orchestra; and *Songs of Farewell*, a setting of five excerpts from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The performers are Jacqueline du Pré, cellist, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Choral Society, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. The recording was made under the auspices of the Delius Trust (Angel S-36285, stereo; 36285, monaural).

Delius was one of the supreme colorists in music, but he evokes pictures rather than paints them; his music is most often quiet and understated, and there is no denying that it puts some people to sleep. The cello concerto, written in 1921, is a rather uneventful but beautifully lyric work; it flows on without a break for nearly twenty-five minutes, spinning out long serene phrases for orchestra and for cello. It makes a fine piece to set off the talents of Jacqueline du Pré, a twenty-year-old cellist who, judging by her sleek tone and musical sensitivity, would seem

to have quite a career before her.

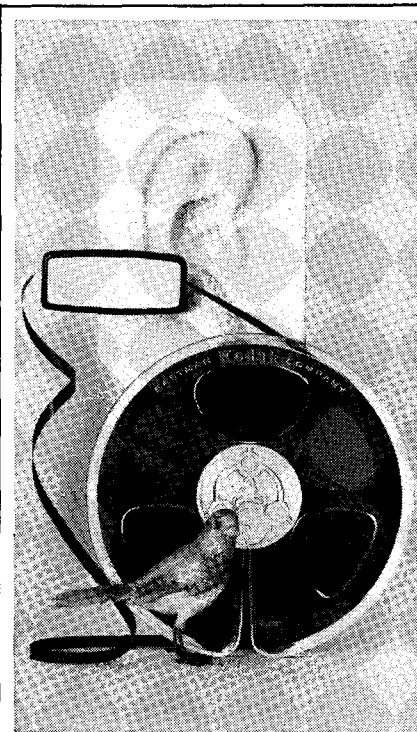
Delius' *Songs of Farewell* is a considerably more commanding piece of music, demonstrating his ability to infuse his lyricism with a rhythmic and dramatic pulse. While Whitman's "barbaric yawp" has certainly been subdued and softened, Delius in his characteristically uninsistent way does capture some of the surge and sweep of the verses. This is especially true in the second section, "I stand as on some mighty eagle's beak," where the harmonies are strangely suggestive of "the wild unrest" which Whitman put into words.

That *Songs of Farewell* came to be written at all is something of a miracle; Delius, living at his home in Grez-sur-Loing, France, had become blind and paralyzed, and dictated the work, bar by bar, to Eric Fenby, a British composer who came to assist him in 1928. *Songs of Farewell* is Delius' last choral composition, and the Royal Philharmonic musicians and singers pour all their conviction and fervor into it.

Even more of a musical oddity than Delius was a French composer named Charles Koechlin, who, along with Pierre Boulez and Olivier Messiaen, is represented on a remarkable new Angel record devoted to French modern music (S-36295, stereo; 36295, monaural). Koechlin (1867-1950) was a composer who never even bothered to get his works published, being content with a busy life as a pedagogue, theoretician, writer, and critic. Yet he composed a prodigious number of works, virtually all of them still in manuscript, and one of these has at last been recorded by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.

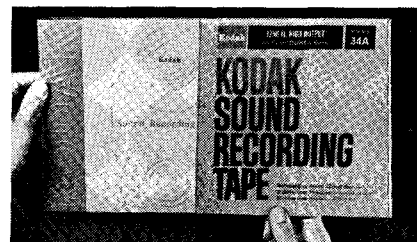
It is, of all things, a symphonic poem based upon Kipling's *Jungle Book* and entitled *Les Bandar-log*. In 1939 Koechlin wrote an extended seven-part work entitled *Le Livre de la Jungle*; the *Bandar-log* section he subtitled *Scherzo des singes*. As all who have read Kipling's story "Kaa's Hunting" know, *Bandar-log* is the name given to the tribe of jungle monkeys, lying, empty-headed mischief-doers who "howl and shriek senseless songs" and who are "always pecking at new things."

However literally Koechlin may or may not have taken Kipling's characterizations, he certainly seized the opportunity for some gloriously



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atonal monkeyshines in his piece. His apes jabber in twelve-tone music; they also try to construct a Bachian fugue on the old French song "*J'ai du bon tabac*." But Koechlin also manages to give his score a serious turn by writing some reasonably lyrical atonal music, and by turning the specious fugue into the genuine article. Sometimes the line between satire and seriousness isn't clearly drawn, but *Les Bandar-log* is a score that follows a recognizable story line, that makes musical sense, and that is generally fun to hear.

Pierre Boulez's *Le Soleil des Eaux*, also included on the record, consists of two movements for singers and orchestra based on poems about the River Sorgue by René Char. The jagged and jarring melodic lines of Boulez's settings certainly spell out an advanced musical idiom, but they add little to Char's poems, which have a clear lyricism of their own.

The longest piece on the record is Olivier Messiaen's *Chronochromie*, written in 1960 and one of his most imposing creations to date. Messiaen points out that *Chronochromie* is derived from the Greek words for time and color, and he suggests *The Color of Time* as a translation. Titles aside, the music represents a striking attempt to reproduce the sounds and rhythms of birds. Since many of these are expressed through such instruments as the xylophone, the glockenspiel, the harp, the marimba, and the cymbal, *Chronochromie* becomes an agglomeration of bell songs as well as bird songs. It progresses by means of chords, patterns, and rhythms rather than through melodic development, and even if it gets nowhere in particular, it makes some spectacular sounds along the way. Perhaps that is all one is entitled to ask nowadays.

compass. But the massed sounds of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Temple University Choirs come as close as anything on records to capturing the grandeur of this dramatic and rather unchurchlike depiction of the Last Judgment. As an organizer of orchestral sonorities Ormandy has no peer, and he certainly has the sounds (and the orchestra) to work with here. So the Berlioz Requiem, a strange and even terrifying work, achieves much of its effect in this recording. What it lacks is a first-rate choir. Until we can produce in this country choruses that match in quality our great symphony orchestras, we are likely to continue turning out unequal recordings of choral masterpieces such as this.

De Falla: El Amor Brujo and Three-Cornered Hat ballet suites

Lorin Maazel conducting Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, with Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano; Deutsche Grammophon 139115 (stereo) and 39115

It is astonishing how precise this recorded performance can be in execution, and how flawless in sound, and yet how it can miss completely the spirit of the music. That spirit, of course, is Spanish; but this record is strictly De Falla *auf Deutsch*, with still another adulteration provided by Miss Bumbry's American accent in the vocal solos. Intelligent conductor, excellent singer, able orchestra — wrong repertory.

Schoenberg: Gurre-Lieder

Rafael Kubelik conducting Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus, with Herbert Schachtschneider, tenor; Inge Borkh, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; Kieth Engen, bass; and others; Deutsche Grammophon 138984/85 (stereo) and 18984/85: two records

Whether it is symptomatic of the death throes of romanticism or the birth pangs of modernism, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* holds a unique place in the music of the twentieth century (it is barely of the twentieth century at that, having been virtually completed in 1901, although its first performance came only in 1913). It is a piece massive in length, philosophy, and orchestration, being derived from a monumental Danish poem about a legendary king and his legendary love, and scored for a vast orchestra including seven clarinets, ten horns, and eleven percussion instruments.

Berlioz: Requiem

Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra, with Temple University Choirs and Cesare Valletti, tenor; Columbia M2S-730 (stereo) and M2L-330

With all its recent advances, stereophonic sound is not yet the equal of the Berlioz Requiem, with its battery of sixteen timpani, its 250 choristers, and above all, its four auxiliary brass bands stationed at the corners of the

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Musically it seems to blend elements of Wagner, Richard Strauss, and Mahler into a compound with its own distinctive characteristics. Oddly enough, bigness is not among these; despite its tremendous array of performers, the *Gurre-Lieder* never seems overblown or bombastic. This is the third complete recording ever made of the *Gurre-Lieder*, the first being a Stokowski set, in 1932, the second a 1953 Haydn Society album conducted by René Leibowitz in Paris. Both of the older sets had virtues, but the new Deutsche Grammophon release, excellently recorded at a live performance, supersedes them both if only because of its superior sound.

Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer

With Alastair Sim, Claire Bloom, Brenda de Banzie, Alan Howard, and others, directed by Howard Sackler; Caedmon TRS-309-S (stereo) and TRS-309: three records

Dr. Johnson said of Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* that he knew of no comedy which had "so much exhilarated an audience," and his verdict will meet no argument here. In this sparkling recording, *She Stoops to Conquer* is a flavorsome farce indeed, especially in those scenes in which a young man mistakes an elegant private home for an inn, with uproarious complications. Alastair Sim gives a ripe portrayal of old Mr. Hardcastle, the bewildered host, who confesses: "I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and . . . I have been pretty fond of an old wife." This album demonstrates that old plays, too, stand up pretty well.

Leadbelly: Keep Your Hands Off Her

Huddie Leadbetter, folk singer; Verve-Folkways FVS-9021 (stereo) and FV-9021

Records by the late great Leadbelly have for years been a staple of any substantial folk-song collection. But this reissue is an unusually good one, with fresh, undistorted sound, and an excellent selection of material, from the rhythmic working chant of "Lining Track" to the religious ecstasy of "We Shall Walk Through the Valley." Nor will connoisseurs overlook the straightforward sexual possessiveness of the title song: "Keep your hands off her/ You hear what I say/ You know she don't belong to you." Other songs that induce an imme-

diate replay are "There's a Man Going Around Taking Names" and "Fiddler's Dram." All in all, this is a collection which tells why Leadbelly is counted among America's greatest natural folk singers.

Sweet Charity

Gwen Verdon, John McMartin, Thelma Oliver, James Luisi, and others; Columbia KOS-2900 (stereo) and KOL-6500

Never underestimate the power of Gwen Verdon. In this album, from the current Broadway show with music by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Dorothy Fields, she turns on the charm so brazenly that she almost convinces the listener he is actually in touch with a dumb dance-hall hostess with a heart of gold. And the general atmosphere of the seamy but really lovable *Big Town* is carried out in ensemble numbers such as "Big Spender," sung by the girls of the Fan-Dango Ballroom, where Miss Verdon works, and "The Rhythm of Life," sung by a bevy of beatniks in a Greenwich Village church, which she merely visits. It is only after a while that one realizes that most of the music in *Sweet Charity* is fairly second-rate stuff

and all that excitement is caused by the technical craft and resourcefulness of those involved, rather than by any genuine originality. But Miss Verdon makes it fun to be fooled.

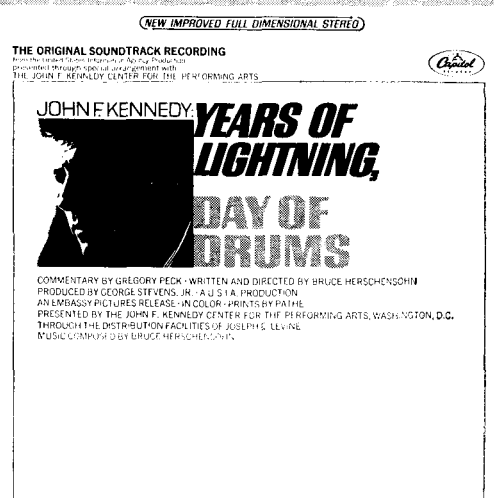
A Treasury of André Maurois

Read and spoken by M. Maurois; Shoken Arts SA-911 and SA-912 (monaural): two records, available singly

Now in his eighties, André Maurois looks back in these records over his long and productive career. Speaking in French, he reminisces about his early days, recalls his association with such writers as Proust, Gide, and Kipling, and reads from his works, beginning with the World War I *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*. Maurois has always been a kind of cultural ambassador from French civilization to our own, and these records offer eloquent and deeply personal testimony to his contribution. They also offer some unexpectedly delightful surprises, such as his recital of his own free adaptation into French of Kipling's poem "If." He gives it such an admirable and elegant turn of language that one almost wishes his version could be translated back into English!

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You can hear it on this new soundtrack recording of the U.S.I.A.'s history-making film. In 51 minutes it tells you more about John Fitzgerald Kennedy than all the written words combined.



Narrated by Gregory Peck
ST-2486



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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY sat talking to his friend A. E. Hotchner after a leisurely dinner in Aix-en-Provence. Ernest, who was suffering from the injuries sustained in two plane crashes on his recent hunting trip, had consumed enough wine to leave him in a confiding humor. "I logged a lot of reading time on the *S.S. Africa*," he said, "and reread *Huckleberry Finn*, which I have always touted as the best American book ever written and which I still think is. But I had not read it for a long time and this time reading it, there were at least forty paragraphs I wished I could fix. And a lot of the wonderful stuff you remember, you discover you put there yourself."

Hotchner changed the subject by asking Hemingway if he intended to write another book about the last war, and Ernest replied, "No, I don't think so. *Across the River* is my book. I only write once on any one theme; if I don't write it all that one time, then it is not worth saying. You know that old Greek gent Heraclitus? 'One cannot step twice in the same river, for fresh waters are forever flowing in upon you.' I never start out with a plot in mind, and I've never yet set out to write a novel—it's always a short story that moves into being a novel. I always make it prove that it can't be written short. There's only one requirement to being a successful writer if you have talent—stay healthy."

"Also to work every day, or damn near every day, don't you think?"

"Yes. That's why I like to start early before I can be distracted by peoples and events. I've seen every sunrise of my life. I rise at first light—the wars ruined my sleep, that and my thin eyelids—and I start by rereading and editing everything I have written to the point I left off. That way I go through a book I'm writing several hundred times."

Parenthetically, I should guess that the priming of the mind by rereading yesterday's work

is a device familiar to all writers. I don't for a minute believe that Hemingway reread his entire script at dawn, simply enough of the chapter he was working on to catch the pulse and the mood. He wrote standing up at a desk, his descriptions in longhand—"because that's hardest for me"—the dialogue on the typewriter, and Hotchner, who lived with him in Cuba when a book was in progress, tells us that from Monday through Thursday the regime was a strict one: no interruptions whatever from dawn until 1 P.M., when Ernest emerged to cool off with a cocktail; a siesta or fishing in the afternoon and no problems before supper; but even before the meal was over Ernest would be withdrawing into the rumination of tomorrow's work.

PAPA'S ENJOYMENT

"Why do you people love Hemingway so?" I asked the Russians who had gathered to meet us at the Ukrainian Writers Union in Kiev. There was a brief pause, and then the secretary spoke. "Because he has such love for men." This rather surprised me, for the Russians enjoy anguish; they weep openly at the theater and the films, and they might have preferred Ernest's long flirtation with death. But no, their admiration went out to him because he had such love for men and for what men hard-pressed could do.

One of the men whom Hemingway loved and in whom he confided at the close of his life was A. E. HOTCHNER, a journalist sent to Havana by *Cosmopolitan* to commission an article on The Future of Literature. Hotchner, who had been an Air Force officer in France, knew that the assignment was preposterous, and he made such an honest apology that Hemingway had him for drinks at the Floridita and took him fishing the next day on the *Pilar*, the forty-foot cabin cruiser. Their liking for each other deepened into friendship; Hotchner

The Peripatetic Advertiser

"I sat next to Dr. G. M. Trevelyan. I did not know him, and neither of us, I suppose, is at our ease with strangers. For a long time we sat in silence. Then, perhaps, it occurred to him that I was a guest from London. At any rate, he fired a question at me about Churchill as if he were not interested in my answer. When I replied he turned his chair towards me, and for half an hour directed at me a stream of questions. I dealt with them as best I might. 'This is history,' he said. 'You ought to get it on paper.' I tried to tell him that the trouble was that I was Winston's doctor. He interrupted me, and, taking me, as it were, by the scruff of the neck, proceeded to tell me that I knew some facts about Winston which were not known to others, and that it was my duty to make them available to posterity. 'It is inevitable that everything about this man will be known in time. Let us have the truth.'"

*from the author's Preface to CHURCHILL
by Lord Moran*



The truth was already recorded. Its publication was triggered by that conversation at Caius College, Cambridge.

To the English publisher CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN is an "epic story of a titanic figure," to the American publisher it is an "almost miraculous" book, to Clifton Fadiman, announcing it as a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection "it is safe to say that a more intimate picture of Churchill will probably never be given us."

The book began in 1940 when the British Cabinet invited a distinguished doctor to take as a patient England's indispensable citizen. For the next quarter of a century Lord Moran (formerly Sir Charles Wilson) was in almost constant attendance upon the great man of our century as physician, confidant and friend. He brought his own greatness, as well as his affection, to the assignment.

The perilous wartime travel, the testing days of the return in postwar years to political power, the years of battle against the subtle encroachment of old age — all are recorded here by a distinguished writer who was also a distinguished physician.



Everyone who has seen advance proofs of the book lives in search of a captive audience for favorite passages. For instance:

Moscow 1942

"It was five o'clock in the evening when our Liberator made a good landing at the Moscow airfield. A small crowd of officials, headed by Molotov,¹ met us, and a guard of honour goose-stepped past the P.M., while a band played the National Anthems of Britain, the United States and Russia. Then we got into cars and were driven at a great pace through Moscow to a house or dacha in a pine wood called "State Villa No. 7". The P.M. was preoccupied with the coming interview with Stalin; he was silent, abstracted and short-tempered.

"The elderly concierge on the door mumbled something. As I was getting out of my greatcoat I heard loud shouts coming from upstairs. I went up them, two at a time, to find Winston sitting in a large bath, shivering and damning.

"The water is bloody cold and I don't know which is the hot tap."

"Their taps do not work like our taps, and the Russian lettering did not help. Sawyers had gone off to fetch something. I took a chance. There was a sudden big gush of icy water under terrific pressure. It caught the P.M. amidships. He gave a loud shriek and when he got his breath he cursed me for my incompetence. I flew to get help"

And at the end

"The village stations on the way to Bladon were crowded with his countrymen, and at Bladon in a country churchyard, in the stillness of a winter evening, in the presence of his family and a few friends, Winston Churchill was committed to English earth, which in his finest hour he had held inviolate."

CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN WILL BE PUBLISHED MAY 23 AT \$10. A SPECIAL PREPUBLICATION PRICE OF \$9 IS AVAILABLE IF YOU ORDER NOW FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER.



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became a hero-worshiper and made it a habit no matter how deep the rum-mists to keep a journal of their talk, supplemented with a transistor tape when they traveled. This is the source material which he has skillfully elaborated in his memoir **PAPA HEMINGWAY** (Random House, \$5.95). Ernest enjoyed such a credulous companion, and since Hotchner's questions opened up many of the more stormy and sensitive periods of Hemingway's early life, the chronicle covers far more than their fourteen years together.

At their first meeting here was Hotchner's impression:

He stopped to talk to one of the musicians in fluent Spanish, and something about him hit me — *enjoyment*. God I thought, how he's *enjoying* himself! I had never seen anyone with such an aura of fun and well-being.

This was the mood in which their adventures began, and it stayed with them through many happy times in New York, Paris, and Havana. Hemingway cared deeply for painting but not the theater, opera, or ballet; besides the bulls, he liked pro football and baseball and the circus almost as much as boxing. Circus animals, he felt, were not like other animals; they were more intelligent, and because of their constant working alliance with man, had much more highly developed personalities.

On their trip to Paris in 1949, where Hotchner was told to stay with the author until the last installment of his *Cosmopolitan* serial was revised and in the mail, Ernest indulged in a flood of reminiscences about his early loves and marriages, his first writing, and his rivalries. Papa was fond of boasting of his prowess — for example, the great evening he spent with Mata Hari (actually he never reached Europe until the year after her execution); and Hotchner was sometimes on his guard against these "practical-joke fantasies." But when Hemingway paid off some old scores against his one-time friends Scott Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein, or John Dos Passos, it is not clear from the text whether Hotchner believed the stories or mistrusted them as much as I do. "Unquestioning loyalty was what Ernest prized most highly," writes Hotchner, and it seems to me deplorable that Hemingway had so little of it for those whose writing he once admired. The pages on Fitzgerald might have been carved with a stiletto.

His friendship for Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, was reciprocated to the very end, and the things he said to her are succinct and memorable. His words to Hotch about divorce and retirement are bitter truths, as is this self-portrait: "I spend a hell of a lot of time killing animals and fish so I won't kill myself. When a man is in rebellion against death, as I am in rebellion

against death, he gets pleasure out of taking to himself one of the godlike attributes, that of giving it."

Hemingway's disorganization begins after the plane crash and the burning in Africa. He was constantly in pain, and his chemistry was out of whack. After a glorious reprieve in Spain for his sixtieth birthday, he was driven and distracted by the hullabaloo over the Nobel Prize. His writing came in spurts and then dried up; the treatments which he underwent at the Mayo Clinic gave only a short relief from the delusions and the death wish which he could not shake. The last months were a nightmare for Mary and deeply tragic.

Hemingway, who sought legal protection against such academic biographers as Charles Fenton, must have suspected that this book was coming and wished it to be of the best vintage. One is captivated by his enormous zest, his wonderful talk, his quick friendships, his spells of generosity, and his hatred of cant. Exaggeration was as deep in him as in Mark Twain, and he made it boastful and brutal; Hotchner occasionally sees through it as in the identification of Ernest's heroines, but the greater part he records uncritically, leaving later biographers the task of separating truth from *blague*.

THE HEART OF NAPLES

GWYN GRIFFIN, with his Welsh heritage, was born in Egypt, educated in England, served as an officer in the colonial army in Africa, and now makes his home in Italy. His early novels and his short stories are remarkable for their cosmopolitan character and the driving force of the narrative. Now, in **A LAST LAMP BURNING** (Putnam, \$6.95), he has produced his best book, a story laid in the quarter of San Lorenzo in Naples so alive with the smells and sounds and heat of the old city, so full of the passion, the laughter, and kinship of the Neapolitans that one can hardly believe that it was not written by a native son.

With the death of the wealthy old fascist Ercole Sanbrenedetto, the people who have been dwelling in his half-bombed slum tenement in Porta Caprana — the shopkeeper, the cabdriver, the Chinese undertaker and his half-caste grandson, the tobacconist, and the Communist workers — all realize that they are soon to be evicted, and the anxiety is added to their daily burden of poverty. Like Jane Jacobs, Mr. Griffin has an instinctive sympathy for the protective loyalties which bind together the dwellers on a busy street. There is plenty of healthy sweat and strain but little that is sordid.

The heirs of old Ercole are the Colavolpes, pre-tentious aristocrats. They are as eccentric as

they are laughable, "a bestially poor, neurosis-ridden family engaged in killing each other off in psychological warfare." The palazzo they live in is a rococo monstrosity in which they scrimp along on a tiny pension. The only good one in the lot is Galo, the young cadet, who will inherit the title when he is eighteen and to whom the estate has been willed by the old pirate — though none of the infuriating elders are yet aware of this. Galo's self-defense, his awakening to what life and the bequest offer, is one of the main strands, and it parallels in striking detail the story of Gennaro, the illegitimate grandson of the undertaker, a black-haired youngster of Galo's age, of greater resourcefulness and inexhaustible hope. The destiny of these two provides the tension.

Not for a long time have I read a novel — and this is a big one — which deals so vitally yet so uncompromisingly with a mean quarter of a great city; these Neapolitans really live, and although Mr. Griffin is by trade a master satirist, his characters have in them the odd, irrepressible, and often endearing qualities we remember in Dickens. This is the Putnam Award Novel for 1966, and the editors and the author are to be congratulated on its publication.

HUFF, PUFF, AND GROWL

MY TURN (Random House, \$4.95) is a collection of pieces **JOHN O'HARA** wrote during his employment as a weekly columnist for Harry Guggenheim's *Newsday*. What Mr. Guggenheim thought he was getting when he hired Mr. O'Hara is unknowable; what he got was an inexperienced political commentator whose proclaimed conservatism was seldom enlivened by definite proposals for action. Mr. O'Hara, a Goldwater Republican, disapproved of the Kennedys, income taxes, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Humphrey, the Roosevelts, United Nations diplomats, the Russians, the Chinese, elementary education, the war in Vietnam, and the fact that no university has yet given him an honorary degree. Since he has the fiction writer's tendency to equate opinion and emotion with fact, he never troubled to document any of his complaints.

As a result of these limitations, *My Turn* only occasionally rises above the level of vague disgruntlement. When he gets off politics and falls to reminiscing about Hollywood or denouncing fashionable authors, or damning television, or considering rich men as public servants, or dismissing prizefighting as a subject for adult discussion, he is knowledgeable, tart, and amusing. Mr. O'Hara is such an effective butcher of minor sacred cows that it seems to me a pity that he ever had to mess around with politics.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

IN **EARTHLY PARADISE** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95), **ROBERT PHELPS** has assembled a coherent account of the life of Colette using her own words. This device has already been used in a French compilation by Germaine Beaumont, and even Margaret Crosland's biography some years ago depended heavily upon passages from its subject's books. Mr. Phelps has performed his task skillfully. There is ample biographical material in the novels, and selections from letters and from journalistic writings fill out a story rich in personal as well as literary interest. One of the most eloquent voices in modern French literature is thus allowed to speak for itself.

Colette was born in 1873; she died in 1954. Her life traversed an era of tremendous change in society, in values, and in modes of expression. Her own experience was full. The husband she married at the age of seventeen threw her into the brilliant but corrupt world of Paris journalism at the end of the nineteenth century. He appropriated her first writings and published them under his own name. In time she rebelled, left her husband, and embarked upon a scandalous liaison with the daughter of the Duc de Morny. Colette continued to write, but also played the mime in the music halls, danced, and took occasional acting roles. For a while she ran a beauty shop. She entered upon a second marriage and then a third — happiness for her was a matter of changing troubles.

Nothing in Colette's experience was likely to generate illusions; her novels dealt boldly with the most difficult problems of personality. Human life was by nature impure; to grow was daily to lose the innocence with which men were born. Yet if she was without illusions, she was not without faith. Humans could find relief in love, in work, and in watching the earthly paradise about them. To be sentient was the daily miracle of life, for it established a communication between the individual and the world. The conviction akin to pantheism which animated her novels, particularly those of the interwar years, also gives life to these autobiographical selections.

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PARISIAN WOMEN

The glittering life of the cafés and the salons in which Colette moved did not really conceal the underlying tensions that disturbed the society of the Third French Republic. A losing war in 1870 and an unsuccessful social revolution a year later left a sense of guilt and frustration even among the Frenchmen who enjoyed the material prosperity of the last quarter of the century. For the less fortunate there was bitterness and deprivation as well. And just as Colette's experience illuminates the *haut monde* in which she moved, so the role assigned to humbler women throws light on a much more popular contemporary demimonde.

The vast submerged mass of common women, unhappily, leave behind even fewer records than the common men; these are not the characters of heroic history. They are more likely to make an appearance in the pages of realistic novels than in works of scholarship.

It is the great virtue of EDITH THOMAS' *THE WOMEN INCENDIARIES* (Braziller, \$7.95) to bring these neglected people to life. The book is much broader than its title indicates. It deals, in the first instance, with the false accusation that the female riffraff of Paris burned down the city after the repression of the revolutionary Commune in 1871. In actuality, this moving account of the part women played in the Commune also presents a dramatic picture of the experiences of the wives and mothers and daughters of the poor in the great cities of the nineteenth century.

Thousands of other women flocked to Paris in the years of the salons, not to enjoy its high life but to supply it with labor. As the urban population grew, the distance between its two classes widened — between the self-indulgent possessors of wealth, to whom every luxury was available, and the great mass teetering on the edge of destitution. The two groups were distinct in culture and way of life as they were in economic position. To Americans who imagine that the problems of the urban poor are recent or necessarily connected with the special situation of the Negro, the picture of the life of Paris women will come as a shocking revelation. The young girl arriving in the big city had

access only to menial labor, and at wages that made starvation a daily threat. Poverty and inferiority of status left her practically without rights. Without a male "protector," she was helpless. In this class, marriages were less common than *unions libres*, the illegitimate products of which were doomed to repeat the experience of their parents.

The other, more fortunate sector of society was callous in its disregard of the problem; and the halting debate over women's rights was largely irrelevant to the hardships of the masses. It was not surprising, therefore, that women flocked to the standards of the Commune. The most active participants in the uprising of 1871 were men and women from the provinces and from abroad. Such people were not socialists; nor were the Communards particularly sensitive to female rights. The women stood at the barricades in outraged protest against a social order which considered them unworthy of attention.

Two months elapsed between the Commune's defiance in March, 1871, and the reduction of the city by the troops of the Versailles government in May. All Paris suffered from the siege: normal economic life broke down; food became scarce; fear spread. But the crisis brought women unprecedented liberation. They entered into politics, formed a *Union des Femmes*, organized clubs in the wards, and gave serious thought to the reform of education. When the fighting became fierce, they served not only as nurses but also as soldiers, shoulder to shoulder with their men. Men and women alike were victims of the savage repression which followed the fall of the Commune. Their leaders of both sexes who were not shot on the spot were sent into penal servitude in Guiana or Polynesia.

Miss Thomas is a competent storyteller. She knows her way among newspapers, memoirs, and the dossiers of the archives; and she displays the judicious temperament of the trained historian. Yet she is also a woman who, during the Second World War, took part in the Resistance as a member of the *Union des Femmes Françaises*. Her own share in the fighting of 1944 no doubt influences her thinking about the barricades of 1871, for she writes with impassioned indignation. She succeeds in bringing to life

memorable characters — the teacher Louise Michelle, the journalist André Leo, the Russian Elizabeth Dimitrieff, and Blanche Lefèbvre, the dressmaker who wore a red scarf and a revolver at her waist and loved the Commune as others loved a man.

STYLE, FORM, AND CHAOS

HORTENSE CALISHER still writes as if there were a relationship between what she has to say and how she says it. Her two novellas *THE RAILWAY POLICE* and *THE LAST TROLLEY RIDE* (Little, Brown, \$5.00) are composed with such precision that any summary of their plots would do little to convey a sense of their quality. Their themes — friendship, love, and loneliness — are developed not through a simple story line, but through careful composition of detail which in the end conveys a total impression.

Miss Calisher is a modern writer; she has read Faulkner, and her narrative sometimes seems both intricate and leisurely. That appearance, however, is the product of art, not of carelessness. Every word, every sentence, has been deliberately contrived to serve its appropriate purpose. The characters, relatively few in number, appear in vague outline at the beginning of each story; they live at the end. And the unfolding plots gradually draw the reader toward comprehension.

Any work with a distinct sense of style is attractive in a period in which tolerance of chaos corrupts the talented and shields the untalented.

THE CRYING OF LOT 49, THOMAS PYNCHON's most recent novel (Lippincott, \$3.95), reveals the waste of a considerable talent. A young woman is inexplicably named executrix of the estate of her former lover, who was probably a millionaire. In the effort to liquidate the assets, among them a stamp collection, she discovers what may be a conspiracy of global proportions, the overt manifestation of which is a secret postal system, W.A.S.T.E. Or all this may be a figment of her imagination.

The test, which never comes, is the sale at auction of the stamp collection, Lot 49, which contains the evidence that might give the conspiracy away. Whatever meaning Pynchon may have intended to

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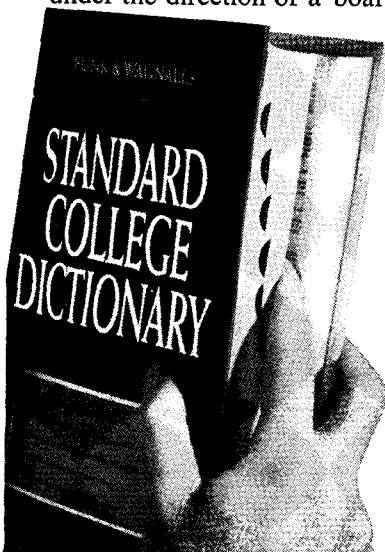
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Compiled by the editors of The Atlantic; introduction by Edward Weeks. A new paperback; \$1.95 at bookstores.

ATLANTIC/LITTLE, BROWN

impart to the story simply fails to come through. He depends upon shock, outrage, and exaggeration. Yet the effects of hyperbole soon become boring. It is mildly amusing to find the heroine called Oedipa Maas; but by the time we have met Peter Fallopian, Manny DiPresso, and Stanley Koteks, Genghis Cohen ceases to be funny.

Formlessness also provides cover for the untalented. That accounts for the inflation of **LEROI JONES's** reputation as a poet and dramatist. **HOME** (Morrow, \$4.00), a collection of "social essays," reveals how meager are his gifts as a writer.

The book deals with subjects as diverse as Cuba, the Negro writer, and American culture. Its parts have in common only the strident self-assertiveness of their author. Uninhibited by information, he is fatally attracted by such bogus authorities as Leo Huberman, Paul Sweezy, and W. A. Williams. Jones flings out his opinions without regard for the limits of logic, or even for the meaning of words. Some of his sentences are pure gibberish.

That does not matter to him, because he is describing a world of hallucination, one in which America is the great enemy of mankind. Its journalists, paid to disseminate lies by a usurious ruling class, conceal the fact that Lyndon Johnson is a war criminal. Uncle Sap (or Uncle Sham) is the universal economic and sexual exploiter. "Most American white men are trained to be fags"; perhaps because they never understood the sex act, they must prey upon others. Liberals like Michael Harrington are as much at fault as the rest of the middle class; the NAACP and other secret societies have sold out just as have *Ebony* and *CORE*. Even SNCC seeks "simply a continuation of the *status quo*." James Baldwin, Martin Luther King, Ralph Ellison all have been corrupted, and the appearance of Negro progress is an illusion. Whenever a "select coon" gets ahead, it is a sign of "subservience, cowardice, and loss of manhood." For Jones, the true heroes are Castro, Nkrumah, Sukarno, Nasser, and Sonny Liston. "The Black man's paths are alien to the white man. Black Culture is alien to the white man." Therefore the blacks of the world must unite to destroy the America we know.

Jones is therefore insensitive to human values; he considers whites

devils and the black population their pawns. Freedom is an abstraction, not a goal that real people seek. Hence the special character of his judgments. "Fascism has been made obsolete by . . . *Americanism*." South Vietnam and South Korea are "the most brutal governments in the world." Mexico and West Germany persecute dissenters. "India for all practical purposes is still a Crown Colony." After all, "how do you know that the Indian people love Nehru?" Only China and Cuba are free. It never occurred to him, in Cuba, to wonder whether the enslaved people really loved Castro, or why the promised elections on that island were never held. The sight of a "wild mad crowd" was enough.

Who listens to this call for chaos? Jones has delivered speeches in front of the Hotel Teresa. However, the readers of his books, the audiences at his plays are not his black brothers, but precisely the members of that white middle class which is the object of his abuse. His apocalyptic vision of the "Last Days of the American Empire" supplies kicks of a sort to those irked by the uneventfulness of their own lives.

Jones is thus Rastus in reverse. The old minstrel grin assured the audience of an earlier day that all was jolly down in the quarters where the blacks rollicked. When Jones proclaims, "I advocate a violence, a literal murdering of the American socio-political" system, he sparks the excitement of an audience thrilled by the danger that the blacks may get out of hand. The stereotypes are the same, only now upside down.

THE POLITICAL PROCESS

In **THE GERMANS AND THEIR MODERN HISTORY** (Columbia University Press, \$4.50), **Fritz Ernst**, formerly rector of the University of Heidelberg, surveys the disastrous half century within which Hitlerism reduced German civilization to chaos. His point of departure is 1911, when the Kaiser's empire was at its apogee. The First World War, the dilemmas of the 1920s, the rise of the National Socialist Party to power, and the cataclysm touched off by the invasion of Poland in 1939 are the subjects of this analysis.

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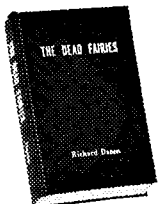
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scholar, he seeks to understand why
his countrymen yielded to the im-
pulses that ultimately destroyed
them and brought ruin to most of
Europe. The German people in
these years tossed and turned "as
if burning with a fever, now to the
right, now to the left, in the belief
that this makes it easier to endure
... but the fever is in its blood."
Dr. Ernst is unwilling to believe that
any flaw inherent in their culture
made Germans more susceptible
either to war or to Nazism than their
neighbors. The fault was historical.

Dr. Ernst was never himself a
Nazi and offers no apology for the
movement. But he insists that not
all who joined Hitler's ranks were
evil. Some were morally apathetic
and others opportunistic; but among
the Brown Shirts there were also
some genuine idealists moved by
genuine conviction. The central
theme of the book is the explanation
of how laudable motives were thus
distorted.

Defeat in the First World War
had a shattering effect. It shook the
influence of the old authorities in
the state, in society, and in educa-
tion, and undermined confidence in
the capacity of intelligence and rea-
son to grasp the realities of life. A
substantial group of Germans there-
after were prepared to clutch at illu-
sions in the face of the economic and
social crises of reconstruction.

But there was a more immediate
cause for the rise of Hitler to
power. The Weimar Republic col-
lapsed not by reason of any defect in
its constitutional structure, but be-
cause utopianism drained away its
popular support. It was easy enough
to find imperfections in the govern-
ment of the 1920s so long as its
critics compared it with ideal so-
cieties rather than with feasible
alternatives. Under such circum-
stances, the Republic's apparent
inactivity, its incapacity for dramatic
action built up a body of activists
anxious to do something, no matter
what. Revolutionaries of the right
and of the left offered the possibilities
of action that generated faith even
if it did not meet the tests of reason.

MASTER SPY

Among the many unfortunate re-
sults of the McCarthyite hysteria
was the dense fog it cast across the
true nature of Communist espionage.
The grossly exaggerated accusations

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turers' Institute.

against people who had signed liberal petitions or had participated in unorthodox causes obscured the fact that serious Soviet agents had been transmitting information to Moscow ever since the formation of the Communist Party. It is as absurd to disregard these genuine conspirators as it is to fear a universal Red network.

THE CASE OF RICHARD SORGE (Harper & Row, \$5.95), by F. W. DEAKIN and G. R. STORRY, deals with one important segment of the Soviet espionage apparatus. Richard Sorge became a secret agent of the German Communist Party in 1919. In the next few years he used plausible academic connections as a cover while he plotted a revolution that did not come. He then moved into the service of the Communist International, working in Moscow, in Scandinavia, and in England. In 1929 he entered the Red Army, which dispatched him to Shanghai, where he remained for four years, acquiring a respectable identity as a journalist. In 1933, his superiors sent him to Tokyo, where he played the role of newspaper correspondent and Nazi Party member. Not until late in 1941 did the Japanese uncover his identity. Sorge lost his life, but in the intervening years he had provided his Communist masters with a continuing flow of information drawn from the German Embassy and from a wide network of Japanese informants.

The authors of this book have diligently searched the record and have soberly brought together the scattered fragments that throw light on Sorge's lurid career. Sorge was no dreamy idealist, but a wily and ruthless operator who preyed on the idealism of others. The universities, research institutes, and newspapers provided him an ideal cover, whether in Frankfurt, in Shanghai, or in Tokyo. And gullible men and women of all nationalities, including Americans, were ready to act as his tools.

The ultimate irony of the story was the failure of the Soviet military intelligence to use the materials Sorge supplied them. Well before the German invasion of Russia in June, 1941, Sorge had fed to the Red Army full reports of Hitler's intentions to attack. They were filed in Moscow under the heading "Doubtful and Misleading Information."

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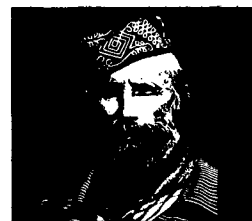
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

DYLAN THOMAS wrote *REBECCA'S DAUGHTERS* (Little, Brown, \$4.50) to be filmed, and it has been published with no tinkering beyond the removal of a few camera directions. It is a pity that the script never was filmed, for it is an amusing costume romance derived from nineteenth-century Welsh history. In the 1840s, there was uproar in Wales over the proliferation of tollgates without any corresponding improvement in the roads, and this affair gave Thomas an excuse for disguises, night riders, arson, riot, a masked ball, and a hero who is pure Scarlet Pimpernel, even to the betraying signet ring. The whole thing is witty and mischievously tongue-in-cheek (Thomas wanted money from the movie business—he had no intention of reforming it), and it is also an interesting demonstration of how to tell a story purely in terms of what can be seen and heard. *Rebecca's Daughters* is definitely a story, and a good one, and moreover, it contains one fine baroque creation—a drunken old country squire who goes everywhere accompanied by his equally drunken cat.

CHANTEMESLE (Braziller, \$4.00), by ROBIN FEDDEN, is at bottom, I believe, a tribute to the author's parents, although neither of them gets more than a page of direct attention in the course of the book. It is certainly a tribute to the house of Chantemesle and its surroundings. The English Feddens lived in a small village on the Seine, and the boy Robin was free to come and go as he pleased about the French countryside, which was beautiful and also offered remarkable variety within a small area. The high grain country, the chalk cliffs with caves, the blue-green mist of the river valley, the abandoned vineyards were all within a child's walking distance. Unmolested by studies or parental discipline, young Mr. Fedden devoted himself to minute observation of his delightful world, each year ranging a bit farther afield, growing up as easily as the seasons changed, accepting enemies, friends, and first love as things to be expected, like rain, and enjoyed, like butterflies.

Mr. Fedden's descriptions of the district around Chantemesle combine precision of detail with a delicate glitter of magic. He is determined to make the reader see and love the place as he does, and he succeeds. If in retrospect the tale seems a bit too gentle and innocent to be true, there is no question of its power to command belief in the reading.

EVAN S. CONNELL, JR., also commands belief in his novel *THE DIARY OF A RAPIST* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95). It is an extremely clever piece of work, and the protagonist himself is distressingly plausible. Unfortunately, the diary form proves to be not over-realistic, but rather, over-reasonable. Obviously, rapists, in the nature of things, cannot confide in their friends, and a novelist who undertakes to portray the mind of such a man must resort either to the pose of omniscient author or to first-person narrative by the specimen. Mr. Connell has chosen the second way out, hence the diary, which condemns the reader to steady association with a cowardly, whining, henpecked, self-conscious, dirty-minded little twerp who eventually relieves his miseries by attacking a harmless girl under the delusion that she is a naughty trollop. As presented by Mr. Connell, the fellow is entirely convincing; he is also a terrible bore.

GALWAY KINNELL'S *BLACK LIGHT* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95) is another short novel set in strange, though not imaginary places—Shiraz and Isfahan. Jamshid the carpet mender, a prim and pious man, commits murder in misguided defense of his daughter's honor and goes on the run. This is a standard excuse for a picaresque novel, but Mr. Kinnell makes his hero's journeying moral as well as physical. Perhaps immoral would be a better word, for despite long desert rides and mad adventure, the real story is in the stripping away of all Jamshid's fragile, self-righteous little virtues. Mr. Kinnell offers no conclusions and no explanations. Jamshid's misdeeds simply appear, as colors appear in a dull rock under black light, although this may not be what the author intended by his title. Regardless of its ambiguity, the book holds one's interest, for the writing is condensed, austere, and effective, and Mr. Kinnell's Iran is described out of actual experience in the country.

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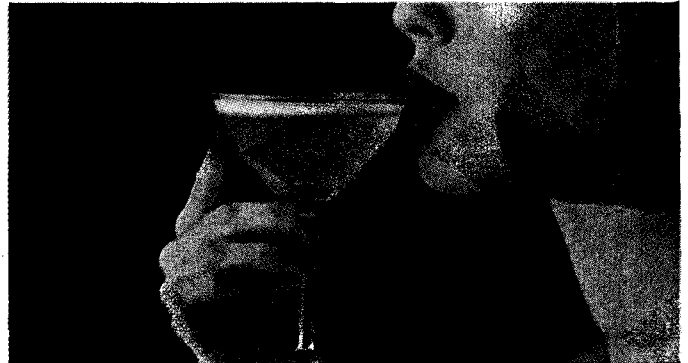


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